

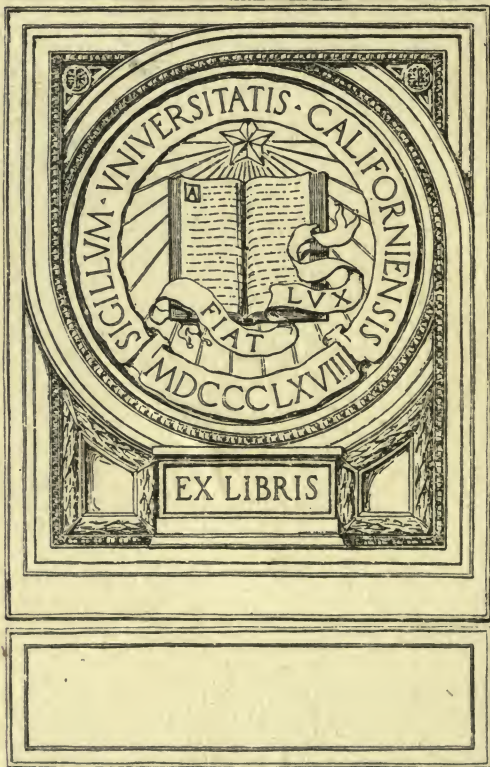
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SKETCHES  
ON  
ITALY

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Sketches  
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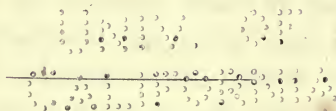
# Sketches

## ON ITALY:

ITS LAST REVOLUTION,

ITS ACTUAL CONDITION, ITS TENDENCIES

AND HOPES.



LONDON:

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## INTRODUCTION.

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THE renewed and increasing interest felt by our countrymen in Italian affairs seems to call for a popular view of what may be termed "the case of Italy against her oppressors," and such this little work will be found to afford.

It is from the pen of one whose name unhappily cannot be divulged without injury to himself, but who is known by all his friends to be intimately acquainted with the history, politics, and social condition of Italy, and as a man of high honour and true Christian principle. A Roman Catholic by birth, he has the conviction, shared by many, that the political element in that system would be annihilated by the overthrow of its political centre at Rome, and that whatever is really Christian in it would readily amalgamate with the universal Church of Christ, were it once set free from the despotism of the Vatican. His patriotism is attested by cruel wrongs inflicted on him by the enemies of freedom, and endured with heroic resignation. His sources of information are unexceptionable, and his

principles prevent his unconsciously glossing facts to bolster up particular theories.

In addition to the general historical sketches included in this volume, it presents in a small compass a very graphic and comprehensive account of the great Italian Revolution of 1848-9.

The work was begun in the autumn of 1853 and brought to a close early in the following year, since which time it has been untouched. For the reasons stated above, the Author has been requested to allow its publication now, and has consented. He has also added an After-Chapter to the seventeen of which the work originally consisted, in order to present to Englishmen a view of Italy not only in the past but in her actual circumstances.

We most cheerfully comply with the request to furnish this brief statement as an introductory recommendation of the work.

(Signed)

C. E. EARDLEY.

C. HOLTE BRACEBRIDGE.

December, 1855.

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SKETCHES ON ITALY:  
ITS LAST REVOLUTION—ITS ACTUAL  
CONDITION, &c.

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CHAPTER I.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION AND ITALY—EFFECTS OF  
THE FALL OF NAPOLEON—ITALY IN 1847—THE  
LOMBARDO-VENETIAN KINGDOM—PIEDMONT AND  
TUSCANY—MODENA AND LUCCA—PARMA—THE  
KINGDOM OF NAPLES—DESPOTISM OF FERDINAND II.  
—STATES OF THE CHURCH.

It is a most painful task for an Italian to describe a period such as that of 1848, when a revolution, well combined and happily commenced, ended in the victory of the foreigner, and the triumph of the oppressor of that Italy of which one can hardly say whether she is more unfortunate or heroic. We shall endeavour to show, as briefly as possible, the true causes of this revolution, its early triumphs, the different circumstances which arrested its progress, and the hopes which it has bequeathed, in expiring, to the Italian populations. But it would be an error to say *in expiring*—for the revolution is not dead in Italy—it still breathes in the grasp of the political-priestly re-action; and in like manner as a single spark suffices to

rekindle an ill-extinguished conflagration, so the slightest conjunction of political events favourable to their country will suffice to arouse the heroism now slumbering in Italian hearts. But for this hope, that unfortunate people would be reduced to despair, and forced to renounce their country for ever rather than behold it condemned to perpetual martyrdom. It would be the greatest mistake to suppose that the revolution broke out suddenly, and without the aid of all those previous occurrences which prepare and produce the ebullitions of popular retribution, and which impress on the masses movements much more durable than those excited by a sudden impulse of enthusiasm. The obstinacy with which the different Governments of Italy persisted in disallowing the wants and demands of populations more or less enlightened, but all equally weary of protracted tyranny, and unanimously eager for that independence which ought not to be considered as the exclusive privilege of one people more than of another, but as a sacred right which Providence allows to every people capable of appreciating and using it with dignity,—this blind obstinacy was the principal agent, and, it may be said, the efficient cause, of the sacred and general Italian outbreak in 1848.

The first French revolution communicated to Italy all its ideas and reforms; but it transmitted them purified of all the vices and defects which could not be avoided by a powerful and numerous people emerging suddenly into the condition of the slave become master, and who had not the generosity to forgive the privileged classes for the past—those classes, whose oppression had been felt through so many ages, and in whose ranks were found intellects sufficiently enlightened and just to have understood and admitted that a radical reform had become indispensable to the dignity of the French nation. Napoleon himself, though by nature a despot and the enemy of all liberty, contributed during his reign to convince the Italian people, that, however enfeebled by many centuries of servitude, it

still contained the fruitful germs of political and military science, which were the chief glory of its ancestors. The kingdom of Italy, and the other forms of government established by Napoleon in that peninsula, proved to Europe that the Italians could, without danger, liberate themselves from a foreign yoke, and govern themselves happily and on their own account. An army brave and well-officered, intelligent and skilful magistrates, sprang up as if by enchantment in a country where, for so long a time, particularly after the frightful Spanish domination, nothing was to be seen but on the one side a mass of slaves, on the other an aristocracy indolent and cringing to the pride of the foreigner, and, to crown this monstrous social edifice, the insolent presumption of the priesthood domineering over all.

Through the insatiable ambition of Napoleon, the year 1814 saw the whole of Europe coalesced against that dread Colossus, whom it succeeded in overthrowing. Italy partook of the recoil produced by his tremendous fall. The old dynasties recovered their paltry crowns, and were reinstated on their thrones. In the division of the spoil, Austria obtained the lion's share, and increased her Italian possessions by the addition of all the states of the ancient republic of Venice, which had expired some years previous in decrepitude, stifled in the embraces of the French republic, which ironically called her "elder sister." But if the system established in Italy by Napoleon was overthrown and annihilated by the coalition of all Europe, that coalition could not also destroy there the fruits of that system which had rapidly ripened. Italy was obliged to submit to the new destiny which brutal force imposed upon her; but, while apparently submissive, she cherished in her heart of hearts the sacred fire of independence and the love of liberty. Independence and liberty, divinities too dear and too powerful for those who have once professed their worship and tasted of their benefit to apostatise from and renounce! The Governments re-established on

their ancient ruins have themselves, we repeat, powerfully contributed, by their blind system of re-action and hostility to all reform, to revive and strengthen the yearnings and tendencies of the Italian people for an amelioration of their political and religious condition. Chafing under the curb, the Italians of Turin, Milan, and Florence, as well as those of Rome, Naples, and Palermo, envied the treasures of independence and liberty enjoyed by the happy peoples who possessed them, and of which they felt themselves unjustly disinherited; and not confining themselves to the expression of their good wishes in favour of the efforts of all such as rose for the purpose of winning those treasures, they also attempted themselves on several occasions to throw off the yoke that crushed them to the earth. Generous efforts, but unproductive for want of unanimity and seasonableness! The limits of these sketches will not allow us to enlarge on the particular facts which preceded the general explosion of 1848 in Italy. Prepared for many years previous in mystery and silence—the only means to elude the eager and indefatigable zeal of the spies of despotism—this explosion was inevitable. The governments themselves hastened it by the constantly increasing rigour of their intolerance and violence. Let us cast a rapid glance at the state of each government in the year 1847, on the eve of the revolution.

Without being tyrannical in the sense of the word as applied to the persons of Nero, Domitian, Peter the Cruel, and Christian II. (a species of tyranny impracticable at the present day in any permanent or systematic form,) the Austrians employed in their Italian provinces, and with more or less influence over the rest of Italy, all the artifices and stratagems of Tiberius, Philip II., Louis XI., and the Borgias. Austria aimed at two principal objects in Italy,—to drain the largest possible amount of gold from the coffers of its well-beloved subjects, and to weaken in the people every sentiment of energy, of liberalism, and of national dignity. She treated the Lombardo-Venetian



populations exactly as a pedantic and ill-conditioned tutor would do an ignorant, stupid pupil; and wounded their self-love by supplying from abroad for their instruction men of no merit or reputation whatever, and who in the Universities became the laughing-stock of their audiences. These foreign literary imports were made whilst there were still living, among the great men of whom Italy was proud, a Volta and an Oriani (not to mention many others,) of whom the one was the discoverer of the galvanic pile, the other of spherical trigonometry. Austrian despotism, far from content with depressing Italian intelligence, by the dictatorial power of a harassing police, (the true counterpart of the Inquisition, minus the *Auto da fé*,) by the nature of the instruction given, whether preparatory or academical, and by a censorship of the press, whose iron hand stifled in the birth every generous, patriotic, or liberal idea, was incessantly inventing new taxes and new modes of oppression, in order to extort from the inhabitants of these countries their natural and commercial riches. The sciences, fine arts, commerce, manufactures, and even medical pursuits, and the products of chemistry, were all taxed, regulated, and subjected to the wants, customs, climate, interests, and selfishness of Austria. In the Italian provinces, placed under the paternal sceptre of the Emperor, agriculture alone remained free, and that for this single but sufficient reason, that the imperial clemency could not deprive them of the ground they tilled; but a large share of the produce, converted into money, went every quarter to replenish the Imperial treasury; so that the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, containing only one-eighth of the population of the empire, was condemned to contribute the third of all the imposts borne by the state, and all this to purchase the glorious privilege of being assimilated and harnessed to the same car as the Croats and Pandours. It has been attributed as a merit to Austria that she has not favoured the Jesuits in these Italian provinces. She acted thus for this sole reason, that, being

jealous of the integrity of her absolute power, she dreaded their influence; but no sooner did the Jesuits, with their systematic suppleness, offer themselves as the zealous instruments of her despotism, than she gave them a sisterly embrace, and took them under her protection, under the shadow of which they laboured with assiduity for the triumph of *obscurantism*, under proviso to revolt against their benefactress, whenever their interest and the glory of their order required it.

As to Piedmont, as well by its history as by policy, it had been for ages past but slightly connected with the rest of Italy; and during the despotic reign of Napoleon it was by a barbarous law absorbed into the French empire, the conquests of which it assisted by the forced contingent of its brave soldiers, arbitrarily disseminated in the French regiments. Restored in 1814 to the House of Savoy, which had been soured by privation and exile, and by the new ideas which had budded in its states, that House used every effort to throw the people a century back, and to destroy all the shoots of modern civilisation engrafted upon ancient barbarism. This family, on its return from Sardinia, where it had hidden its defeat and its ire, brought back with it the whole bundle of old prejudices which the philosophy of the 18th century had stigmatised, and which the hatchet of the revolution of 1799 had cut down. Along with it there reappeared the separation of classes, military insolence, the influence of the priesthood, the intriguing idleness of the monks, the arrogance of the nobility, and all the superannuated privileges of the aristocracy and of the feudal system. It is well known how a revolution of a liberal tendency failed in 1821, and the unhappy part played on that occasion by the Prince de Carignan, for which he felt himself obliged to make the *amende honorable* at the storming of the Trocadero. This same Carignan, become King of Sardinia under the name of Charles Albert, granted a charter (*Statuto*) to his people in 1847, leaving them at a loss to

know whether the concession was spontaneous or simply torn from him by the exigencies of the age and the force of circumstances. The *Statuto*, which from the outset was very far from satisfying all the wants of the nation, was, notwithstanding, sufficient to arouse the fears and alarms of Austria, which beheld with aversion the appearance and reality of constitutional principles in its immediate neighbourhood. From this concession, whether voluntary or forced arose the alleged grievances and the enmity of the House of Hapsburg towards that of Savoy-Carignan. From that moment suspicion and ill-will pervaded all the international relations between these two powers.

Nearly at the same period Tuscany adopted some useful reforms, amongst which figure the law for the liberty of the press and the institution of a civic guard, which revived in Tuscany in some measure that warlike spirit which in that country, so favoured by nature, had slumbered for two centuries, and which, suddenly awakened by Napoleon, had been absorbed in the exploits of the French army, in which the new Tuscan levies were enlisted, and whose glory and reverses they alike participated. The Grand Duke Leopold II., although reigning over a portion of Italy, neither would nor could forget his origin, and his Austrian blood predominated over the few drops of Italian which flowed through his veins. Attached to the House of Austria by the ties of relationship and by dynastic compacts, he was in fact but a great vassal, subject to the Austrian sovereignty and absorbed in the orbit of its policy. The Cabinet of Vienna was shocked at the reforms in modern Tuscany, just as the predecessors of Metternich in the 18th century were at the promulgation of the Laws of Leopold (*les Lois Léopoldines*,) which, departing to a certain extent from the ancient routine and feudal barbarity, threatened the stationary and consequently the retrograde system of Austria.

The Duke of Modena (father of the reigning Duke) had not confined himself to his natural position as a vassal of



Austria, but, in the interest of the Austrian policy, had exercised for several years in Italy the honourable functions of high provost, a veritable Tristan l'Hermite, for the Emperor Francis the First. On his death he bequeathed to his successor a treasury, the contents of which greatly surpassed those of the wealthiest sovereigns. With an avarice which was justified in his own eyes by the foresight of future convulsions, he had hoarded up his enormous land revenues for nearly thirty years, as well as the money extorted from his subjects by taxes, regal dues, and the produce of the monopoly and exercise of several branches of commerce. Worthy son of his father, the present duke followed his steps faithfully, rivalling him in his hatred of every idea not entirely servile. When in 1847 he was informed of the movements of the Liberal party on several points of the Italian peninsula, he replied with an air of mockery, that he despised them as much as he hated them, and that he had at his disposal 200,000 Austrian bayonets to crush the Liberal party, if it ever dared to penetrate into his states. In spite of these vaunts, the young Duke fled with all speed when this party raised its head in his presence.

By the death of Maria Louisa (December, 1847,) the Duchy of Lucca passed over to Tuscany. The Infant Louis de Bourbon, more inclined to the pleasures of debauchery and to sensuality than to the cares of government, opposed with all his might the importation of the Tuscan reforms into his petty Duchy, as they would naturally have raised obstacles to his manner of life, which was that of a miniature Sardanapalus. His son, a worthy heir to the paternal policy, without the affable and frank bearing of his father, and without that affectation of popularity which allowed those in his intimacy to treat him as a companion, had placed himself at the head of the Ducal troops to resist the first constitutional symptoms which broke out in the capital; but alarmed and confounded by the rapidity of their progress, he fled



abroad with his father, who succeeded soon after, by the death of Maria Louisa, to the inheritance of the Duchies of Parma and Placenza.

This part of Italy, so ill-governed since 1814, had fallen into the greatest distress, and all its demesnes had been squandered by common consent between the old Archduchess and the Infant, her heir in expectancy. The administration had for some years been in the hands of M. de Bombelles, who, sent from Vienna with a mission to watch over this unfortunate little state, from Grand Master of the Court of the ex-Empress, had gradually usurped an unlimited authority, which constituted him at the same time a Merovingian Mayor of the Palace and a Roman Proconsul. Informers, Jesuits, and others of similar breed, had been his constant favourites, and the only counsellors whose advice he followed. The new Duke and his son were not of a sort to improve the condition of a ruined and enslaved state, and abandoned it on the first cry of independence raised on its frontiers.

But of all the Italian States, the worst treated by its Government (with the exception of the Papal,) was the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies. To the reproach, which from many quarters reached the ear of Ferdinand, of being, beyond all other princes, the most virulent opponent of every idea of useful reform, he only replied, with an effrontery which might have been mistaken for honest conviction if it had not borne the stamp of royal imbecility, that his states were in no need of it, and that all that a good king could do for the advantage of his people, he had already done for his beloved and trusty subjects. To this insulting royal vaunt the friends of the people replied by a solemn act, which, under the title of "*Protest of the People of the Two Sicilies*," displayed before the eyes of this Bourbon all the horrors, all the perjuries, all the acts of injustice and extravagance, which had disgraced his dynasty since 1821; as well as the wretched condition into which every thing had fallen,—the finances, commerce, agriculture,

public education, religion, and civil liberty. In the course of 1847 a partial insurrection broke out in the two Calabrias, directed by Do. Romeo, an excellent patriot, and a man of intellect and heart. General Nunziante, the King's favourite, and one of those miserable beings destined rather by nature for the functions of the hangman than those of the captain, stifled this first movement by an overwhelming force and with all the cruelty of a barbarian. Romeo fell, traitorously assassinated, and a great number of prisoners, among whom were several citizens of eminent merit, were condemned to perpetual imprisonment,—a sentence much more cruel than death itself, in the estimation of all who are acquainted with the dungeons reserved by the royal clemency for the victims of its revenge. Imagine caverns excavated beneath the level of the sea, and through the crevices of which the foulest water constantly trickles. Deprived of air and light, these horrible dens witness the death of their most robust prisoners after six or seven years of anguish, despair, and slow agony. To depict by a single trait the Bourbon of Naples, it may suffice to state that whilst these Calabrians, thus condemned to be buried alive, were being ironed, the King, who dares to profane by adopting it the title of Father of the people, presided in concealment over that dreadful operation, which would have distressed any other heart than his; and in the luxury of his gluttoned vengeance scrutinised his victims through an opera glass, and questioned his courtiers as to their names, as, one after another, were rivetted to their feet and hands those chains from which death alone was to deliver them. A King, the pupil of a Del Caretto (who was to this Bourbon what Sejanus was to Tiberius)—an absolute King, who finds his delight in the torments of his subjects, can never be transformed in earnest and of his own free will into a constitutional king. And, in fact, it was only the force of circumstances and the dictates of fear (which is the predominant feature of his character) that wrested from him the semblance of a Constitution, which

he conceded with regret and by scraps, reserving by a jesuitical restriction his right to annul it, at the very moment when, in the midst of religious pomp, he swore to its maintenance upon the Gospels, in the presence of God and of men.

The States of the Church and Pius the IXth before the revolution of 1848, alone remain to be treated of. But since this Pope was the origin, and, so to speak, the evil genius that occasioned all the misfortunes by which Italy is now overwhelmed, we shall devote one or more articles specially to prove, first—That the domination of the Popes has always been, and still is, disastrous to Italy, incompatible with her independence and liberty: secondly—That Pius IX never aimed at, or organised and encouraged by his sympathy and good wishes, the regeneration of Italy; but that, hurried on by events, and by the weakness of his character, this Pontiff blessed with hypocritical hands those tricoloured standards, which were the *Labarum*\* of our redemption, which he dreaded as Pope and detested as Sovereign, and against which he reserved *in petto* the privilege to hurl at some future period the thunderbolts of the Vatican, and, what is still worse, the bayonets of the foreigner.

\* The *Labarum* was a magnificent Roman standard which Constantine, who had been brought up in Gaul, adopted as the imperial standard. He also ornamented it with a crown, a cross, and a monogram with the name of Christ.

## CHAPTER II.

THE TEMPORAL POWER OF THE POPES THE PRINCIPAL  
CAUSE OF THE DECLINE OF THEIR SPIRITUAL  
INFLUENCE—THE PAPACY DOUBLY FATAL TO ITALY  
—ITS PRESENT DECAY.

THE incompatibility of the two powers, temporal and spiritual, in the person of the Pope, having always been, and still being, the greatest obstacle to the liberty of Italy, and to the establishment of its national unity and self-government, we find ourselves obliged to look back to the very origin of the Papacy, and thence to trace it down rapidly to its present condition.

Originally the Pope was but a Bishop, elected by his peers to govern the Church of Rome. Having been the metropolis of Paganism, from the time when she became the capital of the whole world, shortly before the Christian era, Rome inspired her bishops with the first idea of an universal domination and of a religious supremacy. This inheritance of expiring Paganism, which Christian Rome usurped in establishing for her own advantage a right of entail, favoured the projects of Papal ambition by its effects on the opinion of the populations, who, accustomed to consider Rome as the metropolis of the world (*caput orbis*,) favoured by their tolerance and their tacit consent the accomplishment of those ambitious projects. The early Roman bishops were, so to speak, presidents of a spiritual republic, but by a religious *coup d'état*, they concentrated in their sole persons all the executive power of Catholicism, until, advancing from one usurpation to another, they ended by appropriating all the legislative power also, and



proclaimed to the world their pretended autocratical supremacy. If these bishops had contented themselves with the spiritual primacy only, this, once acknowledged and admitted by all Christendom, might have lasted a considerable time without producing those formidable attacks which on several occasions have assailed and weakened it. But in order to maintain unimpaired the particular supremacy to which the Christian world had just submitted, they ought to have repelled all idea of temporal power, and to have wholly renounced worldly riches. Far from this, they accumulated wealth, in direct defiance of the precepts of the Divine legislator of whom they proclaimed themselves the exclusive successors, and who had so explicitly relinquished earthly possessions when he said, "My kingdom is not of this world." Blinded by worldly ambition, they pursued a path diametrically opposed to that traced out for them by the Saviour, who, after a life of love, self-denial, and humility, ascended to heaven through the sufferings of Calvary.

Hormisdas, by encircling the episcopal mitre with one crown, Boniface VIII. by adding a second, and Benedict XIII. a third, did more mischief to the Papacy than its most violent opponents afterwards wrought. As a spiritual chief, the Pope, favoured by the credulity of the people, had no rivals, and made himself above all. As a temporal chief, and the petty king of a petty state, (the primitive possessor of which had, to say the least, but a questionable title and doubtful rights,) the Pope appears in past ages only as a sovereign of secondary rank, and at the present day he can be reckoned, at most, only among those of the third. It was in his capacity of Bishop of Rome that Leo I. ventured to appear in the presence of Attila; when, such was the influence of superstition on the one side, and the confidence in his office on the other, that the conqueror retraced his steps. But had Leo gone out to meet the barbarous chieftain in the quality of a king, which quality the Popes assumed at a later period, that



stern invader would have laughed to scorn the Papal crown, and, trampling upon it with disdain, would have pursued his march, and at the head of his savage hordes put the Eternal City to fire and sword. When, at a later period, the *prestige* of the spiritual power of the Popes was, through popular ignorance, still terrible, and Gregory VIII. imposed the *amende honorable* upon the supplicating Henry IV. of Germany from the ramparts of Canossa, which that Emperor was constrained to perform upon his knees, clothed with sackcloth, and with bare feet,—it was not as king, but simply as spiritual chief, that the Pontiff dared thus to abuse imperial majesty.

But when, through pride almost inconceivable, the Popes proclaimed themselves paramount Lords over all Princes whatever, and owners of all kingdoms, requiring from kings homage as their vassals, and obliging emperors to hold the stirrup of their palfrey,—when, blinded by mad ambition, Boniface VIII. appeared in public, bearing the sword in one hand, and the keys of St. Peter in the other, exclaiming, “I am Pontiff and Emperor,”—when Julius II., in the intoxication of a first success, caused himself to be represented on a medal, with the tiara on his head, and a whip in his hand, driving the French before him, and trampling under foot the escutcheon of the Valois, whose kingdom he had just excommunicated from a political motive only; and when, exchanging his tiara for a helmet, and the mystic keys for a sword, he conducted in person his troops to the combat, and substituted the warlike propensities of a king for the pacific mission of a priest,—when Alexander VI., of infamous memory, by the wiles of an infernal machiavelism, utterly unworthy of the head of a religion of humility and love, disturbed all the states of Europe,—then the papal usurpations began to arouse the jealousy, the mistrust, and the hatred of all monarchs, who no longer acted towards the Popes as sons to a father, or Christians to their Pontiff, but as powerful sovereigns to a weaker one. From that period the relative situations were

inverted, but still the spiritual power of the Pope gained nothing by the change.

Rome, simply as the see of a bishop, who had raised himself to the absolute headship of the Roman Catholic religion, would perhaps have remained inviolate, for no power would have cared to invade and conquer it; but as the capital of a state, and the seat of princes ambitious and at times quarrelsome and turbulent, Rome was repeatedly invaded, sacked, and burnt by Christian and even Catholic armies, who in irony and derision knelt down before the vanquished Pope, demanding his blessing and the absolution of their crimes! Thus the superstitious victors adored as the Head of the Church the same individual whom they insulted as king, whose temples they pillaged, whose palaces they burned, and whose people they massacred!

Leo X., whose munificence and protection of the fine arts history loudly proclaims, by one of those base flatteries of which she is so often guilty towards the great (leaving to time to reveal the truth,) whilst she dares hardly whisper their extortions, despotism, treacheries, and poisonings,—Leo X. himself did infinite damage to Papal ascendancy, notwithstanding the brilliance of the rays which surrounded his name, and which dazzled those timorous eyes that dared not scrutinise and penetrate the mysteries of the Vatican. To uphold his crafty policy, to supply his daily profusion, and to satisfy his princely ambition, this Pope was compelled to pervert institutions which passed for holy in the sight of the people, and threw open a great market for benefices, pardons, exemptions, dispensations, immunities, and indulgences, with which the Christian world was deluged. Scandalous traffic! barefaced simony! which disgusted all men of conscience, stirred up the nations, and encouraged the Reformers, who, by free discussion, so fatal to Roman absolutism, undermined Papal supremacy, and detached from it for ever a great part of Europe! It was thus that the pride of the Prince caused irreparable injury to the dignity of the Pontiff.

It is quite true that before Leo X. other Popes (and chiefly those who during a century reigned at Avignon in the style of Sardanapalus) had displayed the evil example of their own conduct to the world, on which account Petrarch, in speaking of this court of Avignon, exclaims—"Gold opens the gates of heaven; gold buys Jesus Christ!" But the traffic in holy things which existed under Leo X. produced the greatest scandal, for it occurred in all parts of Christendom, and most largely at Rome itself, on which the eyes of Europe were then fixed by the surpassing splendour of the fine arts with which the ruinous profusion of the Pontiff-King had surrounded that city.

Papal ambition did not, however, always confine itself to the aggrandisement of what is so oddly styled the patrimony of St. Peter. The plague of nepotism, that scourge which galled the Papal states for several ages, and which reacted upon all Italy, was in the cases of several Popes the constant occasion of injustice and crime. The desire to enrich their own families led more than one Pope to acts of usurpation accomplished by corruption and treachery, and plunged them into unjust and ruinous wars, of which, when the Pope came off victor, all the advantages accrued to his family; and when the Pope was vanquished, all the disastrous consequences fell upon his people. One Pope, confining himself to enriching his nephews, glutted them with gold extorted from his subjects, who had the honour of emptying their pockets in order to create the rapid and enormous fortunes of these upstarts. Another Pope, extending his dynastic ambition to the length of coveting an independent sovereignty for his nephews, sent out his armed bands, and, either by surprise or by force, tore from some neighbouring state with which he was at perfect peace, a town and surrounding territory, erected it into a Principality or Duchy, and bestowed it upon his relations for their full and entire benefit.

It often occurred, that on the death of one of these robber Popes, his successor seized for his nephews the



offices, treasures, and lands which a predecessor had bestowed upon his own, and that the states which had been violently despoiled by these acts of nepotism, struggled to recover the share of which they had been robbed. Thence arose a multitude of violent recriminations, confusions, the discussion of imaginary and absurd claims, and a succession of atrocious reprisals and bloody wars, which often enticed over the mountains foreigners, who were always ready to profit by the troubles and discords of unfortunate Italy. Parcelled out, impoverished, and tormented, that country has always had reason to attribute the greater part of its misfortunes to the ambition and rapacity of the Popes. The two vices just noticed were so much the more fatal to Italy, from the Papal sovereignty being an elective one. There was a new family to enrich on the accession of every Pope; and these accessions were naturally more frequent than in hereditary monarchies, because the Popes being, according to custom, chosen only from among the older cardinals, enjoyed generally but very short and often ephemeral reigns.

When the Mexicans, on the first landing of the Spaniards, fought in defence of their native soil, invaded by those adventurers, they possessed no idea of the horse, hitherto unknown in America. At the first sight of the Spanish Cavalry, they were consequently struck with astonishment, imagining in their superstitious ignorance that the horse and his rider were united by invisible ties, so as to form but one body, and they believed this being to be immortal. But in a skirmish the arrow of a Mexican happened to kill a horse, which in falling threw its rider into a slough; where, overcome by the weight of his armour, he was drowned. Attacked unawares by a force immensely superior in number, the Spaniards retreated in good order, but without having time to carry off the man and horse that had fallen. The Mexicans, full of dread and hesitation, dared not at first approach those two objects lying motionless before them. But at last the boldest among

them, having pushed at both with the butt end of their spears, discovered with wonder that they were not only motionless but dead. Then it was that this simple and primitive people found out their strange error as to the nature of the two beings, one of which in perishing had caused the death of the other. Of course from that moment the Spanish cavalry, previously reckoned invincible by the Americans, lost in their opinion its two-fold reputation of invulnerability and immortality.—*A word to the wise is enough.*

The abuse of excommunications, no longer employed as a religious anathema, (which had been hitherto respected by the credulity of the mass of the people,) but as a weapon exclusively political, also contributed greatly to open the eyes of deluded nations, and to lessen in the opinion of some, to destroy in that of others, the ancient veneration for the Papacy. Although, from habit and traditionary forms, and from the effect of puerile vanity, to all appearance still devoted and submissive, Italy gradually forgot this hereditary respect in a greater measure than the rest of Europe; and whilst, owing to the reforms of Luther, Calvin, Zwingle, Melancthon, and Henry VIII., reverence for the Papacy was in several countries transformed into hatred and open war, the Italians substituted an indifference, which, by a consequence altogether logical, was much more injurious to the Papal authority than the animosity and the fiery invectives of the Reformers; for as a maniac—(asking pardon for the comparison)—may be restored by the aid of medical treatment to his primitive condition, so on the other hand, a state of complete apathy and idiocy, when once chronic, defies all the efforts of science.

The result could be no other in Italy, accustomed to observe so closely the Court of Rome; and precisely for the same reason that the decorations of a theatre, the acting and the tricks of buffoons, which dazzle and astonish spectators placed at a certain distance, lose all their effect on those who behold them from the stage itself, or from behind the scenes.



### CHAPTER III.

THE TEMPORARY RE-ACTION OF OPINION AMONG THE ITALIANS IN FAVOUR OF PIUS VII.—THEIR SHORT-LIVED SYMPATHY AND REGARD FOR THAT PONTIFF—GREGORY XVI. AND HIS REIGN.

It is not to be absolutely inferred from what we have said in our preceding chapter that all the Popes were bad. There were some good ones also, but even the best were infected by that ambition which is the cankerworm of the Papal tree, and the inherent vice of this monarchical theocracy so fatal to Italian self-government and independence. The result of all the considerations presented in the last chapter is a conclusion, which, unfortunately, cannot be contested,—a painful truth, which the testimony of history is always ready to corroborate, namely, that the benefits which Italy may have derived from a few good Popes is very far from counterbalancing the evils incurred from the bad.

We have already shown that the ancient veneration in which the Papacy was held in Italy had long since been exchanged for systematical indifference; the logical and inevitable consequence of which was to create a disrespect equally for its temporal and its spiritual power. Still in spite of that apathy which counteracted all zeal and fervour in favour of the Papacy in the breasts of the immense majority of Roman Catholics, the ancient respect for this institution appeared all at once to revive towards the close of the pontificate of Pius VII. But a very slight examination of the times and events is sufficient to furnish ample proofs that the sympathy and regard manifested for this Pope, sprung much rather from a sentiment of commiseration in

the masses, on account of the persecutions exercised by Napoleon towards him during several years, than from any respect for the tiara.

Accustomed by the pusillanimity of mankind to see every will yield to his own, Napoleon was as much surprised as irritated at meeting with an unexpected obstacle to his despotism in the stubborn opposition of this Pontiff. The most imperturbable persistence in one course was the predominating feature of the character of Pius VII. This quality, which may be considered, according to circumstances, as either a great vice or a great virtue, was carried so far by him that it would have doubtless conducted him to martyrdom, if instead of a Napoleon he had had to deal with a Domitian. As it was, it transformed a personage of honourable but ordinary character into a hero, in the esteem of the Italian populations, who, tired of the despotism of Napoleon, and disgusted with the small amount of glory acquired at the price of civil and political liberty, became attached to this victim of persecution out of hatred to the persecutor. In consequence, when the latter fell, the former rose in the esteem of the people, exactly in proportion to the abasement of his adversary.

It must be admitted that the return of Pius VII. to Rome, after his exile, was, throughout, a triumphal progress. When he left Fontainebleau for his own capital (1814,) the inhabitants of the south of France thronged out of their cities and towns, and lined the road by which he passed, and in the transports of their southern impetuosity, hailed him by the names of Martyr and of Lamb, miraculously escaped from the claws of the lion, and with other flatteries of the same description. It was by these same people that the ex-Emperor, before whom they had so long trembled, was hooted and outrageously insulted when on his way to Elba. When Pius arrived at the frontier of his native land, he was welcomed by the Italians, if not with all the noisiness of the Provençal "*farandoles*," at least with joy and enthusiasm.

But all these demonstrations, excited in great measure, and often hired by the emissaries of the Holy Alliance, for the purpose of rendering more odious the name of the giant just overthrown, and his memory yet more detested, were proofs, to the clear-sighted, rather of admiration bestowed on the firm front which a harmless priest had opposed to the persecutions of a powerful emperor, than of attachment or respect for the Papacy. Such ovations were only the noisy expression of compassion felt by the multitude for the sufferings which this Pope had endured,—sufferings which, if justly appreciated, amounted only, after all, to those conditions, sometimes severe, which princes who are powerful and victorious are accustomed to inflict upon their feeble and vanquished brethren; but which some fanatics, in the exuberance of their enthusiasm, and the Jesuits in the interest of their policy, exalted to the dignity of martyrdom. Admired during his exile on account of his long resistance and an immobility worthy of the heathen god Termes, Pius VII., after his return to Rome, proved quite unequal to the wants of the church and the exigencies of the times. The re-establishment of the Jesuits, whose abolition had so greatly distinguished the pontificate of Clement XIV., rendering his name popular among his countrymen, and immortal in the recollections of posterity, would alone suffice to demonstrate the truth of our assertion, and to prove that the steadfast firmness shown in misfortune, became in prosperity nothing less than infatuated obstinacy. After that misdeed, followed by other retrograde briefs which constituted a species of political anachronism, disappointing the general expectations and deceiving the hopes of those who had hitherto expected useful reforms from a Pontiff tried by prolonged misfortune, the popular admiration diminished by degrees, and finally fell back to its starting point, viz., to complete indifference. This ephemeral admiration was a mere bonfire, whose dazzling flames are quickly kindled and as quickly subside, leaving behind them only a few ashes and complete darkness.

From Pius VII. to Pius IX. there was a succession of Popes, whose brief course was neither polluted by great vices nor adorned by great virtues. That verse of Dante may be aptly applied to them, where he describes souls as wandering on the banks of the Acheron, repulsed alike from Paradise and from Hell—

“Che visser senza infamia e senza lodo,”

(who lived without infamy and without glory.) This, in fact, is the sort of existence to which the Popes are now condemned by the total loss of that consideration formerly enjoyed by the heads of the Roman Catholic Church, and by their extreme weakness as temporal princes. That ever-increasing debility under which the Papacy labours, the indifference of the Catholics in general, and particularly of the Italians, are two irresistible causes which force it back constantly towards its origin, and which must finally reduce it to its primitive simplicity. Such would be a fortunate result for the popedom, considering the utter ruin and destruction with which it is threatened. The two chronic infirmities which are gradually undermining it have, in a political point of view, reduced it to the rank of a power of at most the third order, condemned for the future to be only a satellite revolving in the orbit of a great planet, sometimes styled Austria, sometimes France, and which, subject to frequent oscillations, occasioned by the inconstancy of the laws of the political world, is attracted or repelled according as the influence exercised by superior force determines this attraction or repulsion. It might be said of all the successors of Pius VII. down to the reigning Pope, again quoting a line of the same divine poet—

“Non ragioniam di lor, ma guarda e passa,”

(let us not speak of them, but just look at them and pass on) were it not that Gregory XVI. deserves particular mention, on account of the length of his reign, and the innumerable faults by which it was marked, striking a fresh blow at the twofold power of the Pope.



Passing by the brutal repression enforced by this Pope upon all his subjects suspected of the slightest liberal ideas, and his implacable hatred of all enlightened progress, his shameful silence in presence of the unheard-of persecutions exercised against the Catholics by the Russian Autocrat throughout his empire, were sufficient to discredit him in the opinion of the whole Catholic world. Posterity will hesitate to give credence to such inconceivable Papal apathy. An orthodox population (in the sense of the Roman Catholic church) was struggling in the grasp of the Russian eagle. This population had in its favour political right, sanctioned by the laws of the country and by the imperial promise. Its oppressor was schismatic, relatively to the Pope, whom he did not acknowledge, his aim and purpose being to become himself the Pope, as it were, of *Panslavism*. Catholic priests of his empire were flogged to death by the Greco-slavian *knout*; entire populations condemned to the *Schlague* and to torture; the refractory villages put to fire and sword; children torn from the arms of their despairing mothers; cloisters invaded by the Cossacks, and the nuns beaten, violated, and massacred on the steps of the altar to which they clung as their last refuge!!! And all these horrors, all these cruelties were perpetrated, because these unfortunate beings refused to renounce the religion of their forefathers, that religion which claims the Pope of Rome for its chief, whom they refused to abandon for the Pope of St. Petersburg. Leo I., Gregory VIII., and Alexander VI.,—yes, even the infamous Borgia himself,—would, at least, have protested, had they done no more, before the face of God and of mankind, against these horrible persecutions; but the High Priest of Rome, secluding himself in the solitary walls of the Quirinal, like Tiberius at Caprea, ate, drank, and slept peaceably, allowing the blood of the victims, who invoked his name as they expired, to flow without proffering a single word, and stopping his ears lest the cries of his slaughtered children should disturb the tranquillity of his repose and his digestion.



Nor did the impassibility of his character confine itself to this disgraceful and culpable silence. Whilst France protested against the brutal fury of the Czar—whilst the blood of the Polish martyrs was still reeking, the lethargic Pope embraced as a brother, amid the polluted walls of the Vatican, the executioner of so many thousand Catholics; pressed in his own that hand which had shed so much blood, and bestowed his blessing on the author of so much carnage. Rich presents even, he had the baseness to accept as the reward of his ignominious silence! Europe witnessed with astonishment this hideous alliance. The adherents of the Papacy trembled, and its enemies rejoiced to observe this new blow to the Papal machine, inflicted by the hand of the Pope himself;—that machine, deranged by time and damaged by rust, the destruction of which was hastened on by this act of cowardice. How much nobler was the conduct of Ambrosius, Bishop of Milan, when he repelled with indignation from the gates of the temple the Emperor Theodosius, who presented himself with hands still reeking from the massacre of Thessalonica! But in those times the gospel was still the only code of the Pontiffs, and the priesthood had not yet polluted its holy mission with all the corruption and the turpitudes which sprung up afterwards from the avidity, pride, and ambition that converted Rome into a modern Babylon.

Gregory XVI., (a profound theologian, it is said, but above all a true type of the monk,) was ignorant of the simplest elements of the art of governing. The servile instrument of Austria, whose subject he had been, and who required no other return for her patronage than a passive obedience to her policy, he most amply responded to the requirements of his protectress. Surrounded by a few monks, his only advisers, he was entirely governed by his barber, Gaetanino. This man was a Figaro on a large scale, through whose hands passed, at fixed rates of toll, the solicitations, the favours, and all the intrigues of the palace and of the state. Olivier le Dain, the barber of Louis XI., amused himself by hanging up the enemies of his king;

Gaetanino, the barber of Gregory XVI., confined himself to plundering the friends and the enemies of his sovereign. This Pontiff, fatigued by the weight of the triple crown, and wanting courage to abdicate as Celestine V. had done, secluded himself in his vast palace, as he had before done in his monastic cell; and there constantly occupied in hoarding up his treasures, endeavoured to forget, in the pleasures of the table, the anxieties arising from his false situation, and the universal opprobrium which he had incurred.

It is difficult to imagine what the people of Rome had to suffer under the yoke imposed by a Pontiff-King, who, according to the strange formula established by his predecessors, styled himself "*servus servorum Dei*," whilst he was, in fact, nothing more than the most humble servant of the great European powers, and principally of Austria, (who treated him as a lord-paramount does a vassal,) and some little also of the Jew Rothschild, that prince of bankers, who lent him his millions. Woe to his miserable people if they dared to complain, or to raise their heads! The bayonets of the Swiss troops, sold to Papal despotism by the country of William Tell, or else the Austrian grape-shot, executed prompt and summary justice. This veritable Grand Mogul dethroned only revealed his existence to the eyes of his children by bestowing upon them, with quite a paternal profusion, those favours of which despotism is often prodigal towards its well-beloved subjects,—confiscation, the gibbet, and the galleys.

In fine, the device of Gregory XVI. and his war-cry are summed up in this couplet of the French poet:—

"Eteignons les lumières,  
Et rallumons le feu :"

Be it our task to extinguish the lights (of intelligent progress and civilisation,) and to renew the fires (the last punishment employed by the inquisitor and by despotism.)

## CHAPTER IV.

### DEATH OF GREGORY XVI.—ACCESSION OF PIUS IX. TO THE PONTIFICATE—COMMENCEMENT OF HIS REIGN —DECEPTION OF THE ITALIANS AS TO HIS LIBERAL IDEAS AND PATRIOTIC INTENTIONS.

THE death of Gregory XVI. was the occasion of rejoicing and of hope for Rome, and for all the Liberal party, which had been doubly persecuted and oppressed by that Pontiff, actuated, as he was, by purely monastic principles and by a disgraceful submission to foreign injunctions. The Jesuits, public informers, priests and pontifical *Sbirri*, were alone afflicted in the midst of universal joy. The long and justly detested reign of this Pope left open the fairest field for his successor, whosoever he might be. Gregory's funeral, which, by exception to the general rule on such occasions, was a very simple one, was honoured by no tears, not even by those of his favourite barber, who, from dread of the popular resentment, had fled with precipitation, carrying off the millions of which he had robbed the Roman people and the *true believers* of all nations. The tears which human piety bestows on the burial of the poorest mendicant were denied to this Pope, and were exchanged for the sneers and imprecations of the people, who, unfortunately for him, had acquired the right to execrate his memory.

The Cardinals immediately shut themselves up in conclave. The jealousy, intrigues, and struggles which precede and accompany every new election of a Pope, had already commenced and were in full play. Austria was canvassing in favour of Cardinal A——, a man noted for

his retrograde views, and the bitter enemy of all innovation favourable to progress and to Liberalism,—in short, exactly suited to the ideas and projects of that inveterate enemy of the emancipation and prosperity of Italy. Spite, however, of the manœuvres, more or less influential, of the different Powers, each of which exerted itself in its own interest, the Cardinal Jean Mastai was elected, after much less delay than had been expected.

Besides the good fortune of succeeding to a Pope who had been hated and despised, Mastai had a well-established reputation in several particulars. A religious mission to America and a diplomatic one to Naples, in both of which he had displayed, if not eminent capacity, at least zeal, energy, and tolerably liberal ideas, spoke in his favour. A single one of these qualities would have sufficed to make him outshine a predecessor of whose moral character we have a striking resemblance in that of the last sluggish kings of the Merovingian dynasty.

The accession of Pius IX. was a good omen for the destinies of the Roman states and of all Italy. The people, which allows itself to be easily dazzled by the radiance of a rising sun, founded its hopes on the reputation for kindness, toleration, and liberalism which the new Pope enjoyed, and which popular infatuation delighted to amplify to gigantic and strangely exaggerated proportions. The devout believed that an election so prompt and so unanimous could only be the work of the Holy Ghost; but those among them who are still living have doubtless been long since freed from their pious delusion. This election was the more agreeable to the Romans that it had excited the discontent and ill-concealed disapproval of Austria. It was hoped that that Power, having no longer in the Pope a docile instrument for its narrow views and retrograde projects, could not continue to oppress Rome with the whole weight of its absolutism and encroaching policy, the influence of which, sometimes secret, sometimes avowed, had tormented unfortunate Italy for so many ages.



The Romans, who, in the midst of their modern decline and the evils with which the government of the priests overwhelms them, enjoy the glorious but sterile privilege of forming comparisons and drawing resemblances from those annals of antiquity which belong to them, and the recollection of which is their melancholy inheritance, in the transports of their enthusiasm, imagined that the indolence and insensibility of a Claudius were to be succeeded by the energy of a Cæsar, the clemency of a Titus, and the philosophy of a Marcus Aurelius, united in one and the same man! Joy at their deliverance from the degradation in which they had been plunged, joined to the prospects of a new era, so completely misled their ardent imagination, that they hailed in Pius IX. their tutelary angel, the saviour of their country, without taking into account those fundamental institutions upon which the whole fabric of Popery is established. It was hoped that Pius IX. putting himself at the head of Italian regeneration, would assist his fellow-countrymen to secure the three great elements of the prosperity and grandeur of a nation—independence, national unity, and the liberty of their country. In the person of Pius IX. the two-fold character of Prince and Pope would not have been opposed to the first of these acquisitions, but, in realising it, he would have become inevitably the enemy of the house of Austria, the most ancient friend and the most constant ally of the Papacy; because the independence of Italy required as a *sine quâ non* the absolute and systematic exclusion of Austrian power throughout the Peninsula. With respect to the other two objects, it was impossible for him to effect them without destroying his own double authority. As a temporal Prince, he could not consent to the national unity of Italy, for he would thus have lost his own states, which would have been swallowed up in the unitary organisation, whether it should take the form of a constitutional monarchy or of a republic; in neither case could he hope to obtain supreme authority as head of the state. Without swearing reli-

giously to respect the compact which was to consolidate the new liberties of the people, he could neither be king of the new monarchy, nor chief of the new republic: by taking this oath he might perhaps have become one or the other, but from that moment he would necessarily have ceased to be Pope according to the inherent nature of the Papacy, which cannot possibly ally itself to sincerely liberal institutions, without derogating from its peculiar character. As Pope, he could not dare to acquiesce in the liberty of Italy, because political liberty naturally brings along with it the liberty of discussion; and where the latter exists, Roman Catholicism is shaken in its two fundamental bases—blind faith and passive obedience. The past, with its religious reforms, offers sufficient evidence of this truth, that from the moment when Papal absolutism ceases to be unattackable, it ceases also to be invulnerable and infallible: reason then overpowers mere dogmas.

It is quite certain that Pius IX., whom honest enthusiasts and men too sanguine had proclaimed (with an ardour, to say the least, premature,) the liberal Prince, by pre-eminence,—the apostle of a new era—the great reformer of the age—the new Messiah sent for the redemption of Italy, was himself very far from desiring and still further from accepting and pursuing that sublime mission, for the accomplishment of which he had neither the capacity, nor the power, nor the will.

Pius is above all a priest, and is such in good earnest; consequently he is more attached to his sacerdotal than to his princely character. It is his intimate conviction that he is rigorously bound to maintain all the privileges of the Roman Catholic Church established by time and ancient custom; he has made it his inviolable rule of conduct to transmit to his successors the patrimony of St. Peter in the same state that he himself received it. From a dread of eternal damnation, he dares not change an iota of what his predecessors have done and established since the days of Charlemagne. His desire is that the Papacy should remain

stationary both politically and religiously, and its code of usages be stereotyped; and all this, notwithstanding the civilisation and progress which have more or less invaded all nations, but which dare not cross the Roman frontier, or if they do, must take some sort of disguise, for fear of the sprinklings of holy water and of the exorcisms of the priests. These, indeed, would in themselves be of little consequence, had they not at their back the handcuffs of the *Sbirri* and the dungeons of the *Sacra Consulta*.

At the same time the ovations, of which the new Pope was the constant object after his accession to the pontifical throne, flattered his vanity exceedingly; so that when the people, tired of applauding, reposed for a day, and there was a pause in the acclamations under the balconies of the Quirinal, Pius IX. complained of it to his confidants, and inquired with anxiety in what respect he could have displeased his good people! Owing to the feebleness of his character, these noisy demonstrations did at length turn his head and intoxicate him. For a moment he thought himself designed by Providence to attain a momentous object and destined to fulfil some grand event—one of those events which change the face of the world; but that mysterious and confused impulse had to struggle within him against the scruples of conscience; thus the intolerance of the priest wrestled in his soul with the aspirations of the man. Thence arose that hesitation, those doubts and oscillations, which unceasingly forced him, at one time forwards, at another backwards, in that track upon which public opinion had thrust him, but of which he understood neither the charms, nor the dangers, nor the issue.

A month after his elevation he had done nothing for the people that extolled him to the skies, and who expected so much. The first act of his reign was the proclamation of an amnesty (17th June, 1846.) This act was required by justice and humanity; the cruelty of the preceding government had indeed rendered it absolutely necessary. But it would have been much more generous if granted fully



and absolutely, instead of being clogged by conditions and restrictions. Nevertheless, several thousands of state prisoners, who had crowded the pontifical prisons for so many years, owing to the suspicious and stupid policy of Gregory, were restored to liberty. The emigrants and political exiles, of whom great numbers were dragging out an existence of privation and affliction abroad, were recalled from their places of banishment into the bosom of their mother country. The former, in their joy at emerging into the light of day, the latter, in their delight at revisiting their native land, apparently just on the eve of recovering its liberty, joined in chorus with the daily acclamations of their fellow-citizens. It was through this increase of joyful applause that the enthusiasm for the Pope, at first confined to the limits of the states of the church, overflowed them; and, like an impetuous torrent, inundated all Italy from the Alps to its southernmost point, and finally extended itself to the rest of Europe, and even to America. Such is the influence exercised by clemency—a virtue so much disregarded by all the Princes (the King of Sardinia excepted) that govern, or, more properly speaking, that oppress unhappy Italy.

At a later period Pius IX. abolished trial by court martial, that sanguinary institution bequeathed by ancient barbarity to modern times—being an exact counterpart of the famous secret tribunals of Westphalia—and which has been since revived by the Italian princes, with this very Pope at their head. He promulgated a law for the liberty of the press, but, by a sudden retractation of principle, powerfully seconded by the counsels and injunctions of Austria, he circumscribed with new shackles that same press which bad princes alone have need to dread, and which terrifies them all at the present day. He had also promised the formation of a civic guard throughout his states, but a whole year elapsed before this promise was redeemed. In the end, this institution was not so much the offspring of the Pope's will as the result of the dis-



covery of an Austro-Jesuitic conspiracy, (1847,) which convinced him of the necessity of placing himself under the protection of the citizens in order to escape the snares and stratagems of his enemies. He was advised to free his subjects from the civil administration of the clergy, the most pernicious of all scourges; but, either from want of courage or of inclination, he never followed this salutary counsel. The administration of the state remained unfortunately in the hands of the priests, and the Pope confined his reforms to the dismissal of certain functionaries and prelates of the worst repute, the men most detested by the people. He created a *Consulta*, but with very limited powers, quite insufficient for a fundamental reform of the commonwealth. When the deputies respectfully entreated him, on behalf of their constituents, to enlarge the compass of their powers, he harshly and peremptorily replied, that he had instituted the *Consulta* as a privy council for the Sovereign, and not as a legislative assembly representing the people, and that he neither could nor would advance a step farther in the path of reform! A reply which furnishes an exact criterion of his liberal and constitutional sentiments.

Cardinals Ferretti and Gizzi and Father Ventura were the persons who at the outset of his reign had most influence over the mind of Pius IX.; and the few useful reforms, however imperfect and inadequate, which he undertook before he was forced to grant a constitution, are attributable more to their advice than to any spontaneous action of the Pope himself. At a later period he dismissed these counsellors one after the other, to draw around him those imitators of Narcissus and Pallas, who by their supple baseness succeed in making themselves masters of weak Princes, and who, under the names of Antonelli and Company, ruin the state and degrade the people.

This, then, was the man, in whom Italy in a moment of fatal intoxication and madness placed all her confidence, and from whose genius she expected to derive her redemp-

tion, independence, liberty, and happiness! Foreign nations, misled by deceitful appearances, and still more by the unbounded enthusiasm of the Italians, valued the Pope far above his real merits, believing him qualified for the great mission attributed to him; but the clear-sighted of all countries have now completely recovered from their mistaken judgment.

One of the three early counsellors of the Pope was a man of eminent talent, and then as liberal as it is possible for a Monk (however well-informed) to be, though he afterwards deserted the good cause by disgraceful retractations. During a whole year he was the mentor of this Pontiff. On one occasion he defined to us, in the course of a friendly conversation, the intellectual capacity and the character of Pius IX. by a simile equally simple and appropriate:—"Pius IX.," said he, "has behaved like a little child just weaned! Placed by the enthusiasm of the people on the pinnacle of a high rock surrounded by precipices, as long as his nurse held him in leading strings he walked willingly enough and without falling; but no sooner did he squabble with his nurse, and break away from her, than he stumbled, slipped down, and was precipitated into the gulfs which were yawning beneath him."

## CHAPTER V.

REAL ORIGIN OF THE ITALIAN REVOLUTION OF 1848—  
WHY ITALY HAS ADOPTED THE REFORMS OF THE  
FRENCH REVOLUTION OF 1789 MORE THAN OTHER  
NATIONS—ITALY UNDER THE YOKE OF FRANCE—  
POLITICAL ASSOCIATIONS IN ITALY—THE CARBO-  
NARI—THE GIOVANE ITALIA—MAZZINI—IMPRAC-  
TICABILITY OF CERTAIN UTOPIAN SCHEMES.

WE have already shewn that Pius IX. neither designed nor favoured the emancipation of his country : we must soon undertake the far more repulsive task of displaying all the mischief that he has done to it. The real and primary source of the Italian revolution of 1848 is to be sought as far back as the year 1789, and in another country. It is well known that the French revolution of 1789 was produced by the efforts of human reason to establish its natural rights, which had been till then disallowed, and on the part of a people long weary of the arrogance of nobles, the rapacity of tax-gatherers, the intolerance of the clergy, and the ruinous prodigality of its kings. But it is not less notorious that this victory of right over absolutism, and of justice over abuses, soon degenerated into the most hideous license, and into the sanguinary triumph of a lawless democracy, which rendered the year 1793 a most inauspicious one for France, whose victories abroad could hardly compensate for the horrors and massacres which sullied her at home.

Each nation welcomed the ideas propagated by that revolution, as its peculiar situation rendered them more or

less necessary, and consequently more or less acceptable. Russia was the only country into which they had no access, on account of the extreme severity constantly enforced against their introduction by the Government, and the moral degradation of the people, which made it impossible for them to appreciate their value, or to calculate their consequences. In Germany the new ideas were received with enthusiasm, but its population, being by nature meditative and visionary, immediately associated with them the mystic fancies and utopian dreams of the sect of the *Illuminati*, with which at that period all the countries beyond the Rhine were infected. In England, though at first the acquisition of liberty by a neighbouring nation was hailed by most persons, including some of her most eminent statesmen, the alarming aspect of affairs, which soon supervened in France, disgusted the body of the people with the innovations across the Channel, and caused the most serious re-action. Nothing could be more natural.

In point of liberty the English people are more advanced than all other nations. By its *Magna Charta*, wrung from John Lackland by the barons, England had laid even at the beginning of the thirteenth century the foundation of its public rights and personal and national liberties. William of Orange obtained the English crown on the express condition of fresh and still more ample concessions to the nation over which he was to reign. The two Houses of Parliament successively accomplished the rest, and by degrees advanced the British constitution to the largest proportions attainable by a nation desiring to enjoy the greatest share of liberty compatible with the monarchical form of government, and with the maintenance of a sovereign at its head; to whom, with all the external splendour of royal authority, has been left the power of accomplishing all that is good, whilst that of doing harm has been cut off. Grave and reflective by nature, the English never precipitate their reforms. They propose, discuss, and accom-



plish them,—but deliberately, and after that reflection which renders human conceptions fruitful, and which alone can create institutions and laws having the two-fold advantage of utility and durability. Such a nation had certainly no need to learn the science of good government from revolutionary France; and it was felt that the innovations of 1789, so necessary in France and elsewhere, could have no other result in England than to disturb the existing order of things, without any improvement in its civil and political condition.

But those reasons for which the reforms of the French revolution were of necessity repelled by England, unfortunately did not exist in the case of Italy. Its political and administrative policy, in diametrical opposition to that which England enjoyed, and also the character of its population, their traditions and historical remembrances, induced it to embrace with eagerness innovations which disclosed to it a new era; and, the more readily as France, ever so liberal in her promises, proposed these innovations with such disinterested and fraternal ardour, swearing to make them respected by their enemies, and to maintain them against all attacks whatever: rhodomontade habitual to the French nation, in other respects so deserving of our esteem for many brilliant and incontestable qualities.

Driven by imperious necessity, Italy threw herself altogether into the arms of France. The latter, instead of acting as a sister, as had been promised, became at first her guardian, and afterwards her mistress. She then parcelled out this younger sister into little republics (transformed at a later period into little kingdoms,) which she governed, or at least controlled, by her proconsuls,—men for the most part of unbounded rapacity, outstripping Verres himself in their extortions. Leaving out of sight the rapacity of these apostles of freedom, the importation of revolutionary ideas into Italy produced there none of those horrible incidents which disgraced the French revolution in the sight of

humanity, when the adoration paid to liberty degenerated into the very saturnalia of license. Political changes were effected with rapidity, but without violence or bloodshed; and Italy could herself perceive, and proved to other nations, that the long trance in which she had lain had not yet extinguished in her heart the sacred spark of liberty, nor destroyed those elements which are indispensable to a political regeneration. But notwithstanding this honourable revival, which placed her for the time on a level with independent nations, she was, alas! obliged to recognise the truth of the political aphorism, that "foreign protection is often worse than native oppression." Driven to extremity by the arrogance of the French, she began to consider how to extricate herself from the stifling embraces of her pretended elder sister.

From the close of the last century there existed in Italy several political sects, or secret associations, which had incorporated themselves for the purpose of establishing the independence and national existence of their country. They were of various descriptions, but the object in view was always the same, the emancipation of Italy. The principal among them were the *Unitarians* and the *Raggi*, of which the one proposed to attain liberty only through their own princes, by stimulating them to make the reforms demanded by the country and the age; while the other endeavoured to accomplish its object by the assistance of the principles of the French revolution, which it wished to apply to Italy, intending to rid the country of all the princes. These different associations exerted themselves each according to its own particular views, and they were for a long time hostile to one another. Having at length, however, agreed together to shake off the new yoke imposed by France under pretence of protection, they united in one society, that of the *Carbonari*, which by this coalition became very numerous. As it was opposed to the despotism of the French, all the dispossessed Italian princes, particularly the Bourbons of Naples and the Pope, did their utmost

to encourage it, and employed it as an instrument for their future restoration. They lavished the most ample and liberal promises in order to allure to their purpose this powerful society, which extended its meshes like a vast net over all Italy, and they excited its zeal by a solemn engagement to effect the immediate emancipation of their common mother country, as the first pledge of their gratitude. But after having recovered their thrones through its influence, not only did they fail to fulfil their promises, but, backed by the general reactionary movement of 1815, they declared a war of extermination against this society. Both in town and in country, and even in the midst of forests, where the unfortunate members sought an asylum, they were remorselessly hunted down like wild beasts by the *sbirri* of those same princes, whose re-establishment they had favoured and accomplished. Such is royal gratitude! Those members of this numerous society who escaped the general persecution, again assembled in secrecy on different points of the Italian peninsula, and cemented a fresh alliance by dreadful oaths for the twofold purpose of revenge for the princes' breach of faith, and to pursue the work of Italian emancipation which had failed through their treachery. These same princes had added ingratitude to perjury, and substituted for their fair promises the gallows and the galleys, with which they rewarded their ancient confederates. No wonder that from being partisans, as they were, of royalty and the Papacy, from hatred of the French domination, the Carbonari became finally the irreconcilable enemies of both.

Among the princes who displayed the greatest virulence against the Carbonari, the Pope and the King of Naples stood foremost, being precisely those who had obtained most assistance and reaped the greatest benefit from their influence. No kind of torment, of ignominy, or of death was left untried by these two sovereigns for torturing and annihilating Carbonarism, of which the capital fault relatively to Italy was the powerful support which it had given



to their restoration : its greatest crime in the eyes of these princes was in having protested against their treachery. Changing the names and the object in view, one might think the persecutions of Decius and Domitian had been revived.

From the blood of the Carbonari, shed by the Pontifical and Neapolitan executioners, sprung up a new society, that of the *Giovane Italia*, which developed itself and increased rapidly, absorbing in its bosom the bloody remnants of Carbonarism. The members of this new association, suspected, watched, and rigorously persecuted by all the governments, with Austria at their head, multiplied prodigiously, in spite of the stringent measures everywhere employed against them by the police. They made numerous recruits in all directions, even abroad ; and by means of an active secret correspondence, members abroad co-operated with those concealed at home for the same ends,—those of delivering Italy from a foreign yoke, and from the state of bondage imposed upon its unfortunate populations by their princes.

A personage, to whom we shall have occasion to revert in the sequel of these sketches, and whose talents, perseverance, and activity, supported by the suffrages of the party, placed him at the head of this association, then began to distinguish himself as chief of the Italian Republicans. This personage was Mazzini. Having soon gained the high respect and regard of all his confederates, he on several occasions directed experimental attempts, which always miscarried. These, in the opinion of some persons, only produced a useless effusion of Italian blood ; according to others, they served to strengthen the faith of those who style themselves the true believers, and who apply to politics the religious maxim, that " the triumph of a sacred cause will spring from the blood of its martyrs." This maxim forms the political creed of the *Mazzinians* ; but it is very far from sufficient to justify a succession of bloody reverses in the view of those positive reasoners who are desirous that the enterprises of the



patriots should be undertaken at fitting opportunities only, and with some chances of success previously and prudently calculated. The sacrifices of life imposed on his adherents by the dictatorship of Mazzini have been of utility in this respect alone, that the cruelties of the Papal Government, and, still more, those of the Bourbons of Naples, inflicted on the adherents of Mazzini who fell into their hands, have served to aggravate, if possible, the disgust and hatred of the Italians for their princes. The Mazzinians have made an idol of their chief, and their worship of him is often confounded and identified with that of their principles. For our part, we firmly believe that it is possible to be quite as much attached to the liberty of one's country as the Mazzinians themselves, without being obliged to participate completely in their doctrine, and without a blind acquiescence in all the articles of their political creed. We make this declaration at the risk of being taxed with heresy, and, in consequence, excommunicated and condemned as heterodox; for the Mazzinian religion, with an absoluteness somewhat too Roman Catholic, admits not the possibility of salvation out of the pale of its church. Posterity will decide whether Mazzini, as a politician, has done more good than harm to the cause of liberty in his country, of which he sincerely desires the regeneration, but by means at the least premature, and by theories which, although they comprise all the sublimity of the most humane Utopian projects, have the radical defect of absolute and exclusive intolerance, and are deprived of all possibility of immediate and successful application; in a word, their execution is impracticable in the actual condition of the Italian populations, and according to the opinion of the majority.

The masses prefer positive ideas to everything abstract, for this simple reason, that, endowed with considerable good sense, but with intelligence imperfectly developed, they embrace at once whatever falls within the limit of their intellectual powers, and consequently of their percep-

tion, and repel from suspicion, or at least from want of conviction, every principle and doctrine which is presented to them enveloped in obscurity, or in the form of a problem. This applies to mankind in general, and more particularly to the Italian populations. The Italians, whom their oppressors would willingly degrade to the condition of Helots, (and who themselves entertain the conviction that they are no ways inferior to those would-be Lacedæmonians who harass them,) desire eagerly, and above all things, to get rid of their princes, who, like Saturn in the fable, flay and devour them. The Italians wish, in the first place, and before all other considerations, the accomplishment of a material fact,—the conquest of their national independence, leaving for the next decision the adoption of such a form of government as should appear to them most suitable for their future political existence. They ought to abandon all abstract ideas, to occupy themselves only with realities.

Italians who discuss among themselves what form of government to give to their country, before they have torn that unfortunate and interesting country from the hands of those who wrongfully hold possession of it, may not unaptly be compared to brothers quarrelling among themselves about the choice of a plan, which is to guide them in rebuilding an old house for their own use, but which they have not yet bought. It would be much better to commence by making the purchase, and quite time enough afterwards to dispute about the plan and the form of the new edifice.

## CHAPTER VI.

THE JESUITS—THEIR ABOLITION AND RE-ESTABLISHMENT—BANEFUL EFFECT OF THE LATTER IN ITALY.—THEIR GREAT ITALIAN OPPONENTS, THE ABBE GIOBERTI AND COUNT TASCA.—ATROCITIES OF THE POLITICAL AND CLERICAL RE-ACTION INSTIGATED BY THE JESUITS.

HAVING devoted a part of the preceding article to the secret societies of Italy, it is impossible for us not to speak at some length of another society, which unfortunately may be termed universal, on account of its ever-renewed efforts to invade and domineer over the whole world; a society which, under the cloak of religion, has pursued for several ages, with indefatigable ardour, a pecuniary and political object—a society, in short, which, while it acknowledges in the face of the public its existence and a part of its tendencies, conceals in the shades of mystery the most important portion, but which, veiled from the sight of the profane, constitutes the secret science of its adepts. This society, according to its views of universal domination, strives to arrest progress in its daily march, and to shut up from humanity the road to civilisation and to political and religious liberty, into which man is unceasingly carried by a supernatural and irresistible force, that of the Divine Will. It has inscribed on its banner the sacred monogram of Jesus, but with what accord between the name and the thing, the history of the Jesuits furnishes the readiest means of information. Although this mysterious association has spread itself over all Europe, and even over a part of America, Italy, on account



of the interested bigotry of the princes, the hypocritical zeal of the majority of the priests, and the ambitious egotism of the Court of Rome, has been obliged to submit so completely to its baneful influence, that she has acquired, it may be said, the melancholy privilege of considering it as a local institution, although of foreign importation; just as ancient Egypt considered the mysteries of Isis as a native institution, and one exclusively national, although its adepts of different nations were scattered in every part of the known world.

The Company of Jesus was instituted in 1534 by Ignatius Loyola, who from a soldier became a priest, and the founder of this order. In its origin the institution did not perhaps possess that inordinate ambition which made it afterwards look upon the world as the object of its future conquest, and which rendered it eventually so powerful and formidable. The character of the founder even seemed opposed to such a result in the outset. Ignorant and brave as a *Hidalgo* of that period, jovial and somewhat visionary, nothing revealed in Loyola the profound thinker capable of creating, as it were, a Church within the Church, to enslave Kings and to domineer over the Papacy, by which they were then ruled; nothing disclosed in him an extraordinary speculator, capable of passing in review all the evil instincts, all the vicious inclinations, of human nature, in order to assemble them in a body of doctrine, a monstrous code, comprising all possible descriptions of sophisms, with their practical and relative application. Loyola commenced his work as a fanatic without calculating its immense importance; his successors expanded it by degrees, dexterously turning to account all circumstances, all interests, and all human weaknesses, whenever such advantages offered themselves to their ever-growing ambition; for the ambitious are like the dropsical man, whose thirst increases as he drinks.

It does not enter into our purpose to enumerate here the achievements of this order. We must refer our readers to



history, which displays in their true light the wiles, tricks, intrigues, usurpations, bankruptcies, assassinations, abuses of holy things, and in short all that machiavelian system to which it owed its immense wealth, and which initiated it into the secrets of all the cabinets of Europe. At different periods it directed those Cabinets at pleasure, raising itself almost to the importance of a temporal power; but this very importance gave birth to the alarm and jealousy of the sovereigns, which events tended so much to justify, and which contributed greatly to its abolition.

On the 21st July, 1773\* appeared the famous brief *Dominus ac Redemptor* which proscribed this order. After having signed it, Clement XIV., (who by this act rendered his name immortal and for ever dear,) exclaimed with a sigh: "Behold this suppression now accomplished. Far from repenting a resolution to which I have been brought only after the most mature and serious reflection, were it still to be done I should act in just the same manner. But this suppression will kill me. Yes, it will be the cause of my death!" The worthy Pope Ganganelli expired on the 22nd September, 1774, after six months of spasmodic pains in the bowels, pains to which he had never been subject previously, and which attacked him after his prophetic ex-

\* No one is ignorant of the epoch of the general suppression of the Jesuits, but it is not every one that knows the different particular orders of banishment previously issued against them at different periods by various governments. Our readers will perhaps find the enumeration of them interesting, as given in the table below. The Jesuits were driven from

|                                   |          |
|-----------------------------------|----------|
| Venice.....                       | in 1606  |
| Bohemia.....                      | in 1618  |
| Naples and the Low Countries..... | in 1622  |
| India .....                       | in 1623  |
| Russia.....                       | in 1676  |
| France .....                      | in 1764  |
| Spain .....                       | in 1767  |
| Portugal.....                     | in 1700  |
| Rome and all Christendom .....    | in 1773. |

clamation. We mentioned in a former article that Pius VII., either from feebleness or pertinacity of character, re-established the Jesuits, to the great joy of the retrograde party, and to the lively regret of all who witnessed with pain the efforts employed by *obscurantism* to force mankind back again. As was to be expected, Rome became the metropolis of this order after its revival. Under the shelter of the Vatican, and supported by its old traditions, it recommenced its mysterious work, just as in some dark corner the spider spins its new web in defiance of the salutary broom that has swept away the former one. The influence of the Jesuits was soon felt heavily in every part of the Italian peninsula, and they employed every effort to revive superstition and intrigue, their most powerful weapons.

Italy has not been deficient in men of intelligence and of spirit to combat this fatal influence; but there were two champions who entered the lists with head erect and vizor raised, the Abbé Gioberti, a Piedmontese, and Count Tasca, of Milan. The former died at Paris in 1853; the latter has led a life of honourable exile since the year 1848,—a life rendered still more painful through the sequestration of his estates by Austria, after the events that so unfortunately stained his native city with blood in 1853, though Count Tasca was a total stranger to those events. The Abbé Gioberti engaged in this glorious encounter in the most chivalrous manner, and entered the tilting ground as a true Paladin on a prancing palfrey fully harnessed, and armed *cap-à-pie*, lance in rest. Count Tasca preferred another species of warfare. Instead of encountering his enemy in the lists, he tracked, pursued, harassed, and attacked him wherever he fell in with him, whether in public places of meeting, the drawing-room, the pulpit, on the missionary platform, and even in the confessional. Instead of breaking the lance of chivalry with him, he struck him with harlequin's bat, and flogged him with the lash of ridicule. The Abbé Gioberti published in 1843 his

*Prolegomeni*, in which, after having briskly attacked the Bourbon of Naples and Austria, he deliberately turned his arms against the Jesuits, sparing neither cut nor thrust. His blows were so well directed, that each gave his enemy a mortal wound. But the impartial public, who were present at this tournament as judges of the field, and who proclaimed him victorious, could not help remarking that certain incidents of the previous life of Gioberti were exposed to the just censure of his adversary. By an inconceivable aberration from his religious and political creed, Gioberti, in his *Primato Civile e Morale degl' Italiani* (Civil and Moral pre-eminence of the Italians,) had two years previously not only spared, but almost flattered his enemy, who (piqued perhaps at not having been sufficiently extolled) fell foul of the author of that work, who, in his turn, charged and pushed him to extremity. Though repaired by his bravery, resolution, and victory, the contradiction in question left some blot on the escutcheon of the valiant knight, who thus disclosed to his enemy the only weak point of his cuirass. Notwithstanding this inconsistency, the *Prolegomeni* (which is perhaps the best work that has issued from the pen of this philosopher,) enjoyed, both in Italy and abroad, a most brilliant and well-deserved success. The same author published in 1847, *Il Jesuita Moderno* (the Modern Jesuit,) in which he committed the great fault of spinning out into five volumes matter scarcely sufficient for three, and which necessarily produced a prolixity, sometimes even a vacuity of thought, little calculated to excite the interest and admiration of the reader. The consequence is, that this work, although it contains beauties of the first order, is very far from being equal to the *Prolegomeni* in point of vigour, of style, and of dialectic power. Nevertheless, the *Jesuita Moderno* obtained the applause of the Italians, who readily excused the defects of the work, on account of its author's good intention; and the sort of vacuum produced occasionally in the minds of the readers was abundantly filled up by their



hatred and contempt of the common enemy, against whom the courageous champion renewed his attacks. Italy owes much to the Abbé Gioberti, and his country pays him only a just tribute of gratitude in erecting a monument to his memory. In spite, however, of her admiration for this illustrious son, she is not unaware that his character as a politician was very inferior to that which he could claim as a philosopher.

Count Tasca, whose poetical productions rendered his name popular in Italy and favourably known abroad, and who had the high distinction in 1848 of being proclaimed the poet of the nation, published in 1846-7 several minor poems, constituting a sort of skirmishing warfare against Jesuitism, such as the *Guerillas* maintained in Spain against the French Army, striking right and left, as well upon the initiated and adepts as upon the brethren and *Alguazils* of St. Ignatius. The luxuriance of the poet's imagination, the moderation of his principles, the precepts of sound philosophy and practical morality, concealed under the flowers of a brilliant and lively style, the epigram which flowed from his pen with equal wit and facility, the whole being constantly supported by the testimony of historical facts, insured him the sympathy and favour of his fellow-citizens, who beheld with satisfaction a man, belonging to a class which it has been usual to style the high nobility, abandoning all the conventional distinctions of his position, to remain only the friend—that is to say, the frank and honest friend, and never the flatterer—of the people. His poetical writings against the Jesuits overran all Italy from one end to the other, and were extensively known abroad. Very many editions were printed, and were immediately exhausted by the eager multitude of readers. Count Tasca, to whom the sublime muse is as familiar as the comic, in his victorious campaign against Jesuitism, preferred, and with good reason, the lash of ridicule to the thunders of heroic verse. In a case of this description we think the course adopted by Count



Tasca is calculated to be much more useful than that followed by the Abbé Gioberti. The latter, in his volume fraught with theological science (at times abstruse) and profound and serious discussions, evidently wrote for the superior and lettered classes, the only parties possessing the means to purchase and to understand his works. But persons whose minds have been cultivated by study have already formed their judgment on different human institutions, and consequently made up in their own conscience their particular and independent opinion relatively to each of them. If, according to their private convictions, they entertain sentiments of affection and esteem for the cause of Loyola, all the doctrines and argumentation of Gioberti would not shake their belief; if, on the contrary, they have been brought up in antipathy and contempt for Jesuitism, the works of Gioberti become useless to them. Count Tasca wished to write only for the masses, and the object he proposed to himself was, to display before their eyes all the mysterious intrigues of Jesuitism. In order to accomplish this mission, equally dangerous and honourable, he was obliged to employ a transparent style, plain logic, practical and popular philosophy, a satire moderate, witty, true, just, and, above all, impartial, and all this condensed in cheap pamphlets within the reach of the most humble, the masses being always disposed to catch at whatever unites what is agreeable with cheapness. This difficult object was attained by the author to such a degree, that when the populations of Brescia, Cremona, and Placenza revolted in 1848 against the arrogance of the Jesuits parading in their sumptuous palaces, it was to the chaunt of their national poet's verses that those troublesome and dangerous guests were chased from their respective cities.

We must ask pardon of our readers for having occupied them rather too long upon the subject of these Italian writers of note, but we have done so for the sole purpose of establishing that the necessity which they felt, as organs of public opinion, of assailing Jesuitism, and the

enthusiastic joy with which the Italian population applauded each of their victories over the common enemy, furnish most evident proofs of the mischief which the Jesuits were doing to Italy, and of the profound hatred with which it requited them.

The first steps of the Jesuits, after their re-establishment, were to regain the direction of the consciences of the Italian Princes, (of whose bigotry and hypocrisy they availed themselves for their own advantage,) and to take possession of public instruction. However much we deplore, in accordance with our own particular views, the ancient influence and the modern re-establishment of this order, we should be guilty of injustice if we denied that the sciences owed much to it, for its members have always cultivated them with ardour; but the system of education adopted by its adepts, for the purpose of universal domination, was much more calculated to develope the powers of the intellect than the better feelings of the heart. Faithful to their family traditions, the modern Jesuits labour, as did their predecessors, to cultivate the former and to pervert the latter. This immoral alliance of the culture of the mind with the depravation of the heart forms the regulating principle of all privileged and ruling castes. Men of science have never been wanting to this order, science being a powerful instrument for its encroaching views, and a means indispensable for success. Whether for the reception of professed members, or for strengthening the phalanx of their secular adherents, the Jesuits have at every period possessed the address to choose only such subjects as in one manner or other would co-operate for the aggrandisement or power of their order, and they have always displayed in this choice a perfectly astonishing tact. There is a well-known reply of a certain Italian Jesuit, one of the most influential amongst his brethren, who, being questioned, after the downfall of the order, as to the spirit which presided over the distribution of the different employments of the adepts, said :—"Everything becomes in our hands proper for some purpose. We destine the most

eloquent to the pulpit, the most crafty to politics, the most ambitious to the confessional of Princes, and in like manner all others according to their natural aptitude." "But," observed somebody, "among those you have allured into the order, bringing with them the tribute of a great name or of their riches, there must naturally have been found some fools; to what purpose did you apply these?" "We made saints of them," replied the Jesuit, with an imperturbable calmness which pointedly displayed with what refinement of calculation they adapted, to different parts, different individual vocations. In this respect, as in every other article of their code, the successors of this Jesuit follow in every point (excepting the frankness of his avowal,) the traces of their predecessors.

Reason, seconded by the force of discussion, has in our days entirely rent asunder before a disabused people that mysterious veil, which formerly concealed from view the policy of the Jesuits; but though detected, it still exists, and never ceases for an instant to labour to excavate new hiding-places wherein to hatch its plots and machinations safely; just as coiners of base money, driven from one subterranean cavern, conceal themselves in another, to which they convey the implements of their honourable calling. The policy of the Jesuits is perfidious, dissimulating, disloyal, obstinate, almost always impenetrable; its authors are patient, supple, bartering as the occasion serves the mask of Don Basil for the frank bearing of liberalism. It is served with surprising zeal by its hidden or avowed agents, and opens itself a free passage through the midst of all obstacles to its objects of domination and conquest. This policy is the more formidable that it shrinks from no means useful to its purpose, and is the more confident of success that it never uncovers all its batteries, and that the hands which give the impulsive act do it with the assurance of safety. This conviction rests upon the interested protection which, with the exception of the King of Sardinia, the Italian Princes and the Court of Rome grant them. The former flatter the



Jesuits as the champions of absolutism, and the latter as an army, always prepared to combat with vigour for the infallibility of the Pope; all which constitutes the children of Loyola the surest supporters of despotism. Such is the policy which the Jesuits, driven out by Clement XIV., have bequeathed to the Jesuits re-established by Pius VII., and which, under the shield of Princes and the Pope, seeks to domineer over Italy in our time as it did in those of our forefathers.

Posterity will call to account Pius VII. for having imprudently revived an Order which the age condemned, and which the Bull of a good Pope had prostrated amid the applause of all Europe, not excepting the kings themselves, who had been greatly alarmed by its policy and power. Let the latter bear in mind the end of Henry III. and Henry IV., the pistol of Malagrida and the knife of Damiens.

Reason and philosophy exert all their influence to assure us that the resurrection of this society is only apparent and temporary, and that all the efforts of revived Jesuitism are nothing more than the convulsive struggles of a galvanised corpse. Be it so: but as ghosts and vampires alarm children, silly women, and fools, so there still exists—(apart from those religious and political jugglers who profit by every means of subduing simple minds)—there exists, we say, a portion of mankind, which, condemned to perpetual infancy, views with all the hallucinations and fears of superstition the re-appearance of the Jesuits on the political horizon and in social life. Such people allow them (though against their will) to re-impose their despotic yoke, as, according to the Eastern tale, the fanatical young Arabs allowed themselves to be intoxicated by the *haschich* of the Old Man of the Mountain, or, as the serpents of Libya submit to the charms of the jugglery and flute of the *Psylli*. Reason and philosophy are perfectly in the right, viewing the present state of the Jesuits by the light of their own theory; but, practically, it is too



true that Jesuitism is still powerful in Italy, and it will cease to be so only when the two bulwarks by which it is supported are demolished, viz., superstition and despotism. It is Jesuitism which, through its ambition, and through foreign influence hostile to Italy, has done its utmost to prevent the Princes of that country from supporting in good earnest Italian emancipation and independence; it was the same Jesuitism which undertook, both before and during the last revolution, to scatter all over the peninsula threats and gold, with the double purpose of terrifying the weak and corrupting the depraved. As the faithful ally of tyranny, it has to no small extent prompted the hideous vindictive acts of the re-action, aided the *sbirri* of despotism to fill their foul dungeons with victims, and the executioners of the sovereigns to shed profusely the blood of liberals and patriots. But if the alliance of Jesuitism with crowned despotism contributed in 1848 to arouse the people of Italy to conquer for themselves independence and liberty, this same alliance, which interest and self-love render indissoluble, will contribute to arouse them once more, when, pushed to extremity by all the misdeeds that spring from it, they shall hear the hour of rescue strike. With the help of Divine justice, that hour shall also be the hour of their country's deliverance.

In a word, the age calls loudly for the final abolition of this intolerant and pernicious society; but in order that Italy may be entirely and definitively freed, it is necessary that with the Jesuits accoutred in the dress of Escobar, it should also get rid of those in the attire of the courtier, the magistrate, the soldier, the counterfeit liberal, and even in women's clothes,—a breed still too numerous, of which the one-half, more cunning, cheats and laughs at the other half, more credulous. All these vegetate, stir, and plot under the shade of the rotten tree of St. Ignatius, of which the pestilential effluvia corrupt the soil, as that of the manchineel of the West Indies destroys the imprudent beings who take shelter beneath its branches.

## CHAPTER VII.

THE KINGDOM OF THE TWO SICILIES—ORIGIN, PROGRESS,  
AND DREADFUL SUPPRESSION OF ITS REVOLUTION—  
ITS CONNEXION WITH THE CAUSE OF ITALIAN INDE-  
PENDENCE.

HAVING in the preceding chapters described the political, religious, and social state of Italy, and those enormous abuses of power, of which the inevitable consequence was to provoke the revolution of 1848, we are now to undertake the narration of the facts. Without omitting any of the most remarkable, we shall endeavour to unite historical precision with as much brevity as is practicable. All who feel the slightest regard for that unfortunate but interesting country, will desire to learn its present condition, tendencies, and wants, with a view to its political and religious regeneration, and the means which it can and ought to use for their attainment.

Chronological order obliges us to commence with the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, with its series of conflicts between oppressors and the oppressed. It is unfortunate that the Italian blood earliest spilt in the cause of the revolution was shed by the hands of brethren. We mentioned in our first chapter that a vast conspiracy against the Bourbons of Naples broke out on the 2nd September, 1847, at Reggio, and spread rapidly to the two Calabrias. On the day before, a revolutionary movement took place in Sicily,—Messina revolted in concert with Reggio; but this explosion was repressed by its numerous garrison, which, however, sustained great losses in its conflicts with the people. We have already related the cruelties exercised by General Nunziante in Calabria, and the assassination of

Romeo. General Landi imitated on a small scale the atrocities of the executioner of Calabria. The Sicilians, headed by the inhabitants of Palermo, had repeatedly petitioned the King to grant them liberal institutions, in default of which they threatened to rise in arms. The King, as usual, held them in derision, and paid no attention whatever to their demands. The threats of the Sicilians were rapidly followed by acts. On the 12th of January, 1848, the Palermitans, exasperated by the King's insulting silence, and losing all hope of an amicable arrangement, ran to arms, and commenced hostilities. The King, alarmed and enraged, immediately sent a squadron conveying 5,000 troops, intended to punish the city for its revolt: but the expedition was ill-directed by its commander, General Sauget, and after landing, was beaten by the Sicilians, and forced to re-embark.

Naples and all the surrounding country rose, on the report of the revolution of Sicily: the population of the capital profited by the disorder into which the Court was plunged, and obliged the King to grant, at length, the Constitution which he had so often promised, and never conceded. On the 27th January, the whole city was under the strongest excitement. The Liberals assembled spontaneously to the number of 20,000, in the Toledo (the principal street,) which they paraded, displaying the tri-coloured flag, and at a slow pace, accompanied by the enthusiastic acclamations of the populace, filling the air with the joyful cry of "The Constitution for ever!" The King's cavalry, under the orders of General Statella, advanced to stop their triumphant march, but the troops and their leader, swept along by a harmless and still increasing crowd, accompanied it under the balconies of the royal palace, when, after a clamorous demonstration, it dispersed of its own accord, and retired quietly, without the occurrence of any disorder or accident. On the 28th, a Liberal ministry succeeded to that which had just resigned. The advocate Bozzelli was sent for to take part in it, and invited to draw up the new



Constitution. As a Liberal of 1820, Bozzelli had endured with fortitude imprisonment and exile for the cause of freedom. Much was expected from this choice, but the hopes of the public were worse than disappointed. By a sudden change of opinion, this veteran of liberalism, on arriving at power, became hostile to liberal ideas and to the great principle of Italian independence, to which he opposed himself as a determined enemy. It was he who conceived and prepared the whole re-actionary movements, who destroyed that very Constitution which he had himself dictated, who impeded the war of independence, and who (transformed into the despicable courtier of Ferdinand) encouraged and maintained the doctrine of Jesuitism and the influence of Austria,—the two implacable enemies, to attack whom his too confident fellow-countrymen had brought him forward.

Within a few days from his entrance into the ministry, the Constitution so ardently expected by the nation made its appearance. It proved to be on the model of that of France of 1830, the narrow principles of which Bozzelli had almost literally copied. Limited, however, as it was, this Constitution was doubly useful to Italy, as it served not only to change the political condition of the kingdom of the two Sicilies, but to communicate new vigour to constitutional ideas throughout the whole peninsula, the different fractions of which, under the influence of example, exacted as much from their Governments. This unanimous constitutional movement throughout Italy, crowned with success in the outset, would have secured the object at which it ought above all to aim, that of expelling the foreigner, if the selfishness, bad faith, and cowardice of the Neapolitan Government had not led to the inauspicious events of the 15th May, and the deplorable recall of the expedition on the banks of the Po, which had been destined to take part in the war for Italian independence.

At this period re-appeared on the political and military scene General Pepe, one of those tried heroic champions



who, through all the vicissitudes and convulsions of the Italian peninsula, had never despaired of establishing a powerful national Government, which should restore it to the rank of a great European State. At fifteen years of age a soldier of freedom at Naples, his native city, he was exiled by the re-action of 1799. He served the same noble cause on the plains of Marengo. Thrice he had the courage to conspire against Murat, to oblige him to make concessions to liberty. In 1820 he appeared at the head of that glorious insurrection which extorted a Constitution from Ferdinand I. Condemned a second time to exile, after an absence of twenty-seven years the events of 1848 again restored him to the bosom of his country. Had this veteran, but resolute, defender of Italian liberty no other title to honour but his heroic defence of Venice, it would be sufficient to immortalise his name. Gen. Pepe left Paris for Naples on the 16th March. On arriving at Genoa, he heard of the almost simultaneous revolutions of Berlin, Vienna, and Milan. He had no sooner landed at Naples than he presented himself before the King, and addressed him in language, the brusque frankness of which greatly surprised the despot, who had been used from infancy to the grossest flattery from his courtiers. The General advised his Sovereign to give larger and more liberal bases and proportions to the new Constitution, as the only means to render it really useful and durable. The King allowed him to speak on, smiled, and showed no disposition to profit by the advice. The English Minister at Naples was far from approving of the frank discourse of General Pepe, but after a private interview with him, he became convinced of the accuracy of his views.

Dreading the popularity of Pepe, the King endeavoured to gain him over, and notwithstanding all his dislike to the man, offered him the Premiership and the portfolios of the war and navy departments. The General, who was not of a character to sacrifice his political convictions for power, declined, and instead of becoming Premier, gladly

accepted the chief command of the Neapolitan expedition against the Austrians in Upper Italy. It was only with the greatest aversion, and with a secret design to withdraw at the earliest possible moment, that the King yielded to necessity and sent his troops to the scene of war.

No intrigues were left untried by this Prince, suspicious, double-dealing, and perfidious by character, under the instigation of the retrograde party and the Jesuits, to hinder the formation of the expedition and delay its departure; spite of all obstacles, however, the preparations were completed. It was well fitted out in men, arms, and equipment; but as to the spirit of the troops, the soldiers looked up entirely to their King, who, neglecting all the rest of the nation, flattered the army, lavishing upon it privileges, money, and favours. The consequence was that it was exclusively for him and for his personal interests that they were ready to fight. In the Italian cause they took no interest whatever; it was indeed only understood by the officers and a few subalterns. The army, with few exceptions, was deficient in good general officers. As to those to whom commands in the expedition had been offered, being men of the re-actionary or absolute party, and who guessed beforehand that the secret intentions of the King were destructive of all liberty, almost all pleaded age or infirmities in excuse for their refusal, which the King in private commended as a proof of attachment to his Royal person. It is worth mentioning, in order to show to how great a depth the courtier's profession can debase human nature, that the same Generals who had availed themselves of such false and miserable pretexts to avoid participation in a war against the enemies of Italian independence, found themselves all at once restored to vigour and health, when they solicited and obtained leave from the King to assist in the massacre of their fellow-citizens of Sicily.

The expedition for North Italy, amounting to 16,000 men, and which was to be followed immediately by another of 24,000, left Naples accompanied by the bless-

ings and ardent good wishes of all true Italians. But the intrigues of the retrograde and Jesuitical party created difficulties through the whole line of road that the army had to pass. The Papal Government, not daring to refuse it a passage, pretended, among other things, that the Neapolitan army ought not to cross its States in larger numbers than by one battalion at a time, and at certain intervals of distance, so that if this strange system of marching had been adopted, the last battalion would have arrived on the field of operations after the war was over. This may be noticed, in passing, as a proof of the good faith and patriotism of Pius IX. Having reached Bologna, General Pepe proposed to the King Charles Albert to place the troops and himself at his disposal. At this conjuncture news arrived of the terrible catastrophe of the 15th May, and at the same time General Pepe received orders to return with his troops to Naples. The General, who had accepted the command only with the honourable object of co-operating in the deliverance of his country, refused to submit to the fatal injunction of his Government. The city of Bologna, one of the richest and most populous of Italy, and of all those subject to Papal absolutism, that which detests it most, celebrated this generous refusal by a public illumination, and by a most brilliant civic festival. In the midst of this festival, so remarkable for its patriotic spirit, General Pepe received from Charles Albert an order to repair with his army to the Venetian provinces, where the Austrians had just received considerable reinforcements. There the Roman troops, commanded by Generals Durando and Ferrari, were stationed, having determined to serve the good cause in spite of the Pope's unwillingness. They were directed to unite themselves with Pepe's forces, and to act under his orders. But the Jesuitical and re-actionary parties had made choice of the city of Ferrara as the centre of their plots, and were there backed by the Cardinal Legate. Under their influence the first division of the Neapolitan



army sent thither revolted against its chief, deserted in numbers the noble cause they had sworn to serve, and returned home. Still a considerable number of officers, and more particularly those of superior rank, made this retrograde movement with the utmost repugnance. Colonel Lahalle, obliged to accompany his brigade in this retreat, preferred death to dishonour, and destroyed with his own hand a life which had become a burthen to him from the moment that he could no longer employ it for the liberation of his country. Colonel Testa, in an agony of despair, died suddenly from apoplexy. General Pepe, abandoned by his troops, bitterly lamented, not the loss of his command, but that of so favourable an opportunity to exercise it for the good of his country. He crossed the Po with his whole staff and a few detachments, which remained faithful to the good cause and followed him to Venice, whither he had been ordered by the Provisional Government. He landed there on the 13th June, amid the acclamations of that brave population, who recognised in the veteran an illustrious supporter of that liberty which they had lately won, and which for three months they had been defending with heroic disinterestedness and unshaken constancy.

To avoid interrupting the narrative of this expedition, which so deplorably miscarried, we have hitherto merely alluded to the insurrection at Naples on the 15th May. It is a most painful task to describe the events of a day so horrible, and which will be for ever infamous in the annals of Italy.

The ministry, then presided over by Signor Troja, found all its efforts unavailing to bend the harsh and obstinate character of the King to any observance of constitutional principles. That Prince's thirst for absolute power was more than a necessity; it was a second nature, against which the sanctity of oaths, or the happiness and honour of the nation, availed nothing. The trifling amount of apparent good done by Ferdinand was invariably the result of fear, a sentiment which yet possesses him day and night, and pursues him everywhere.



Towards the middle of May, when the Legislative Chamber was about to open, all the deputies had arrived at Naples. In the programme of the solemn ceremony of opening, published by the ministry, it was announced that the deputies were to take the oath of fidelity to the King and the *Statuto*, not the slightest allusion being made to the right conferred upon the Assembly on the 3rd of April, "to extend and modify the Constitution." While naturally provoked at this first and dangerous encroachment on their rights, proceeding from the bad faith of the King, the Deputies were summoned, by the ex-minister Ruggiero, to assemble in the Town-hall of Monte Oliveto. A debate took place on the form of the oath to be taken, and a violent altercation ensued: this was followed by bitter invectives against the Ministry, whom the Chamber accused of connivance with the King to deceive it. The people, informed of this rupture, became alarmed, and took part with the Chamber, which they respected as representing the nation. Already they suspected the hostile intentions of their Prince, who, among other misdeeds, had always refused to permit the reinforcements promised to General Pepe to join him. The mine was already charged, and but a spark was required to explode it: the debate on the form of the oath furnished that spark. Barricades were raised in the Toledo by persons unknown. Several deputies, alarmed at this unexpected consequence of their discussion, ran to entreat the people to pull down the barricades, which threatened to smother liberty in their ruins; but the appeals were in vain. It was never ascertained by what hands the barricades had been thrown up; but it is a fact that neither the police nor the troops made any attempt to prevent their erection. The deputy Camillo Caccace, with the consent of the Ministry, having obtained the Royal consent that, in order to avoid the consequences of a conflict, the deputies should proceed to business without taking any oath at all, tranquillity appeared to be

restored; but during the night, persons, still unknown, made haste to agitate and re-kindle the torch of civil discord.

All this occurred on the 14th May. On the 15th, in the morning, the greater part of the deputies repaired to the Palace of Oliveto, in the belief that they were going to assist at the happy inauguration of Parliamentary Government. But at eleven o'clock, the fire of musketry commenced near their place of assembling. The attack came from the King's troops. The few National Guards under arms bravely maintained their ground under great disadvantages. The King's Guards turned tail upon them, but the Swiss mercenaries, intoxicated with wine and the hope of pillage, immediately took their place. To the musketry which decimated the people, were soon added the grape-shot of the horse artillery, and the cannon balls of the forts commanding the town. During the sanguinary struggle, which became general, the diplomatic corps repaired to the King's palace, but not one of its members pronounced a single word to appease the King's wrath, and to save the innocent city; not even Lord Napier, though he had always shewn in public such sympathy for the Liberal party. Naples was abandoned to all the horrors of an enemy's town stormed by barbarous hordes, without the slightest step being taken by a single member of the representatives of civilised nations to arrest the horrible carnage.

On this deplorable day, the deputies conducted themselves with that calm dignity and civic courage so difficult to sustain in moments of extremity, and which, four years after, were wanting on a larger theatre, on the part of an assembly much more powerful and experienced than that of Naples. The struggle continued with desperation, and with great bloodshed, until evening. The National Guards, consisting almost exclusively of mere youths, in vain performed prodigies of valour. A lawless soldiery abused their victory with unheard-of fury and cruelty. The unfor-

fortunate city was subjected to horrors of every description. The barbarity of the executioners in the pay of Ferdinand II. surpassed that of Cardinal Ruffo and his brigands. Bands of Lazzaroni, excited by the police, and inflamed with the desire of plunder, entered pell-mell with soldiers of all arms into the houses of such citizens as were noted for their liberal opinions or their wealth, and revelled with them in acts of atrocity. Murder, rape, pillage, and incendiarism were the glorious exploits of these heroes of despotism. The gayest city in Italy presented on the evening of the 15th a scene of horror that it is more easy to imagine than to describe. Palaces were on fire and stained with blood; the streets were strewed with corpses and with the wounded, whom the agents of tyranny amused themselves with despatching, and insulting in their last agonies; men, women, and children, even the aged, were heaped up in death promiscuously together; and over all this scene of desolation the air was ringing with the ferocious hurrahs of the populace and the soldiery, who cried out all together, with all their might, "*The King for ever!*" The King, who had shut himself up within the walls of his palace, in the midst of his favourites and of the Jesuits, listened with greedy ears to the groans of the victims and the shouts of the victors, and, rubbing his hands joyfully, gave thanks to God and St. Januarius for having granted him so glorious a triumph!

To justify in the eyes of Europe the hideous transactions of this day, the Government had the audacity, for want of a better expedient, to throw the responsibility on the republican party. But Europe was not the dupe of this Jesuitical imposture. If it were possible to cross-examine those unknown instruments who were the first to erect the barricades, the truth might be discovered, and the strongest refutation given to the false assertion of the Government.

In this frightful conflict the people fought for liberty, the army for absolute power, and the Swiss for their pay. These mountaineers themselves had become crafty in this

school of corruption, and kept up even to the very moment of the combat, a feigned appearance of friendship for the people, whom they offered and from whom they sought a fraternal embrace. Some of their officers, admitted to visit the barricades, swore by their national honour never to fight against the citizens. All this mock display of fraternity was a mere stratagem to obtain opportunities to study at leisure, and without danger, the construction of the barricades, in order to take them in flank, or to storm them more easily at the moment of attack. Their ferocity as robbers and assassins far exceeded that of the Neapolitan soldiers and the Lazzaroni. They are a disgrace to the country of William Tell and Stauffacker, whose degenerate descendants have cast from them, for a shameful money-price, the halberds and pikes rendered illustrious by their ancestors on the fields of Morat and of Sempach, and have grasped the knife of despotism destined to the slaughter of those populations which attempt the conquest of liberty. If it be true that there exist mysterious ties, an invisible connexion between past and living generations, the spirit of Winkelried must have shuddered with holy indignation at beholding the degradation and infamy of his degenerate descendants.



## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE REVOLUTION OF MILAN.

HISTORY has in its annals few more brilliant pages than that which records the revolution at Milan, in March, 1848. We have already described in our first chapter the state of oppression and discontent into which the Italian provinces were plunged under the Austrian domination. It was a system of suspicion, inquisition, and persecution, carried out to the utmost extent.

The nomination of a Lombard to the Archbishopric of Milan had gratified the feelings of the Milanese and of all Lombardy. On the evening of the 1st September, 1847, being the day of the investiture of the new archbishop, an immense crowd was assembled in honour of the event in the square before his palace, which was brilliantly illuminated with gas. In those days Italy had still full confidence in the pretended liberalism of Pius IX.; accordingly, not content with joyous outcries intended for their archbishop, the people, in the exuberance of their enthusiasm, added acclamations still louder in honour of the Pontiff. To the cries of "Long live Pius IX.," vociferated by numerous groups of the citizens, other groups, not less numerous, responded by popular hymns sung in his praise. To love Pius IX. was then a great crime in the sight of the Austrian Government, who considered, or pretended to consider, him as the personification of Liberal principles. Whilst the dense and peaceable crowd imagined that they were assisting at a festival partly religious, partly civic, on a signal from the famous Bolza, captain-in-chief of the Austrian police, a numerous detachment of his agents, with sabres concealed under their great coats,

stole out of the gates of the Archbishop's Palace, where they had remained on the watch, and, without any previous warning, fell like so many tigers on the people, who, thus taken by surprise and unarmed, were dispersed with sabre strokes. In their blind fury, the swords of these assassins spared neither age nor sex. The oppressors of Italy thirsted for blood, and were determined, for once, to satisfy themselves one way or another. By a cruel irony, which placed in a still stronger light their barbarity, they had purposely awaited a moment when the whole city had made a holiday, to massacre the inhabitants and to stain its streets with blood.

But this bloodshed did not intimidate the people. The outrage which had been perpetrated, on the contrary, increased public irritation, and from that day there occurred incipient demonstrations of hatred and contempt for a Government which hypocritically styled itself *paternal*. The people carried their boldness so far as to run in crowds to the Cathedral, to render united thanks to the Almighty for the victory of the Palermitans over the Bourbon of Naples. In the midst of this popular fermentation, the advocate Nazari, one of the deputies of that illusory institution called the Central Congregation, had the boldness to draw up, and to have presented to the Viceroy by his colleagues, a respectful complaint as to the deplorable state into which Lombardy was plunged, and with it a petition to the Emperor, begging him to improve its condition by some useful reforms, which were specified. The Viceroy, a man of cold, dissimulating, and avaricious character, treating the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom as a farm to be managed to the best advantage, promised, as usual, his good offices with the Emperor, his nephew,—and, as usual, also, the matter went no further.

The Government began, however, to feel some uneasiness at the position taken by the people, and neglected no occasion, or even pretext, to keep down their discontent by the display of force. Among the pacific demonstrations

adopted by the population of Milan, and immediately imitated throughout the kingdom, that of discontinuing to smoke was the most unanimously and scrupulously observed. The intention of this total abstinence from a favourite habit was to deprive Government of not a few millions of revenue, accruing from the manufacture and sale of tobacco. On the 3rd January, 1848, by agreement with the directors of the military force, the police let loose a hundred convicts (the refuse of society could alone serve its purpose,) of whom one part had orders to smoke in the streets to irritate the people, and another part to insult all the smokers they met with, no matter whether citizens or military. This was an infamous stratagem, with the design of making the people suffer all the consequences of these insults, viz., the assassinations which the police wished to commit. At that hour of the day, when the population were quietly thronging the most public quarters of the town, several bands of Hungarian Grenadiers and Austrian Dragoons, whom their officers had previously inflamed with strong drink, with cigars in their mouths, rushed upon the peaceable inhabitants in different parts of the town, and not venturing to attack the young men whom they suspected of carrying concealed arms, they wantonly wounded with their sabres, and killed women, elderly persons, and children. So blinded were these barbarians by passion and wine, that among the killed and wounded might be reckoned persons in Government employ and friends to it, with others who were their fellow-countrymen, and even some police agents.

Marshal Radetzky, who by the proclamation of martial law had now become dictator, had such citizens as appeared to him most violent suddenly arrested by night, and sent prisoners into Austria. On the 17th March he also sent off from Milan the Viceroy with his family, and the civil governor, who was of a weak but moderate character. Numerous patrols of horse and foot paraded the city day

and night in all directions, disturbing and insulting citizens while pursuing their occupations. Radetzky was then in the 84th year of his age. Beloved by the soldiers, and having risen from their ranks, he was highly exasperated against the inhabitants of Milan, for, according to his principles of absolute rule, the executive force being everything in the state, to resist the rule of bayonets, or even their abuse, and to dare even to complain, was high treason. Whatever may have been averred, Radetzky is not that cowardly and ferocious tyrant which it has been endeavoured to make him appear; and those who have run him down to the level of Haynau and Windischgratz, could do so only in a fit of anger, possibly very excusable on account of all the mischief he has done, or which he did not prevent. The forced solitude in which he lived allowed him no opportunities of intercourse with the population, whom he knew only from the unjust and calumnious accounts given him by military dependents, entirely composed of men the systematic enemies of everything Italian, and ignorant of the real character of the people among whom they lived isolated and unknown, complete strangers to their manners and ideas. On the other hand, the police took great pains to envenom still more the Marshal's mind against every thing by name or nature Italian. He had served with distinction in the campaigns of 1814-15 against France, under the orders of the Commander-in-Chief, Prince de Schwartzenberg, whose operations he had carried into effect as Quarter-Master General. He was, therefore, perfectly capable of commanding an army, and he would not have acted his part as military chief so miserably on the occasion of this insurrection had not his sovereign contempt for the people caused him utterly to mistake their intentions and their courage. Military nonchalance prevented him from perceiving the ear of the lion peeping out from beneath the skin of the lamb. He had adopted the advice given some months previously by General Ficquelmont, Commissary Extraordinary for the Emperor



at Milan, in derision of the patriotic demonstrations. "I have found out (said that officer) an excellent plan for making the good people of Milan forget their enthusiasm for Pius IX. and their patriotic sentiments. At the end of the Carnival I will bring forward, at the theatre of La Scala, the famous Elsler (a celebrated female dancer, of Vienna,) and the applause, ovations, and demonstrations will be transferred entirely to her." The sketch which we have just drawn of Marshal Radetzky will not, perhaps, suit the taste of all his enemies; but although we respect the opinion of others, our own motto is, "The truth above all." Besides, it appears to us that the military merit of this hostile chief renders our victories more glorious and our defeats less humiliating.

The news which arrived from all parts respecting the Constitutions granted to Naples, Florence, and Turin, and the Republic, declared in France, (!!!) contributed to inflame still more the inhabitants of Milan. This city, by its wealthy territory, the extent of its commerce, and the character of its inhabitants, endowed with courage, taste for the fine arts, and scientific knowledge, is one of those places which seem destined to become still greater and stronger when rising from beneath their own ruins. Such was the fortune of Milan after its destruction by Uraja, and its dismantling by Frederic Barbarossa. In the time of the Gauls, Milan was the capital of Upper Italy,—"*Mediolanum Gallorum Caput.*" Virgil styled it *Æmula Romæ*. In the first ages of the Christian era, it was the only town which resisted without schism the absolute power of Papal Rome; the oriental rite established by its Bishop Ambrosius, (*rito Ambrosiano*,) and which has ever since existed in the church of Milan, remains as an irrefragable proof of it. The corporation of Milan was the first in Europe that drew up its infantry into compact and solid battalions against the impetuosity of the feudal cavalry; it was with this infantry that it defeated the army of the

Emperor Barbarossa at Lignano. Under its Dukes, Milan was very near becoming the capital of all Italy, and Napoleon made it the metropolis of a new kingdom. Such a city naturally possessed the consciousness of its right and capability to be something more than the simple head-quarters of the provincial rule of the oligarchy of Vienna, completely subservient to all its caprices and interests.

On the 17th March, an immense concourse of people, in defiance of the threats of Radetzky, repaired to the City-hall, loudly demanding the establishment and immediate equipment of the civic guard. The Podesta (Mayor,) Count Casati, endeavoured to appease the multitude, but hurried on by it, he repaired at its head to the Palace of Government. The two grenadiers who guarded the entrance, attempting to keep back the people, fell under the blows of their assailants, who disarmed the rest of the company on duty, and invaded the palace as victors, respecting, however, religiously the furniture and the archives. All the counsellors had fled. The Governor, Count O'Donnell, left alone, and terrified, granted all that was required of him, signed orders, and was carried off prisoner by a detachment of citizens, who, however, treated him respectfully, and obliged the most ardent of the crowd to respect him also. The insurrection, like burning lava from a volcano, overran all the streets, its partisans crying out "Independence for ever! Italy for ever! Pius IX. for ever!" Foreseeing the consequences of this movement, the women, old men, and children set to work to unpave the streets, and in the midst of a tumult of joy carried paving-stones up to the different stories of the houses, to make use of them in case of attack. A thousand tri-coloured flags, saluted with enthusiastic shouts, made their appearance, as if by enchantment, at all the balconies, and in the twinkling of an eye the national cockades, which the ladies threw from the windows like a shower of flowers, glistened upon every one's

hat and breast. In the midst of this universal joy, volleys of musketry began to be fired. The guns of the castle, to the number of sixty, and the batteries of the artillery regiments, opened their fire upon the city, which answered the attack by sounding the alarm bell everywhere. Radetzky, surprised and confounded by this sudden and unlooked-for explosion of popular indignation, hastened to shut himself up with his staff in the castle, from whence he issued a violent proclamation, threatening the town with fire, pillage, ruin, and death. At the same moment a Bohemian battalion rushed on the city-hall, dispersed the people, killed some citizens, and made several prisoners, who were afterwards carried off to the castle.

On the 19th the weather was wet, cold, and foggy. The enemy had taken up his quarters in the immense cathedral, from the roof of which the Tyrolese (capital marksmen) fired upon the citizens, almost sure of their aim. He also occupied some other points in the centre of the city, which he fortified. The people on their side were not idle; more than seventeen hundred barricades were thrown up in a few hours, and the owners of the neighbouring houses carried out all their heaviest furniture to strengthen them. They were constructed of heavy flag-stones, surrounded with bedsteads, sideboards, and gentlemen's carriages, and in this promiscuous assemblage of valuable articles might even be remarked costly pianos: it was with the sincerest joy that the owners thus sacrificed a part of their fortune, for the defence of their country. Under cover of these barricades, the citizens took aim, and brought down their enemies with fowling-pieces; and they sallied out from time to time to attack detachments of troops, whom they defeated and disarmed. It was thus that the Milanese, after two days of unequal contest, got possession of several thousand muskets, torn from the hands of the Austrians. We may apply to the Milanese what Holy Scripture says of the workmen of Nehemiah:—"They which builded on the wall, and they that bare burdens, with those that laded,



every one with one of his hands wrought in the work, and with the other hand held a weapon." Neh. iv. 17.

As soon as they were sufficiently armed, the people stormed the barracks of St. Celse and of St. Simon, where, after an obstinate resistance, they defeated a numerous battalion of police soldiers, the most violent of all, and consequently the most detested. The palace of the Viceroy, and the great guardhouse of the Piazza de' Mercanti, fell also into the hands of the insurgents, in spite of the four pieces of cannon which from each of those places poured grape shot on the assailants. They afterwards took the palace of the Criminal Tribunal, several other barracks, the Cathedral, the Hotel of the General Directory of Police, from which they set free the political prisoners, and the Hotel of the Military Engineers. This last was defended by 800 picked soldiers, who for several hours kept up a well-directed and murderous fire. But a young man, a cripple, of the lowest class of the people, by name Sottocorna, advanced intrepidly under a shower of bullets up to the great door, which was barred, and throwing away his crutches introduced some combustibles into the chinks of it, and setting fire to them soon burned down the door. The crowd rushed into the court yard, fortified according to the most approved rules, and disarmed and made prisoners of all that remained of the numerous garrison.

All these successive advantages were the fruits of as many conflicts, in which the people always came off victorious. Observing the rapid progress of the insurrection, Radetzky sent to the City Council a colonel with a flag of truce to obtain an armistice, which was refused by the people, who replied unanimously "We will rather die than compromise with the enemy."

But, although her people were victorious, Milan remained in a very critical situation. The hostile army, though considerably weakened by the numbers of dead, wounded, deserters, and prisoners, was still 16,000 strong, with numerous batteries as well of cannon as mortars,



which unceasingly discharged balls and bombs on the city. All the gates were in the enemy's hands, so that communication with the country being precluded, Milan was reduced to the utmost extremity. It was then that, by a contrivance equally new and ingenious, the besieged let off a number of small balloons, which, descending in different parts of the country, spread for many leagues around the news of the insurrection and its progress, and at the same time a great many proclamations invoking the population to revolt and to hasten to the assistance of the city. This impromptu mail-post, which the bullets of the Croatian riflemen could not reach, produced the happiest results. All the surrounding villages rose and hastened as one man to the succour of the besieged capital. The Swiss of the canton of Tessino, and the people of Parma and Placenza, informed by the fall of these balloons of the critical state of Milan, also sent assistance. On the 20th, the City Council constituted itself a provisional government; a civic guard also was established, in which all the citizens from the age of twenty to sixty eagerly enrolled themselves. The astronomers of Brera were charged to observe continually with their telescopes everything that occurred in the country round the town, and to keep the Government hourly informed of the results of their observations. The insurgents being deficient in artillery, the lucky idea struck them of making cannon of wood strongly and carefully hooped with iron, from each of which they could fire a certain number of charges with good effect. As to gunpowder, the chemists of the city manufactured it day and night, and distributed it as fast as it was ready.

Meanwhile the other towns of Lombardy had followed the example of Milan: Brescia, Bergamo, Como, Lecco, Varese, Monza, Cremona, and Pavia, had all more or less valiantly fought against their respective numerous garrisons, which were either put to flight or made prisoners. Each of these towns had to regret the death of some citizens, but everywhere the loss of the enemy was beyond

comparison more considerable. Mantua,—Mantua the strong—itself, was for an instant in the hands of the people, but the timorous and fatal moderation of its Bishop, who unfortunately impressed upon the minds of the inhabitants ideas of conciliation, paralysed their patriotic alacrity, and thus left open a sure and almost impregnable refuge for the defeated Austrian army. Two Italian battalions, incorporated in the enemy's army, came, however, to the determination of deserting in a body. All the bells of the towns and villages continued their clangour unceasingly. It is hardly possible to form an idea of the effect which this universal alarm bell produced on the spirits of the enemy; their own funeral knell could not have unnerved and alarmed them more.

The struggle continued without interruption. The enemy levelled pieces of artillery against each gate of Milan, and their frequent discharges raked the long streets beyond. Idle lads amused themselves with picking up the balls, which, ill-directed by the stupified artillery-men, did but little harm, and mounting the barricades in bravado, they sent them back again, crying out "Aim better!" It must be admitted that the Austrian gunners had a terrible time of it: no sooner did they come forward to reload their artillery, than dexterous sportsmen fired upon them from the windows, and shot them down beside their gun carriages. Young priests disguised as sportsmen, and even ladies, took arms and mixed themselves with the combatants, and assisted to thin the ranks of the enemy. A single lady disarmed and made prisoners of three police guards: another, Signora Sassi, shot from the windows of her house several Croats, whilst the bullets of the enemy always missed her. At every wound that a citizen received, he cried out "Italy for ever!" and continued the fight. "Italy for ever!" was the last cry of the dying. A volume would be wanted to describe the heroic deeds and achievements of the people of Milan during these five glorious days. Never had such a frank and cordial fraternal feeling pervaded all classes of the citizens. As for the women, some brought provisions:

and ammunition to the combatants, and loaded their arms; others prepared cartridges and bullets, or lint for the wounded, each rivalling the others in dressing their wounds and relieving them with unaffected kindness, and without any manner of distinction between friends and foes. The rich distributed among the poor clothing, blankets, provisions, and money. The churches, filled with that part of the population which was incapable of fighting, resounded day and night with the most ardent prayers to the Almighty for protection to the cause of liberty. So noble an enterprise could not be accomplished, unless sanctified by religion. But what ought, above all, to excite our admiration for these citizens, equally humane and courageous, is the fact that, ill-used as they had been by the Austrian soldiers, no sooner did an enemy fall into their hands, than he ceased to be regarded as such; they bestowed upon him the tender appellation of "brother," and treated him accordingly. When Bolza, the chief of the police *sbirri*, and the most active and detested agent of Government, was taken prisoner by the people, a deputation came to inquire of Charles Cattaneo, member of the Council of War, whether he ought to be shot. The reply was—"In killing him you will do a simple act of justice; but in sparing him, you will perform one of the most exemplary virtue." Phocion and Aristides could not have given a more sublime answer.

The Austrians, driven from the heart of the city, confined their defence to the belt of bastions surrounding it, and to the castle. It was necessary to dislodge them from the bastions in order to open a communication with the surrounding country: this was the more urgent as provisions began to fail. A handful of brave fellows, led on by the young, rich, and valiant Manara (killed by a French bullet at Rome, where he had the rank of Colonel) stormed the Porta Tosa, obstinately defended by 2,000 men and six pieces of cannon. This gate was carried, thanks to the invention, by a Milanese engineer, of a moveable bulwark, composed of fagots and other materials offering little resistance, which deadened the effect of the enemy's grape-shot, and behind which the



assailants advanced without much loss. Subsequently the Como-gate also was taken. It is impossible to give an idea of the rapturous joy of the besieged while embracing friends and brethren who had hastened to their help, and who from without the walls had unceasingly harassed the common enemy for two days past.

Radetzky, perceiving that the city was lost, and perhaps from fear of the Piedmontese army, which was said to be on its march to Milan, decided upon saving the wreck of his own troops, who, weakened, disheartened, and stupified at their defeat, commenced a retreat on the evening of the 22nd. To conceal this movement from the Milanese, the sixty guns of the Castle continued their fire as usual, and when the roar of the artillery ceased, smoke and flames in vast volumes were seen issuing from the interior. They rose from an immense pile of straw, carts, and bedsteads, promiscuously heaped together, upon which the enemy before his flight had thrown, with the intention of burning them, his own dead, and the corpses of those citizens whom he had dragged into the castle, and who had been deliberately slaughtered. The intention was thus to conceal from the victors a part both of his losses and his cruelties. The Milanese and the detachments which had arrived from the country, the former from their windows, and the latter from the tops of trees, harassed the flying army on its retreat along the bastions, and in this manner killed many more. During the five days which the insurrection lasted, the Milanese lost from 400 to 500 men, either in open warfare or through assassination, and they had 300 wounded. On the enemy's side there were 4,000 killed and wounded. Of 400 gunners whom he possessed on the 18th March, five alone remained. The army which, according to the threats of its chief, was within forty-eight hours to have cannonaded, bombarded, sacked, burned, and destroyed Milan, utterly beaten by the heroism of a civic population, fled for refuge to the fortresses of the Mincio.

Future generations will accuse history of exaggeration,



on perusing the atrocities committed by this army during its struggle with the Milanese. They will be astonished upon meeting the recurrence of the horrors committed by Attila, in the midst of the nineteenth century. Large leaden medals, bearing the head of Pius IX., were picked up, mixed with the grape-shot of the enemy, which the Austrians had cast in the Castle, and fired upon the people to turn into ridicule their enthusiasm for the Pope. This derision of theirs covered, alas! a most mournful prophecy. During these five days, the soldiers pillaged and burned the houses, after killing all the inhabitants who had the misfortune to fall into their hands. We have yet to relate incidents from the impression of which we would willingly have spared our readers' feelings; but the office of historian involves the painful duty of exactitude and truth above all things. Besides, the hideous picture which we are obliged to exhibit will serve to explain and justify to Englishmen that inextinguishable hatred which must for ever separate the two nations—the oppressed and the oppressors.

A priest was wantonly massacred on the steps of the altar in the church of St. Bartholomew, at the moment that he was explaining the Gospel. In a room in the suburbs was found a group of twelve children crushed against the walls still reeking with gore. Others were burnt alive after being dipped in spirits of turpentine. Two were discovered crucified upon a chest; others transfixed with bayonets to the trunks of trees, and expiring within sight of their mothers, bound with cords, at a little distance from their children. Another child was found still breathing and carefully fastened to the breast of its young mother, who had been assassinated. It still sucked the corpse. Here was a refinement of cruelty worthy of cannibals! Before the half-closed eyes of several fathers mortally wounded, and in order to aggravate the horror of their agony, the assassins had strewn the heads of their children, which they had cut off. A child torn

from the womb of its mother, served as an object of sport to these barbarians, who tossed it from one to another as a ball, and the expiring mother witnessed this horrible game. In the knapsack of a Croat prisoner were found two women's hands covered with rings. In the house of Signor Fortis, were found the mutilated corpses of eleven persons, murdered in the midst of a drunken revel. In the houses and gardens of the suburbs were discovered many women whom these wretches, after ravishing them, had deprived of sight, besides cutting off their tongues, or hands and feet. Some of these victims of fearful barbarity were found in the agonies of death. Some unfortunate persons were thrown alive into unslaked lime, or into sewers; others were smeared with pitch and slowly burned to death, their dying groans accompanied by the sneers of their executioners. Outside the Porta Vercellina eight charred corpses were found in the oven of a public-house; and without the Porta Tosa, the entire family of an innkeeper, consisting of eight persons, were swinging in the air, hung up on the same tree. Two citizens, father and son, were to be seen tied together, and hanging from a palm-tree in the Boulevards; and two others, brother and sister, lying in a pool of blood, pierced through with the same spit, and dead together, the assassins having left it sticking in their corpses.

We should not yet conclude, were it not for fear of harrowing above measure the feelings of our readers; it is that apprehension alone which leads us to throw a veil over scenes worthy of hell.

Eternal glory to the noble martyrs of Italian freedom! It is from their blood that, by the Divine help, shall one day spring up the retribution of all these crimes, which were alike the dishonour of the age and the disgrace of humanity. The justice of God never fails of its object, as is too often the case with that of men!

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE INSURRECTION OF VENICE.

THE insurrection of Venice, without having the grand and striking proportions of that of Milan, bears in the annals of history, and among those vicissitudes to which nations are liable, a strange and peculiar character.

The shameful agreement by which Napoleon Bonaparte yielded the Venetian provinces to Austria by the treaty of Campo Formio, is well known. It was an arbitrary cession, made notwithstanding all those promises of independence and liberty which had determined the people of Venice to overturn a republic that counted fourteen centuries of existence. After the battle of Austerlitz, Napoleon took back from Austria these same provinces, which he had no more right to appropriate than he had previously to dispose of them to another. But these outrages on public rights will never cease until sovereigns shall have ceased to consider nations as so many flocks of sheep, to be turned to the best account, and destined to be shorn, sold, and slaughtered. It is true that Napoleon endeavoured to elevate in some degree this noble and unfortunate country by uniting it to those other fractions of Upper Italy which then formed the Cisalpine Republic, and out of the whole he created the kingdom of Italy. After an existence in this form of eight years' duration, which might have convinced even the enemies of the Italian name of what Italy was still capable of becoming, this kingdom was divided by the Holy Alliance, which had overturned its founder, and which by its despotic decisions, under the eternal pretext of putting

into order the general interests of Europe, arranged everything according to its own selfish views, disaffected all the populations, and prepared unawares all the revolutions which have broken out since the Congress of Vienna, and which continue to menace all points of the Continent. The Allies, from gratitude for the services which Austria had rendered them by abandoning Napoleon, gave up to her Lombardy and the Venetian provinces, the very garden of Europe; on the express condition, however, that she should form them into a separate state governed by laws in harmony with the habits and manners of the Italian nation. Fearing to let slip so advantageous a bargain by disputing the conditions, Austria subscribed to everything, but with a mental reservation not to keep her promises. On the 7th April, 1815, was published the Imperial proclamation constituting these provinces a kingdom, which, under the denomination of Lombardo-Venetian, added a fresh stone to that singular mosaic, known as the empire of Austria.

Of the promises therein made, not one was observed. By it were established two Central Congregations, the one at Milan and the other at Venice, on which was conferred the right to represent to the Sovereign the wants and wishes of the nation, with the improvements required by its circumstances; a Viceroy, to whom the Emperor was to delegate full powers; and a law of the press, which, without conferring absolute liberty, gave a certain latitude. All this was purely illusory. The Central Congregations, composed, with some very few exceptions, of creatures entirely devoted to the Government, well paid, and suitably belaced, were, as to every question of importance, condemned to the silence of the disciples of Pythagoras,—a condition which was made the *sine quâ non* of their official existence. The Viceroy, insignificant enough in the outset, gradually became a mere object of parade, dependent in every respect and everywhere upon the discretionary power of the police, and upon the omni-



potent Aulic Council of Vienna. As to the latitude granted to the press, those who at first imagined that they enjoyed the right to use it, incurred imprisonment, exile, and a thousand persecutions as the reward of their patriotic flights.

But what Austria never neglected, although of course not included in the programme, was to give the best places (especially in the Venetian provinces) to Austrians, who invaded all branches of the political and judicial administration of this kingdom. Thus the Italians found themselves deprived of all chance of employment in those departments. Neither did Austria neglect to maintain the taxes at the exorbitant rates to which Napoleon had brought them during the last moments of his reign, when he drained France and Italy to repair his tremendous losses and reverses. These were now employed to glut the oligarchy of Vienna, and fill up the breaches in its shattered finances. The commerce of the Austro-German provinces was moreover favoured, to the great detriment of those in Italy.

All these abuses, which had occasioned so much injury to the prosperity of the latter, bore the more heavily on the Venetian provinces from their being less wealthy than Lombardy, as well in agricultural as commercial resources. The system of spoliation, in fact, ended by completely impoverishing them. The unbounded predilection of the Government for the city of Trieste, (whose docks are simply the depôts of the great Austrian commercial houses, as its inhabitants are merely their factors and brokers,) completely ruined Venice: even the tardy concession of freedom to the port failed to retrieve its decline. This city, which before the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope had been the almost undisputed mistress of all the inland seas, and had monopolised the commerce of Greece, Egypt, and India, this once Queen of the Adriatic, was by a single stroke of the pen of the Holy Alliance delivered up, bound hand and foot, to Austria, who converted her into her humble vassal,

not to say her miserable slave. It was in this pitiful condition that Venice found herself in 1848.

What Nazari had done at Milan on the 7th December, 1847, the advocate Manin (whom we shall find at a later period President of the new Republic,) did at Venice on the 22nd of the same month. To the respectful remonstrances addressed to Government by that illustrious citizen, against administrative abuses, Nicholas Tommaseo, an author of distinction, added some on the abuses of the censorship. As the reward of their zeal and courage these two personages, who, as interpreters of public opinion, had trespassed but little beyond their legal rights, (defined as they were by the articles of the Imperial proclamation,) were thrown into prison by the police, who hoped by this display of authority to stifle in its birth the discontent of the people.

But the arrests produced a contrary effect. Indignant citizens covered the walls next night with placards in honour of Pius IX., invoking and saluting him as the saviour of Italy! Nothing was gained by their being torn down, for they immediately re-appeared in still greater numbers. Demonstrations in honour of the Pope followed, in the theatre and in the public squares. Fresh arrests having failed to stop the popular fermentation, the Government had recourse to arms, that *ultima ratio* of all rulers. The Austrian soldiers began suddenly to attack and disperse assemblages of the people with the bayonet, and the following day actually fired upon them. Far from being intimidated by these acts of aggression, the people prepared for resistance. They at first answered the musket shots by showers of stones, the only missiles at their disposal, but afterwards, carried away by their courage, they boldly assailed the different detachments of troops, and snatched from them their sabres, muskets, and cartouche boxes. In the squares and streets children of twelve and fourteen years of age might be seen defying the Croat soldiers with sarcasms and grotesque gambols, skipping under their very noses in the midst of the bullets. When reinforcements left their quarters and crossed through

the city to assist the troops engaged in conflict, the inhabitants, concealed in their houses, waylaid them while passing through the narrowest and most crooked streets, and there discharged upon them, from the roofs and windows, showers of tiles, furniture, and stones, which crushed or put them to flight. Whilst the mass of the people, excited by their national enthusiasm, were engaged in these chance fights, men of intelligence occupied themselves in organising a regular system of defence, and indicated in the first place the points to be intercepted in order to disconcert the tactics of the enemy.

Alarmed at the resolute posture assumed by the people, the Government feigned to yield to their wishes, and allowed full scope to their declamatory invectives, resolving to repress and punish them as soon as it had the means. At this conjuncture Count Palfy, the Governor, announced to the people from his balcony that the Constitution had been proclaimed at Trieste, and that it would soon reach Venice.

Upon this announcement, the people, so prone to undue confidence, gave themselves up to the most lively joy. The same evening the theatre, which had been for some time deserted, was filled with a glad and noisy crowd. The next day was borne in triumph to the square of St. Mark the picture of Pius IX., (always this Pope! Poor Italy!) This they crowned with flowers, and all passers by took off their hats. In their patriotic enthusiasm the people imagined a banner of the Italian colours was the most fitting ornament for the image of the *Saviour of Italy*, and a tri-coloured flag was immediately unfurled by the side of the Pope's portrait. These good people little foresaw what an immense gulf was soon to separate the two objects which they had just placed together as in effect belonging to one cause, and whose union represented to their imagination the truest symbols of liberty, the *alpha* and *omega* of the Italian revolution.

As a proof of the good-will of the Government, the citizens demanded the liberty of Manin and Tommasco.



The Governor was alarmed at this demand, but while he deliberated on it, the people, losing patience, burst open the prison doors, and carried the two generous patriotic citizens on their shoulders to the great square. Manin seized the first instant of his liberty to address the Governor (who appeared in the balcony of his palace,) entreating him to appease public agitation, and ensure the re-establishment of order by conciliatory measures; but the Governor, equally disgusted and surprised at language so new to the ear of an Austrian functionary, shut himself up in his apartments, after shrugging his shoulders by way of reply.

The attitude of the people became more and more threatening. On the 22nd of March, the City Council called together a certain number of the most respectable citizens, for the purpose of mutual deliberation on the critical situation of their country. This assembly was disturbed in the midst of its discussions by news of an insurrection of the workmen of the arsenal, who had murdered their director, the Austrian Colonel Maranovich. Their object was to avenge themselves upon a superior whose harshness and barbarity had long distressed and irritated them. On the receipt of the news of this deplorable event, a deputation, chosen among the members of this assembly, and headed by the Podesta (Mayor) Signor Correr, repaired immediately to the Governor to endeavour for the last time to make him clearly understand the state of things, and to prevent the effusion of blood which threatened to flow in torrents. The Governor, confused and panic-stricken, resigned his functions into the hands of General Zichy, military governor, whose first act was to sign a convention, in virtue of which himself and all his troops evacuated Venice, and were conveyed to Trieste. The supreme power remained in the hands of the City Council until the creation of a Provisional Government. The civic guard having been hastily formed, its commander, Mengaldo, sent a detach-



ment to occupy the arsenal, and thence Manin had brought to the great square an ancient standard, with the historical effigy of the Lion of St. Mark. This was hailed by an immense crowd with enthusiastic cries of "The Venetian Republic for ever!" The next day Mengaldo drew up in order of battle two battalions of the civic guard, whose colours were immediately consecrated by the Cardinal Patriarch of Venice. The Provisional Government, of which Manin was appointed President, was proclaimed, and received immediately the adhesion of all the public functionaries. By degrees, as each provincial town became free by the voluntary or forced evacuation of its garrison, its people rallied to the Provisional Government of Venice, which in this manner became recognised throughout the provinces without the slightest opposition.

The expelled garrison fell back on Verona, the immense and most costly fortifications of which city had, after many years' labour, been just completed with the help of Italian gold. It was thus that the Lombardo-Venetian populations, (as of old that of Alfort under the iron rod of Gessler,) had been forced to construct, at their own charge, a new and formidable fortress, destined to rivet their chains, and to fix more firmly on their neck a foreign yoke.

## CHAPTER X.

### LIBERAL MOVEMENT IN TUSCANY.

It is necessary that the description of the Italian war of 1848 should be preceded by a few remarks on the movements of Tuscany and Rome, the populations of which participated so honourably in the campaign against the Austrians.

We mentioned early in this series of chapters that the movement in behalf of political freedom began in Tuscany in the year 1846. Pamphlets clandestinely printed at that period bore the character of a Liberal opposition, and they were followed by protests written in the same sense and signed by their authors. The one which made the greatest sensation was the protest of the city of Pisa against the establishment of a convent of nuns of the Sacred Heart, already authorised by the Grand Ducal Government. The professors of the University, whose signatures were the most important, were admonished, and replied to this warning by a fresh protest. The Government became alarmed, and withdrew its permission for the establishment of the convent. This fact, although in itself not very important, gives rise to two considerations which are immensely so, as exemplifying the moral, religious, and political progress of the people of Italy. The first of these considerations is that a manifestation on the part of the professors and students of Pisa indicated the opinion of all men of intelligence in Tuscany, since Pisa was then in possession of an University celebrated for the talents of its professors, and for the numerous students prosecuting their studies within its walls; and these, taken as a whole, constituted the most enlightened portion of the population of

Tuscany. The second consideration is, that to oppose the foundation of a convent of the Sacred Heart was to declare war against the Jesuits, from whom this institution proceeds, and by whom it is employed as a means of recruitment. It is an instrument for propagating their views, so much the more powerful that they make use of it to instil their doctrines into the hearts of young girls, all of good family, and destined to become mothers. This protest proves that the happy influence of knowledge, as opposed to *obscurantism*, is already exerted among the intelligent classes in Italy, who only wait a favourable occasion to bring it to bear upon the interests of their country.

When Pius IX. on his accession published a political amnesty, Pisa was the first city to open a subscription, the ostensible object of which was to give relief to those among the pardoned who were in a state of destitution, the real object in view being to furnish a proof of national fraternity, and of a wish that the Liberal party should make common cause throughout Italy. It is evident that the two considerations which we have deduced from the anti-Jesuitical protest of Pisa are equally applicable to this fact also.

These noble examples, and the efforts of an intelligent but moderate press, produced the most happy and rapid effects. The newspapers, the municipal councils, and the people in all parts of Tuscany, demanded in respectful but firm terms the creation of the Civic Guard. The Government, determined to refuse this request, commanded the troops to silence the popular assemblies; but the soldiers considered themselves citizens above all and in the first place, and, therefore, instead of employing their bayonets for so vile a purpose, they made common cause with the people. The capital and all the provinces hailed with delight the institution of the Civic Guard (which was rendered necessary by this fraternising of the people and the soldiery,) and at the federal festival given by the city of Florence to her provincial sisters, the first tri-coloured

banner was unfurled with the acclamations, a hundred times repeated, of "Italy for ever!" "Long life to Pius IX!" Thus appears again on the stage this triple-crowned puppet, who then deceived all hearts, as he afterwards deceived all expectations.

In October, 1847, the abdication of the Duke of Lucca hastened the union of his States with Tuscany, a union stipulated for by the treaties of 1815. Lunigiana was excepted, and to the great regret of its inhabitants, according to the provisions of the same treaties, lapsed to the Duke of Modena. Leghorn, which during the entire Italian revolution was the head-quarters of the ultra-ardent party, but which displayed more courage and perseverance than any other town in Tuscany, set on foot the project of an expedition for the incorporation of Lunigiana with Tuscany. On this occasion Guerazzi and other chiefs of the ardent party were imprisoned by order of the Governor of the town.

The popular manifestations being unceasing, the Grand Duke found himself constrained to grant a Constitution, which made its appearance on the 15th February, 1848, and which was modelled on those of Naples and Piedmont. It was but a small matter compared with the wants of the people, but important, nevertheless, on account of the obstacles which they had to overcome in effecting their object; the Grand Duke being of Austrian race, connected with the Emperor by family ties and by a dynastic compact, and hostile by personal character to liberal progress.

On the news of the insurrection of Milan, received at Florence on the 22nd of March, all the Tuscan youth were in vehement agitation, demanding to be sent to Lombardy. Companies of volunteers were organised as by enchantment. This general movement was most displeasing to the Grand Duke, but under the pressure of popular enthusiasm he allowed 3,000 men, partly regular troops and partly volunteers, to set out. These will be



found to have, at a later period, distinguished themselves by exploits worthy of veterans, shedding the highest lustre upon the expedition.

So earnest was the desire of all good Italians to free their native land from a foreign yoke, that the Tuscans themselves, whose ancient valour had long since, through the enervating policy of their Princes, fallen asleep under the shade of their peaceful olive trees, awoke at the first cry for independence. They again grasped the sword that had been bequeathed to them by Ferruccio, the last of those free Tuscans who perished while defending the liberty of Florence, which an Emperor and a Pope—those eternal enemies of Italian self-government—had abolished in the sixteenth century.

#### THE MOVEMENT AT ROME.

The enthusiasm of the people of Rome for Pius IX. was beginning to yield to reason and those calm reflections by which popular excitement is always followed. The more clear-sighted said to each other, "We hoped to have obtained liberty through the Pope; but no sooner has he opened the road to reform, than, becoming alarmed and repenting the little good already effected, and that which he had promised to do, he again closes it, abandoning the undertaking altogether." In fact, that weakness of character which was his natural disposition had already overpowered the liberal impulses which were only (as it were) borrowed by Pius IX.—a kind of aberration from his genuine principles. When the news of the constitution granted by the King of Naples arrived at Rome, the people became agitated, and made this reflection—"How comes this? Ferdinand, who after all is but a tyrant, gives his people a constitution, and Pius IX., whom we call our father, and who promised us one, withholds it!" From such reasonings there is but one step to revolt. The multitude, more ardent and exasperated than ever, filled the streets, rushed into the squares, cries for liberty rending

the air, and re-echoing from both banks of the Tiber. The request of the people had well nigh become a threat. Pius IX. still hesitated, but, dreading the effects of popular irritation, rather allowed to be torn from him than granted the fundamental statute for the temporal government of the States of the Holy Church. Thus the very charter which he granted contained, even in its title, a political contradiction, for it stated by implication that the temporal power neither would nor could be separated from the spiritual domination of the chief of the Holy Roman Catholic Church.

The Roman people made the best of this concession, insufficient as it was; but when they learnt the glorious insurrection of Milan and Venice, they felt the necessity of following the example of the other populations of the peninsula, and of giving their solemn adhesion to their brethren of Upper Italy in the cause of the whole country. In their meetings they exclaimed—"We are determined to go to Lombardy, and join our efforts to those of our brethren, to drive the foreigner out of our mother country." The cry of "War! War!" re-awakened among the antique monuments of the Eternal City those warlike echoes which had slumbered since the glorious but fatally barren days of Cola di Rienzi, the illustrious tribune of the fourteenth century. But beneath the roof of the Quirinal was a heart upon which these cries fell like a funeral knell in the midst of the general enthusiasm—it was the heart of Pius IX. A Pope, as we have already said, is the born enemy of every revolution having for its object the liberty of the people, and especially when he sees this political contagion on the point of gaining his own states. To avert the tempest which threatened to burst over his head, the Pontiff (to use a homely proverb) put a good face on a bad game, and yielding to the entreaties of his people, promised to declare war, with the reserve *in petto* of his right to stop it afterwards, and to curse those same tri-coloured banners which, with a mental reservation

worthy of a Jesuit, his voice but not his soul had just blessed.

No sooner was leave to arm granted to the people, than in the very States where the ranks of the Pontifical troops could never be filled up without conscripts being dragged to their place of destination, bound with cords like thieves, and without almost as many deserters as recruits, there might be seen twenty thousand men, formed into well-disciplined battalions, and ready to repair to the scene of warfare under the orders of Generals Ferrari and Durando. Such is the distinction made by the people between the cause of despotism and that of liberty. Cursing the false promises of the former, and welcoming the sacrifices imposed upon them by the latter, they quitted their paternal roofs and their families, exchanging the spade, the trowel, the shuttle, the paint brush, and the pen, for the sword and musket. We shall hereafter have occasion to observe that the warlike spirit of the Roman militia did not evaporate in mere war cries. We shall meet with this militia on the battle field, where they acted nobly. In the defence of Vicenza especially, the Roman soldiers and volunteers proved themselves the worthy children of those brave soldiers who, after 1807, partook of the dangers and the glory of all the campaigns of Napoleon.

Pius IX. did not long retain the mask which had served to make dupes of the masses, but had not deceived men of intelligence, who, amid the outburst of popular enthusiasm, had sufficient experience and clear-sightedness to detect the secret springs of actions which had a fair exterior, and to calculate all the chances which the Papal policy gave the people. By an Encyclical letter of the 29th April, Pius declared before all Europe that, as Father of all the Faithful, he could not permit his subjects to make war upon the Austrians, who were also his dear children, and esteemed by him as such. This desertion of the liberal cause, which he had espoused with the applause of all free nations, and



of every people desirous to be free, was an act of lamentable weakness, to be added to all the others which made him continually stumble in the path of reform, until he fell headlong never to rise again.

In spite of the solemn contradiction thus deliberately given to his own conduct, this man of feeble soul still attempted to weather the tempest that agitated the political ocean into which he had conducted the vessel of the state, and he persisted in endeavouring to navigate it in company with the old bark of St. Peter, without himself knowing how to steer, and without a pilot capable of taking the rudder. Faithful to his see-saw system,—the most dangerous of all, because it dissatisfies all parties,—he made choice of a new ministry, partly composed of liberal elements, and including among others Count Mamiani, a clever and well-informed man, but who committed the fault of attempting to save the state by *mezze mesure* (half-measures) a policy which always betrays the weakness and incapacity of the Governments which adopt it.

At this period the famous despatch in ciphers was intercepted and published in the Milan papers, in which Cardinal Soglia, President of the new Ministry, by agreement with the Pontiff, ordered the Nuncio in Austria to assure the Emperor that the personal policy of the Pope was in direct opposition to the liberal policy of the Roman Cabinet, which Pius IX. maintained only for the purpose (according to him prudent and praiseworthy,) of concealing his projects for the future, and of appeasing the demands of the people by shams until better times should arrive. This discovery entirely rent asunder the remnant of the veil which still hid the disgraceful and unpardonable machiavelism of Pius from the sight of his stubborn adherents; even the most faithful believers themselves were at last convinced that the Pontiff possessed not even the merit, so common to many of his predecessors, of resistance to Imperial presumption. Pius IX. was neither an Alexander III., nor a Julius II.; he was merely a Clement V. He sold himself to Austria



as Clement did to France, and became the humble subject of Austria, as Clement was of Philippe le Bel. And thus a man who would have been incapable of acting as chief of the party of the Guelphs, had dared to accept and appropriate to himself the ovations which a people, weary of its long slavery, had bestowed upon him as the future liberator of Italy. The entire conduct of Pius had been a deception, and had only served to confirm that fatal truth, of which the Italians above all other nations are condemned to feel the consequences, viz., that *Papacy* and *Liberty* are two words which comprise, in the smallest compass, the greatest contradiction in the universe, and with regard to politics form the most violent antithesis that can be uttered.

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.—ITS GLORIOUS COMMENCEMENT AND MELANCHOLY CLOSE.

CHARLES ALBERT waited until Milan had effected its deliverance before marching his army into Lombardy. After several days of uncertainty and hesitation he gave orders to commence the campaign. Whether from an ambition to conduct this war himself, or from want of confidence in his generals, the King put himself at the head of his troops, and the campaign was opened under his own immediate direction. But in spite of his warlike propensities and the best inclinations, Charles Albert possessed no real experience of war, his exploits previously having been confined to the storming of the Trocadero (1823,) at which he had only assisted as a simple volunteer, (and that under the force of circumstances,) and not as a general. Not that he was by any means deficient in courage, that quality being hereditary in the house of Savoy; but it was practice that was wanting, and to undertake the supreme conduct of a war requires something more than to be a good general on parade. Unfortunately his generals in the war of 1848 were as ignorant as himself; very possibly a good theorist might have been found among them, but a peace of thirty-four years had allowed them no occasion whatever for applying theory to practice. Besides, the military in Piedmont for several ages back had constituted a privileged caste, which, as everywhere else in ancient times, considered itself infinitely superior to all other classes of society. The officers, especially the superior ones, belonged with little exception to the nobility, and had accepted with repugnance a Constitution which placed the army on its proper level, accord-

ing to the adage so peculiarly civic—"cedant arma togæ,"—stripping them of those privileges which could only exist to the detriment of every other portion of the nation. The officers were too naturally opposed to an order of things which placed them on an equality with all other citizens, and which the success of their own arms would tend to consolidate more and more. This remark applies with the greatest force to the superior officers.

As to the common soldiers, there existed in their very organisation a radical defect, which, without disparaging their personal bravery, (a quality in the Piedmontese always considered beyond dispute, and admitted by Napoleon himself,) was calculated to impair the advantages which a chief derives from an army perfectly trained and inured to all the fatigues of a military life. We allude to the system adopted in Piedmont of retaining the soldiers only a year in the service, and then passing them to the reserve, that is to say, sending them to their homes until called for, leaving them at perfect liberty to marry and resume their former calling and civil occupations. In case of a war, this reserve is called out, and it forms at least two-thirds of the whole force enrolled. But men in such circumstances, having led for several years a family life, have also contracted those domestic habits and powerful ties as husbands and fathers which naturally enfeeble their warlike spirit, and render the life of a camp more irksome, and even insupportable, when the moment of danger gathers them again around their standards.

To return from this digression, Charles Albert crossed the Tessino on the 25th March, 1848. This passage was effected amid universal acclamation. Public enthusiasm had been heightened by the proclamation, in which he declared, before God and the Italian nation, that he was actuated solely by the desire of becoming the liberator of Italy, and the champion of its independence; renouncing all recompense whatever from the people, and aspiring only to the glory of being the creator of a new era for

the benefit of their common mother country. It is very possible that his motives were sincere and conscientious when he thus entered Lombardy, holding in one hand the sword, and this noble declaration in the other; and, perhaps, it was only through circumstances, and at the instigation of his counsellors, if, at a later period, he substituted dynastic views for an object purely Italian and national.

The Piedmontese were welcomed by the Milanese with every demonstration of fraternal affection, which was renewed in every town and village through which they had to pass on their march to the banks of the Mincio. The Sardinian army when there drawn up amounted to 60,000 men, to which must be added 30,000 more, consisting of the contingents, in militia and volunteers, furnished by Tuscany, Rome, Parma, Modena, and Lombardy. At the very outset of the campaign, Charles Albert committed two great errors, besides that of having decided upon it too late:—the first was, his failing to profit by the enthusiasm of his troops, and to follow to the utmost the flying enemy; the second, his failing to excite and encourage a general insurrection of the Lombard provinces, in which the great majority of the people only wanted arms to take part in the war. The King committed also another act of imprudence in occupying with an insufficient force too extensive a line, from Peschiera to Mantua. He lost much precious time in the siege of the former of these fortresses, which he ought only to have blockaded, (as its garrison numbered but 2,000 men,) and to have continued with the main body of his army the pursuit of the enemy, instead of giving them leisure to rally and recover courage behind the ramparts of Verona, Mantua, and Legrago.

On the 8th of April, the Piedmontese army crossed the Mincio, routing the enemy at every point where he defended the passage. Instead of driving the Austrians before him as far as the Adige, Charles Albert stopped



short on the banks of the river he had just passed so successfully. If he had gone beyond the fortresses where the enemy had taken shelter, and effected a junction with the division of the Italian army fighting in the Venetian provinces, the manœuvre would have saved Italy. This junction would have produced the double advantage of preventing the large reinforcements brought from Austria by General Nugent from joining Radetzky at Verona, and of obliging the Austrian army, which would have found itself thus cut off and deprived of all resource, either to capitulate and recross the Alps, or to accept a general engagement, of which the issue could not be doubtful, for the Italians, who had been hitherto victorious, would have acquired by the junction a decisive numerical superiority. The division of the Italian army in the province of Venice was composed of militia and volunteers from the countries in insurrection, and was neither from its importance nor its composition in a condition to arrest and defeat the 30,000 fresh troops who arrived with Nugent. Generals Durando and Ferrari, who commanded the Italian army in that province, maintained their ground against them on several points; but, notwithstanding the bravery of their troops, the strength of the enemy gave him an advantage, and Nugent continued his march. Before arriving at Verona, he made an attempt upon Vicenza, which he hoped to take by surprise, but he was repulsed with loss by the brave Italian garrison. Irritated at this defeat of Nugent, Radetzky sent back 18,000 men, with 48 pieces of artillery, under the command of General Prince La Tour and Taxis, with orders to take Vicenza by storm. This second attempt was not more successful than the former; the Austrians were a second time repulsed, with the loss of 2,000 men. On the 30th of April, the Piedmontese army gained the battle of Pastrengo, where the Austrians, driven back on all points, lost 2,500 in killed, wounded, and prisoners. By this victory the communications of the Austrian army with Peschiera and Verona were cut off.

Charles Albert's army was not equally successful in its attack upon the fortifications of Verona on the 6th May. The King was misled by false information, and imagined that he might attempt, with some probability of success, the assault of this town, which had become, within a few years, a place of the greatest strength. The King and his generals advanced without being well acquainted with the ground and the strength of the enemy. The fortified villages of Croce Bianca and Santa Luccia, which formed the first line of defence, were taken and retaken several times, with dreadful slaughter on both sides. Charles Albert, his officers, and soldiers, all performed prodigies of valour; but the superior force of the Austrians, and the want of precision in the orders and in the execution of the strategic plans, added to the deficiency of energy and firmness on the part of some of the commanders, were fatal to the Piedmontese, who, in their retreat after this long and desperate conflict, left upon the field 1,600 killed and wounded. The Austrians, being protected by their redoubts and entrenchments, lost only 900 men, among whom were a considerable number of officers and two generals. Four Italian battalions of Radetzky's army were on this occasion suspected of intending to desert to the Piedmontese army: they were sent to the attack, followed by some pieces of light artillery and a few squadrons of Austrian cavalry, which had orders to fire grape shot upon them, and to cut them to pieces, on the first sign of their intention to desert or of refusal to fight. Such was the miserable extremity to which these unfortunate Italians were reduced, being obliged either to kill their brethren or to be themselves slain.

On the 29th of May, 6,000 Tuscans, among whom were some hundred Neapolitans, with only eight pieces of cannon, sustained with signal courage, for four hours, the tremendous charge of 20,000 Austrians, who had sallied from Mantua with 24 field pieces. Overwhelmed by the number of their enemies, this handful of brave men was

forced to fall back upon the main body of the Piedmontese army, leaving 2,000 killed and wounded and 1,000 prisoners on the fields of Curtalone and Mortanare, rendered immortal by a resistance not less glorious than a victory.

On the 30th, Radetzky's army having continued its march, arrived before Goito, where it met that of Charles Albert. The Austrians, notwithstanding their number and their desperate efforts, were valiantly repulsed with the loss of 3,000 to 4,000 men, and, being forced to retreat, re-entered Mantua and Verona, having failed entirely in their purpose, which was to drive back the Piedmontese lines, and relieve Peschiera. In this battle, which was the most sanguinary of the whole campaign, Charles Albert, and the Duke of Savoy, heir to the throne, fought like the bravest soldiers, and were both slightly wounded: the Duke of Genoa, the King's second son, equally distinguished himself. The joy produced by the victory of Goito was doubled by the news of the surrender of Peschiera, which arrived in the camp the same evening after the battle. The enthusiasm of the army was carried to the utmost pitch, and Charles Albert was proclaimed by it King of Italy, as of old the Roman legions saluted their general with the title of Emperor on the very field of battle where he had just triumphed over the enemy. Here, again, the King committed the same fault of which he had already incurred the reproach, that of neglecting to profit by the advantages which his victory offered, and whose favours he seemed to despise, in not availing himself of the ardour of his troops to pursue the enemy; choosing rather to abandon his camp for the moment to take possession of Peschiera, which had fallen into his power.

Whilst the Piedmontese army was engaged in pitched battles in the plain, the Lombard volunteers were, on the frontier of the Tyrol, maintaining that guerilla warfare which is best suited to the habits of sportsmen. Enduring,



with exemplary fortitude; hunger, cold, and every kind of privation on the high ridges of the Alps, and in the midst of those defiles where the ice never thaws but in the height of summer, they kept the enemy in check for four months, and prevented him from penetrating into Lombardy, constantly repelling the different Austrian columns, which, strong in number and furnished with mountain artillery, made several attempts to force the passes.

Meanwhile, the Austrian army was receiving in other ways fresh reinforcements, and increasing palpably. After the 30,000 men led by Nugent, 16,000 arrived under the command of General Welden. Radetzky, who could not brook the obstinate defence of Vicenza, sent a division from Verona to join that of Welden, with orders for both bodies of troops to storm the town. It was defended by 9,000 men, chiefly volunteers, commanded by General Durando. The assailants were 32,000 strong, with seventy pieces of cannon. The place was invested by the enemy, who furiously attacked it at three different points, and it was defended with obstinacy by an intrepid garrison, composed in great part of Romans, with whom were joined 2,000 Swiss in the service of the Pope, who, by their bravery, repaired in some measure the disgrace incurred by their fellow-countrymen at Naples, by so many acts of cruelty on the fatal 15th of May. After two days' bloody fighting and a heroic defence, during which the enemy's artillery poured a shower of bombs, balls, and grenades, without any interval or respite, Vicenza capitulated on very honourable terms. The Austrians had suffered a greater loss in killed and wounded than the brave garrison. General Pepe, who had then just passed the Po, retired into Venice, followed by that portion of his army which preferred fighting for the independence of Italy to passive obedience to the disgraceful orders for their recall from the tyrant of Naples.

After the victory of Goito, Radetzky himself came forward to engage with the Piedmontese lines. On the



15th of July, the King had commenced the siege of Mantua, but finding his position on the Mincio endangered, he ordered the besieging troops to fall back on the centre of the army.

The Piedmontese army again fought with great bravery at Staffalo, Rivoli, Volta, and Custoza, opposing to the attacks of the Austrians the firmest resistance, and almost always with success; but through the fault of their generals, Radetzky was allowed too much time and opportunity to augment his army, which was of twice the strength of Charles Albert's when the attack was resumed. The Piedmontese continued, however, by their valour to counter-balance the superiority in number of the enemy, and might have triumphed, if other causes had not contributed to shake their constancy and damp their spirit. Provisions began to fall short, whilst the Austrians were abundantly supplied. Mystery still hangs over many of the faults committed by the commissariat of the patriots, and we leave to history the painful task of penetrating them. The magazines of stores existed, but the provisions, instead of following the army through its different movements, were always at considerable distances from the position occupied by each division. As soon as the troops began their retreat, several regiments had to fight forty-eight hours without either rations of bread or a drop of spirits. Besides all the privations attributable either to an ill-organised or to an ill-intentioned administration, the elements themselves seemed to conspire against the retreating force. Fainting under the scorching rays of a July sun, and forced to quench their ardent thirst with the muddy water of standing pools, the poor soldiers fell by hundreds on the roadside, and expired on the banks of the nearest ditches. The enemy drew courage from the misfortunes which overwhelmed the patriot army, and profiting by the discouragement which ensued, followed up the pursuit with increasing ardour. Radetzky took advantage of all these circumstances, and carried into effect against the Piedmontese army all that

Charles Albert ought to have done, at the outset of the campaign, against the Austrians.

The retreat of the Piedmontese, from the banks of the Mincio to Milan, was a complete flight. Incessantly harassed by the Austrian columns, they arrived on the 3rd day of August under the walls of Milan. Here the great drama, of which the first act had been so brilliant and glorious, reached its catastrophe. The population of Milan beholding the enemy at their very gates, resolved to perish under the ruins of the city rather than again bend their neck beneath the detested yoke of Austria. In return for these generous sentiments, the King pledged his royal word to defend Milan to the last, and sooner to bury himself under its ashes than abandon the city. This language revived in his favour the sympathies of the people, which had been much weakened during the campaign by his procrastination and fatal hesitation, more particularly after the union of the Lombardo-Venetian provinces with Piedmont—a union imposed upon their respective populations, notwithstanding the royal promise given before the Italian nation, when he declared himself its liberator. The most lively enthusiasm again pervaded all ranks of the people, similar to that of the six glorious days of their first insurrection.

On the 4th the Austrians attacked the shattered remnant of the Piedmontese army, which was posted two miles from the walls of the city, and which again fought with the utmost bravery, continuing to resist, though reduced to the proportion of one against six. The cannonade roared in the neighbourhood of the city as on a great day of battle. The King exposed himself to the enemy's fire to such a degree that several of the officers of his staff fell dead or wounded, as well as some soldiers of his escort, and among the rest two Milanese National Guards. During this engagement, the preparations for defence, the barricades which rose above ground by hundreds as by enchantment, the citizens crying to arms, and sallying forth from

the place, or running to the bastions as fast as they were armed, the women who prepared and distributed cartridges, encouraging their husbands and their sons to conquer or die, and the alarm bell sounding from all the belfries, drowning with its funereal toll the immense uproar of the city, altogether formed the most imposing and terrible scene. In order to confirm the belief in his resolution to defend Milan, Charles Albert had requested permission from the corporation to burn such citizens' houses and important manufactories as were situated on the lines of circumvallation on the side opposite the enemy. The corporation consented to this, and the owners of the buildings gladly offered this holocaust to their country. At evening, the flames from all these edifices prevailed over the shades of night, and Milan found itself in the midst of a belt of fire, whose pillars, mounting towards heaven, were viewed with pride and triumph by its citizens. But all this courage, these efforts, and this self-sacrifice were vain and ill-requited. On the 5th August, at the very moment when the Milanese, confiding in the promises of the King, were expecting a final and decisive struggle, the capitulation signed by Radetzky and General Salasca (of deplorable memory) was published. Charles Albert, who was anxious to justify this measure to the Milanese, pretended that the city was deficient in ammunition and provisions. If it were so, which is by no means proved, this would only be a further proof of the incapacity and inexplicable negligence on the part of the leaders which marked all the operations of this war. To form some idea of the manner in which it was undertaken, it may suffice to mention that the Piedmontese generals, even those at head quarters, arrived as far as at the banks of the Mincio without being provided with maps of the country in which they were to fight, or plans of the fortresses they had to besiege. Two other notable faults were of a nature to prevent the continuation of the first successes. The first was the shabby, insufficient, and disorderly organisation of the surgical department, which



caused the loss of numbers of wounded, whom well-managed itinerant hospitals and skilful hands might have saved. The second was the inactivity to which, by a timorous policy, the Sardinian fleet was condemned, although incomparably stronger and more experienced than the Austrian, which it put to flight on every encounter. This fleet being absolute mistress of the Gulf of Venice, and able to place itself in direct communication with Hungary by Fiume, might have effected a diversion of the highest importance both to the Italian and Hungarian cause. But we must return to our melancholy task of describing the political agony of Milan, and consequently of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, which no longer retained a particle of life except in the heroic city of Venice.

On the promulgation of Charles Albert's proclamation, the surprise and indignation of the people, who considered themselves betrayed and abandoned, became intense. Some hundreds of the most furious surrounded and treated with indignity the house in which the King had taken up his quarters. In this dreadful confusion, and amid cries of anguish and of rage, a few musket shots were fired against the doors of the royal abode, which was closed and barricaded. The royalists did not fail to accuse the republican party of these outrages. As for ourselves, deploring as we must do the unfortunate political divisions and the utter want of unity of views in this revolution, arising partly from the republican opinion, respectable doubtless in its principles, but in this conjuncture incapable of application, we protest against this calumny. The republican party in Lombardy perhaps showed itself too ardent and inflexible, but was far too honourable to sully itself by an assassination.

We believe the musket shots which are asserted to have been intended for the person of the King, may be thus accounted for. The enemy, being master of Mantua, in which exist the convict-establishments, had liberated a great



number of the inmates, imposing upon them, as the price of their freedom, an obligation to scatter themselves over the different parts of the kingdom, to foment troubles and to commit acts of incendiarism. Several of these were arrested during the war in the immediate neighbourhood of Milan, in the very act of setting fire to buildings, and were executed for it. Nothing is more probable than that, under favour of the tumult and confusion that prevailed in Milan, some of these galley-slaves introduced themselves into it, and had the audacity to commit the crime in question.

On the 6th August, the wreck of the Piedmontese army passed out of one gate of the city, and the numerous Austrian columns entered by another. Milan returned, in fact, to the condition of an Austrian town.

Thus ended a campaign, which might assuredly have attained an issue corresponding with its commencement. But the defective organisation of the brave Piedmontese army,—the inexperience of its leaders,—the hesitations of Charles Albert, and his distrustfulness, which arrested the general rising in arms of the Lombard population,—the criminal weakness of the Provisional Government of Milan (which was completely subservient to the views of the King,) together with the forced union of the two countries, and deplorable political schisms,—ruined the Italian cause, and converted into defeat the first brilliant successes.

## CHAPTER XII.

### STATE OF PUBLIC FEELING IN LOMBARDY AND PIEDMONT AFTER THE STRUGGLE FOR ITALIAN INDEPENDENCE— ROME—TREACHERY AND FLIGHT OF THE POPE— PROCLAMATION OF THE ROMAN REPUBLIC.

IT would require the severe style of a Tacitus and the forcible sallies of a Suetonius to portray the rage, despair, and desolation which succeeded to the hopes, the energy, and the warlike enthusiasm of the Milanese, when, after the flight of Charles Albert, they beheld re-entering in triumph, on the 6th August, the same foes whom they had so heroically driven beyond their walls on the 23rd March. The Austrians in their pride forgot, or pretended to forget, that the inexperience of the King and his generals, the intrigues of the Jesuits, and the treasonable practices of the retrograde Piedmontese party, had been their most powerful allies, and the main cause of their easy victories. The Milanese by their deathlike silence, which on such an occasion was the most eloquent protest they could make, displayed, however, all the dignity of a people deserving a better fate, and whom brutal force had succeeded in subduing but not in degrading. This people might have repeated in chorus what Francis I. of France wrote to his mother after the battle of Pavia, "All is lost—save honour." But notwithstanding the noble calm which distinguished the mass of the citizens, a hundred of them, driven to despair by this catastrophe so dreadful and so sudden, were instantly deprived of their reason, and sought relief in death, which had eluded them when defending the walls of their city. Another kind of protest against the return of the

Austrians, not less eloquent in the face of all Europe, was the extensive emigration from Lombardy. Those who had distinguished themselves most by their devotedness to the Italian cause, by their courage and by their intelligence, preferred the sorrows and privations of voluntary exile, and the hospitality of foreign lands, to their mother country, again enslaved, and a prey to all the enormities of triumphant reaction, so blind and so implacable. Besides a hundred thousand of the lower classes who quitted Milan, thousands of eminent citizens, accompanied by their families, relinquished their unfortunate country, sustained only by the hope of revisiting it at some future period, when their efforts should have restored it to dignity and independence. The noble disdain of this vanquished people remained unsullied, excepting only by the cowardice of a few of the nobility and of some Jesuits, with or without the frock, who had the effrontery to display marks of sympathy for the victors. At the head of these cowards, the very refuse of the nation, the most prominent was the archbishop, the great abettor of the Jesuits, and an avowed enemy of all progress, who, like a Pius IX. in miniature, bestowed his benediction upon the Austrian banners, the symbols of slavery, on the self-same spot where two months before he had blessed the tri-coloured standards, the symbols of liberty. It may be urged that this feeble prelate only discharged the functions of his calling. Granted: but he might have done so with less display of baseness and effrontery. He invited the Austrian leaders to sumptuous banquets, and they lighted their cigars in the gilded saloons of the Archiepiscopal palace, puffing their clouds of smoke under the very nose of the archbishop, an insult much better deserved by this man, devoid of all character, than that suffered by Charles I. from his gaolers. On their return to Milan, the Austrians gave full scope to their vindictive feelings. Fines, imprisonment, confiscation, the bastinado, and the gibbet were all brought into use; and the retrograde party, confident in the duration of their triumph,

revelled in these excesses. Europe beheld all these proceedings; she beheld them with astonishment and with horror, but remained silent! Rules of policy and reasons of state are able, like the head of Medusa, to petrify the most natural and generous sentiments.

The Piedmontese troops regained the banks of the Tessino in the utmost disorder, the result of their fatal discouragement. The scattered remnants of the army gathered themselves together on the right bank of this river, which forms the common frontier of Lombardy and Piedmont. The King's head-quarters were at Vigerano. No sooner were the troops encamped there than a general defection pervaded their ranks. The retrograde party acquiring fresh vigour from the reverses sustained by this brave and unfortunate army, and hoping, with the aid of Austria, to restore absolute power to the Sardinian throne, encouraged the desertion of the soldiers, whom the misery they endured, the privations and destitution into which they had been brought by a faulty administration, rendered discontented and the more open to corruption. Those whom a sense of honour retained in the service were seduced in another manner by such nobles, priests, and military chiefs, as were the partisans of reaction. These parties treacherously caused them to believe that Charles Albert repented the concessions he had made, and was in danger from the intrigues of the republicans, who, however, were as much attached to their country as the constitutional party, and much more so than the *Codini*, or absolutists; and further, that he was in constant danger from the anarchists, who have never really existed in Italy. It was by such Jesuitical bugbears that the soldiers, attached to their King, were imposed upon, and excited to murmur against the Parliament and the Constitution, of the benefits of which they were still ignorant, and which were represented to them as the great cause of all their reverses. Misled by the deceitful eloquence of the apostles of despotism, the soldiers declared that they would no longer fight for the enemies of their



King and in defence of a constitution which they did not yet understand, and the object and the advantages of which were purposely misrepresented to them.

The liberal party and the Parliament employed every effort to enlighten the troops whom the reactionary party were taking so much pains to corrupt. In fairness to Charles Albert it must be allowed that if his skill was but indifferent and his convictions dubious, his hatred of the Austrians was unbounded. Having transferred his head-quarters to Alessandria, he there neglected no means for restoring order among the relics of his army, and preparing it for a last effort. Guessing the secret intrigues of the reactionary party, he was so incensed at them that he was heard to exclaim, in a paroxysm of anger, "If I could have my revenge upon the Austrians in no other way than by placing the red cap (the symbol of the republicans) upon my head, I would consent to it." But such was his extreme feebleness of character, that, however well acquainted with the enemies of reform, he was unable to shake them off. His favourites, frequenters of ante-chambers of the most servile description, had drawn around him a magic circle, which, though he might perhaps have felt the desire, he never possessed the strength to break through. In this same circle originated, at a later period, the calamities and disgrace which overwhelmed Piedmont, as well as the miseries which have desolated, and still desolate, interesting and unfortunate Italy; for it was the traitors to their country composing this circle, that prepared, a year afterwards, the triumph of Austria, and, consequently, of despotism.

At this conjuncture, the French and English governments volunteered their good offices to convert the armistice of Milan into a treaty of peace. The fault committed by these two cabinets was that of having secretly and indirectly encouraged the Italian revolution, and the war against Austria, without affording any assistance whatever to the Italians when engaged in the struggle. They made

a cat's paw of Italy. We are aware that considerations of political importance prevented them from interfering in a direct manner; but when a powerful nation is guided by such considerations, it would act more properly in calming the passions of the oppressed, than in stimulating them against the oppressor.

Let us now cast a glance upon Rome. The splendid days of Pius IX., or at least the days so termed by the Italians in the midst of their fallacious visions, were no more. That feeble Pontiff had extended one hand to Austria at the very same moment that, with the other, he ceded to the Romans the vain shadow of a Constitution. By the secret recommendation of the Courts of Vienna and Naples, he invited to Rome, Pellegrino Rossi, in the capacity of Minister. Rossi was known to possess great administrative talents, and it was expected that this politician, so eminently "*doctrinaire*," would raise a solid bulwark against every democratic encroachment; it was even hoped that his system would tend to circumscribe the limits of constitutional ideas which were constantly gaining ground. Placed at the head of the Cabinet, the new Minister failed to secure the sympathy of any class of the citizens, even of the most moderate. Unbounded haughtiness counteracted all the good effects to be expected from the strength of his genius. Proud with the Cardinals, haughty with the Patricians, and insolent with the people; with all he passed with the utmost ease and promptitude from disdain to insult. It is not surprising that by such conduct he became universally detested. He was warned in different ways that his arrogance must end in his own destruction. He paid no attention whatever to the warnings and advice received on all sides. So far from deriving advantage from them, his imperious demeanour increased, and his contempt and insolence towards the people were manifested with fresh force and pungency. It is well known in what manner he perished. We hold assassination in horror, and protest with the utmost energy

against its employment, under whatever disguise it may be hid, and in whatever cloak it may be muffled; but we are obliged to admit that Pellegrino Rossi, thrown, as one may say, suddenly into the midst of an ardent population, already over-excited by the intoxicating fumes of a revolution, whom he daily insulted, and by whom he was hated, did everything that was possible to provoke that odious crime. At the very instant he was struck by an invisible hand, he was braving the patience of the people by his threatening aspect and imperious sneers.

On the death of Rossi, Pius IX. in his irritation gave orders to the troops to disperse by force all assemblages of the people, but soldiers and citizens united in one and the same cry of "Italy for ever!" A report was then spread that the Pope had called in the Austrians to his assistance, and the popular irritation became excessive; delegates from the people waited upon the Pope, humbly supplicating him to nominate a democratic ministry which was desired by the great majority of the Romans, and was the only means left the Government for escaping from the pit into which it had fallen. The reactionary Cardinal Antonelli shuddered at such a request, and the Pope, forgetful of his dignity, and overstepping all the bounds of moderation, stamped with rage, declaring the Roman Constituent Assembly a *diabolical invention*. Informed of the failure of their application, the people, who then occupied unarmed the quarters surrounding the Quirinal, could no longer restrain their anger. They rushed upon the iron gates of the palace. The Swiss who guarded them opposed their halberds to the assailants, and a musket shot was fired from their ranks upon the multitude. "To arms!" exclaimed the crowd, who filled the square, and the cry "To arms!" was repeated by the echoes of every district in Rome. The inhabitants ran through the streets exclaiming, "The people are betrayed. The people are assassinated!" In a few hours the Quirinal was beset by such a crowd of armed men that the Swiss gave ground, perceiving with terror



that the popular vengeance threatened to overpower them. Some musket shots were exchanged, and Monsignor Palma, one of the domestic prelates of the Pope, was killed at the moment he appeared at one of the palace windows. The insurgents then began to set fire to the doors of the Quirinal, and the Papal abode was on the point of falling into their hands.

Pius IX., pale and terrified, with haggard eyes and trembling voice, was hurrying from one room to another, cursing Rome and the Romans. A few Cardinals who surrounded him repeated in chorus the Papal curses; in the meantime the people were constantly gaining strength and ground. The ambassadors of the different Powers, who were present at this terrible crisis, in vain used all their efforts to obtain from the Pope and Cardinals a pacific determination; both Pope and Cardinals, calling down from heaven its thunderbolts upon the heads of the people of Rome, replied to their entreaties—"We prefer martyrdom to concession!" As, however, all the avenues of the palace were in the hands of the people, who had even obtained possession also of the staircases, there was imminent danger of an invasion of the interior of the palace. The death-knell of Pope and Cardinals was well nigh striking, but so far from being desirous to hasten it, all things considered, they preferred stratagem to martyrdom. The Pope gave orders that the delegates of the people whom he had so ignominiously dismissed should be recalled, and appearing to yield to the national wishes, he named a democratic Ministry, which after all was nothing of the kind, since Terenzio Mamiani was named as the most democratic of the new Ministers.

Duped by Papal craft, and imagining they found in the externals of the new ministry all that it really wanted in substance, the people were at once appeased, generously pardoned all their adversaries, made friends with the Swiss soldiers, lavishing on them every kindness, and according to custom embraced both friends and foes. Carried away



by the promptings of enthusiasm, they again saluted Pius IX. with the title of Father of his Country. In the midst of their noisy acclamations, the Father of his Country only thought how to cheat his children. With the craft of a Jesuit, he managed to elude the watchfulness of his new Ministers, and on the night of the 24th Nov., the supreme head of Catholicism, the Pontiff King, the Vicar of God, quitted Rome clandestinely, accompanied by a woman, and disguised in the livery of a servant—accoutrement appropriate to the circumstance, a livery prophetic of his future state of servitude to Austria and to France! The Duc d'Harcourt, the French Ambassador, had early notice of the flight of the Pope, and flattered himself for a moment that he could turn it to account for France; but Pius IX. preferred the hospitality of the Bourbon of Naples to that which was offered him by the so-called French Republic. After his arrival at Gaeta, the Pope was rejoined by a certain number of his courtiers and of his *sbirri*, by the Cardinals, and by the diplomatic corps. The Roman delegates, commissioned by the people to supplicate his Holiness to return to his States, were the only persons who could never obtain permission to cross the Neapolitan frontier.

The first interview between the Pope and Ferdinand was the occasion of one of those ridiculous and disgusting scenes of which the theatre and diplomacy alone can furnish examples. The King-Priest and King Bomba (a nickname bestowed upon this tyrant by Italy after he had bombarded several of his own towns) mingled their royal tears with the most tender embraces, and thus presented to admiring courtiers an affecting spectacle, which, in the opinion of the clear-sighted realised the popular belief of the crocodile's tears! Pius IX., who had hurled his anathemas at Ferdinand as a traitor to the Italian cause, and who only a few days previously had publicly vented a very poor pun, changing the King's name *Borbone* (Bourbon) to *Birbone* (rogue,) now gave him his benediction, loading him with tokens of

paternal affection, styling him the cherished son of Holy Church. He granted him, moreover, the glorious privilege, coveted by this royal brute, of serving mass to him; and this betrayer and executioner of his people, kneeling down before the altar of that God whose name he had so often taken in vain, had the audacity to pollute the Pontifical surplice and cope with his hands, still reeking with innocent blood. Thus policy and despotism profane what is most venerable in the eyes of the world, and whilst expecting to beguile it with their juggles, finish, on the contrary, by rendering themselves still more detested and despised.

The Pope, when flying from Rome, reckoned upon exciting within it a civil war, and consequently upon the necessity of foreign intervention. Deceived in these anticipations, Pius IX. repelled with disdain every respectful overture and every humble remonstrance from his subjects, and in a fit of passion so far forgot himself as to excommunicate the Roman National Assembly, and all who declared themselves in its favour. But fortunately the time for excommunications is gone by; not only the National Assembly itself, but all Rome, laughed at the thunderbolts of the Vatican, which in our times have fallen nearly to the level of Lucifer matches; and, in fact, all Europe laughed with them in its sleeve.

The elections for the National Assembly continued, and were accomplished with much order and celerity. On the 5th of February, 1849, the Assembly met, and opened its first session. After long and animated debates, in which Mamiani by his speeches, and Gioberti by his writings (which had arrived the same day at Rome, and were read in full Assembly,) employed all the resources of eloquence to reconcile the interests of the priesthood with those of sound policy, and the interests of the Court with those of liberty, with the object of upholding the temporal power of the Pope, the democratic party carried the day, and the sitting concluded by the proclamation of the Roman Re-

public. The people of Rome—who were, perhaps, unaware of the full import of this expression, and of the immense sacrifices and generous self-denial which it demands from every citizen who rallies under its glorious flag—welcomed the proclamation with demonstrations of unbounded enthusiasm.

Unfortunate people! With souls full of hope, they imagined, in the sudden apparition of this divine Liberty, something more substantial than the simple prestige of a splendid dream! They forgot that in the ears of the Holy Alliance, the names of Gregory, Sixtus, Pius, and Benedict sound much more sweetly than those of Scipio, Cato, and Brutus!

## CHAPTER XIII.

THE SICILIAN REVOLUTION—TUSCANY, FLIGHT OF THE  
GRAND DUKE, AND THE REPUBLIC PROCLAIMED—  
SECOND WAR BETWEEN PIEDMONT AND AUSTRIA,—  
BATTLE OF NOVARA AND ABDICATION OF CHARLES  
ALBERT.

WE left the King of Naples serving mass to the Pope. One word more as to the royal virtues of that adherent of the Pontiff. Sicily had revolted against its government, and had committed the mistake of electing for its king the Duke of Genoa, Charles Albert's second son; a fatal error, which only served to add to the jealousies and divisions already existing among the different Italian States. Ferdinand was determined to be avenged upon the rebellious island after his own fashion, and thought of nothing but the gibbet and slaughter. The Sicilians entertained hopes, which proved unfounded, that Admiral Parker and Vice-Admiral Baudin, whose fleets were lying in the bay of Naples, would intercept the naval expedition sent to carry this intention into effect. General Filangeri, an old and brave soldier, commanded this shameful expedition, and sullied one of the most respected names in Italy by becoming the instrument of the vengeance of a cowardly tyrant. The fleet sailed from the Gulf of Naples, without the slightest interposition on the part of the English and French admirals. On the 23rd September it arrived before Messina, which it briskly cannonaded. The forts of the city answered with equal vigour, but such of them as had remained in the hands of the Neapolitan garrison poured upon Messina an incessant shower of balls, bombs, shells, and rockets. This terrible attack having set fire



to several parts of the city, the Neapolitan troops profited by the disorder which ensued, to attempt a landing: they were, however, repulsed by the militia. Night alone suspended the carnage caused by the grape shot. Next day, the conflict was renewed with increased fury. The number of killed was already very considerable on both sides, when Filangeri succeeded in a second landing of troops newly arrived. The city still resisted and drove back the assailants, but the latter, strengthened by reinforcements, re-commenced the assault. Whilst grape shot scattered death through the streets, bomb-shells and red-hot balls spread fire in every quarter. Palaces, churches, convents, and public monuments fell in succession to the ground with a tremendous crash. The citizens, driven in from all parts, and hemmed within a circle of fire, still resisted with heroic perseverance, and made a rampart of every wall or heap of ruins. At length, reduced to extremity, they demanded a truce of twenty-four hours, which was granted by Filangeri, but on such humiliating conditions, that, although driven to despair, they refused to avail themselves of it. On the 6th and 7th, the bombardment continued without any intermission, but the citizens, reduced by their losses in killed and wounded to the impossibility of continuing the contest, were finally subdued by the numerical superiority of the enemy. It was then that pillage, rape, and human destruction were practised by the victors with an order and coolness that dishonour humanity and civilisation. We have unfortunately been so often obliged to depict similar horrors in these sketches, that we may be allowed to dispense with details of the murderous scenes of Messina. It will suffice to mention that this important and flourishing city was completely destroyed, and that the greater part of its inhabitants were slain during the contest, or shamefully put to death after the victory. The losses sustained by the royal troops in the different engagements were even more considerable than those of the citizens, the former having been obliged to expose themselves in full view.

The flight of the Sovereign of Rome was followed by that of the Ruler of Tuscany. The Grand Duke Leopold, as we have before said, had an Austrian heart in his breast and Austrian blood in his veins. When the day of danger arrived, he became alarmed, thought it expedient to exchange the uniform of Austria for that of Italy, and embraced Jesuitically the tri-coloured flag in the public square, having in his pocket at the same moment a secret correspondence with Radetzky. He also embraced Montanelli and Guerrazzi, styling them his supporters and dear friends, whilst he was writing to his cousin the Emperor, begging him, as soon as possible, to relieve him from all these blackguards. After having assisted in Florence at the publication of the Italian Constitution, he set off on a frivolous pretext, and deceiving every body, for Sienna. Thence he hastened to join the Pope at Gaeta. There was then to be seen in that town a sort of conclave of Italian Princes, all of whom had violated their oaths, and who, in their privacy, attended only by their Jesuitical camarilla, addressed prayers to the Almighty for the triumph of despotism, and conspired against the liberty of Italy. The flight of the Grand Duke struck Florence with stupefaction, but gave the highest delight to the population of Leghorn, who considered his forfeiture of the throne as an inevitable consequence. Tuscany then nominated a Provisional Government,—a fatal blunder, which is sure to prove the stumbling block of every revolution. Since Tuscany was determined, and had the right, to break absolutely with her petty sovereign as a deserter, how much better would it have been for her to have proclaimed a republic also, and that immediately, extending one hand to her sister of Venice, and the other to her sister of Rome! Without entering into a discussion on the most proper form of government for Tuscany and the other fractions of Italy at that time, and considering only the simple facts and their consequences, it is incontestable that Manin, Mazzini, and Guerrazzi owe a very severe account to history and to their

nation for that want of harmony which existed among themselves in presence of events of so much gravity and urgency. The more the Italian princes conspired against the emancipation and freedom of their country, the more incumbent was it upon these three leaders, enjoying the confidence of the people, to unite their efforts to promote and effect the triumph of the good cause.

In the meantime, France, Spain, Austria, and Naples had agreed to restore the Pope to his throne. The Piedmontese Government having been called upon by these Powers to explain itself upon the subject, the Abbe Gioberti thought fit to reply evasively, although approving of the restoration of the Pope: the same Gioberti who expressed himself in this way being president of a democratic ministry. Just at that time the Parliament was opened at Turin, and Gioberti declared in the outset that Piedmont would never recognise the Roman constitution. The advocate Brofferio, the eloquent leader of the democratic party in the Chamber, energetically opposed the course adopted by the Abbe Minister, in defiance of all the dangers which daily menaced him from the reactionary party. From that period the political star of Gioberti began to wane. He conceived the deplorable project of sending Sardinian troops into Tuscany to re-establish the authority of the deserter from Florence, and with the intention of their proceeding afterwards to do as much for the deserter from Rome. But he met with opposition from the majority of his colleagues, and consequently failed in his scheme, which was one well worthy of a courtier-priest. As soon as this secret project, which really deserved the name of treason, was discovered by the Chamber, Gioberti was compelled to tender his resignation. Charles Albert immediately accepted it, being delighted to get rid of his theological dictator. Gioberti resigned with regret, and the populace, being secretly excited by his speeches, and worked upon by the reactionary party, made one night a sudden



attack upon the house of Brofferio, who owed his life, first, to his own firmness, and next to the rather dilatory interference of the police. Little was wanting to fan these troubles into a civil war, which, indeed, was desired by the Jesuits and the majority of the aristocracy, who dreaded all liberal ideas and looked upon a Constitution as the worst of evils.

On the fall of Gioberti, the new ministry took seriously into consideration the renewal of the war against Austria. The victories of the Hungarians, the heroic resistance of Venice, the position of Rome and Tuscany, and the bitter recollection of the unfortunate issue of the last campaign, concurred to urge the renewal of warlike efforts. Foreign diplomacy, however, was opposed to it, and that for special motives. The nobility and the clerical party abetted, with all the power of intrigue, the secret opposition of diplomatists; but when once convinced that the Chamber, the Ministers, and the King could not be turned from their warlike views, they changed their tactics and cast about for the means best calculated to prepare beforehand the triumph of Radetzky, which was so intimately, though indirectly, connected with their own.

The Piedmontese army, after its re-organisation, numbered about 130,000 men, including the corps of Lombards. The infantry, the chief arm in every war, was but indifferent (for the reasons already alleged;) but the cavalry was good, and the artillery excellent. The staff officers, all things considered, were unequal to their important duties. The commissariat and medical departments were both in a wretched state, and the same disorder as formerly existed in the general administration. The superior officers, having little confidence in themselves, could not inspire much in others. Krzanowski, appointed by the King as commander-in-chief, was of an amphibious character, half Pole and half Russian: his talents unknown, and his probity dubious, he was not qualified to win respect and confidence. Instead of this officer, who



lacked that military reputation which gives so powerful a claim to the confidence of the subordinate ranks of an army, some able French General might have been easily found to accept the appointment of Commander-in-chief; but Charles Albert and his Government, mistaking appearance for reality, and the name for the thing, in their fear of the French Republic, were unwilling to entrust the command of their army to a republican general; a fact which shows that Piedmont entertained a stronger belief in the reality and duration of a French Republic than France herself. As an irreconcilable enemy of Austria, the King was most eager for an occasion to avenge his late defeat; but, from feebleness of character, he was constantly struggling between the thirst for vengeance on the one hand, and the dread of a republic and of alienating his old connexions among the aristocracy on the other.

It was on the 12th March, 1849, that Piedmont notified to Austria the rupture of the armistice, according to the conditions of which hostilities might recommence on the 20th. The two governments appealed, by their proclamations, to the judgment of Europe. That of Piedmont was grave and moderate, as becomes every protest of right against brutal force; that of Radetzky was arrogant, as suits the employment of brute force against right. The Piedmontese army was superior in number to that of the enemy, and everything seemed to justify the belief that Radetzky could only act on the defensive. But those who merely calculated the chances by externals were ignorant of the understanding which existed between the enemies of reform, who were plotting within, and Radetzky threatening from without. It was from confidence in the support of these allies that the hostile General unhesitatingly ordered an attack to be made, boasting to his staff officers that they had only a march to make from Milan to Turin. The Piedmontese Commander, Krzanowski, who could not believe that Radetzky would venture to attack him, had made no preparation for defence throughout the

lines which his army occupied on the frontier. According to custom, the service of the Piedmontese scouts and spies was extremely defective. Krzanowski, therefore, mistaking entirely the intentions of Radetzky, whom he supposed retreating, advanced with his left wing, having the King at its head, into Buffalora, on the Lombard territory, where he met with no resistance. By a very rapid movement on the side of Pavia, Radetzky attacked the right of the Piedmontese with his own left. It was here that General Ramorino, commanding the Lombard division, which was most eager to attack the enemy, left open the important passage of the Cava, without stirring from his post. So inconceivable a fault naturally admits the imputation of treachery; but is it to be attributed to Ramorino himself, or to a higher source? That is a mystery which the proceedings of the court martial, which afterwards condemned this general to death, by no means cleared up. When Krzanowski became aware that his right was attacked, instead of adopting one of those rapid and final resolutions which mark the power of genius, and which may fix the destiny of a nation, he manœuvred with feebleness and procrastination, and instead of advancing with all his forces towards the point attacked, confined himself to sending thither a few insignificant reinforcements. At Sforzesca and at Vigevano the Piedmontese, though inferior in number, made a most desperate resistance, and repulsed the enemy at the point of the bayonet; but, subsequently overpowered by the repeated arrival of fresh Austrian battalions, they were obliged to retreat in disorder upon Mortara. It was in this place that the intrigues of the Jesuits and the reactionary cabal began to gain ground; and it may be said, that from this moment the Piedmontese no longer appeared the same soldiers. Driven back by the enemy into Mortara, they there resisted but feebly; they lost a considerable number in killed, wounded, and prisoners, and on the fatal cry of "*Sauve qui peut*," proceeding from some traitors in their

ranks, a complete rout took place. The shattered remnants of the right wing rallied in disorder to the centre and left of the army near Novara; the whole Austrian army pursuing them to within sight of the Piedmontese camp, of which the centre was posted at Bicocca, a farm on a rising ground not far from the town, and which had been hastily fortified. It was here that the King at the head of his troops awaited the enemy, and in the rear of this position the Dukes of Savoy and Genoa commanded the reserve. The position was excellent, and the distribution of the different corps according to the most approved rules of tactics. But, apart from these circumstances, what was the spirit of the combatants? Almost all the leaders belonged to patrician families, and under pretext of hatred and dread of democracy, cordially detested the new institutions, and discredited Charles Albert with the soldiers, because, in fact, instead of imitating the perjured King of Naples, he respected his oaths.

It was these traitors who in the preceding campaign restrained the ardour, loosened the discipline, and corrupted the hearts of the soldiers. No sooner did the democratic ministry (which was such only in name,) come into power, than the fury of the aristocrats became so blind and so insolent, that they were not ashamed to persuade the soldiery that the Parliament was but a conventicle of demagogues, the Constitution an infamous deception, and the so-called Italian cause only a plan for annihilating Piedmont and the House of Savoy. They instructed them that Charles Albert was only a poor visionary, and that the liberal party desired war merely for the purpose of ruining the army, and of proclaiming a Republic, and with a Republic the reign of terror and the guillotine. With the subversive doctrines of their leaders was united the voice of the priests, who, on the first news of the renewal of war, preached in all the villages, and consequently in the hearing of the conscripts and of the numerous soldiers of the reserve, that the war was impious,



the Austrians being friends and defenders of the Pope, so that to fight against Austria was to fight against the Papacy. At the very moment that Radetzky was invading Piedmont, pamphlets and proclamations against the war, and against constitutional liberty, were clandestinely distributed in the ranks of the army. So far was this policy carried, that verses defamatory of Charles Albert were sung by emissaries of the reactionary party among the soldiers, amid the sneers and jests of numerous adepts. This was the poisonous seed sown by the hands of the Jesuits and the reactionary party, of which the bitter fruits were reaped on the fields of Mortara and Novara, the Waterloo of the Italian cause.

But it must not be inferred from this representation of the state of things, that all the Piedmontese leaders participated in these shameful intrigues. Many of the officers, although disapproving of the late reforms, remained faithful to military honour, and many of the privates, whom the reactionary partisans endeavoured to seduce, proved examples of constancy and discipline.

At Novara, the Piedmontese army still numbered 53,000, with more than 100 pieces of cannon. On the 23rd March, at nine in the morning, they were drawn up in order of battle, but, according to custom, the rations were deficient, which increased the ill-humour of the troops, who began to express their discontent loudly. The King arrived on the ground, and passed along the front, but was received with icy silence, which was a bad omen. At eleven o'clock the outposts were attacked by the enemy, who was at first vigorously repulsed; but the assailants, reinforced by fresh masses of troops, concentrated from all parts upon Bicocca, drove back in their turn the Piedmontese, and took that place, which was soon afterwards recaptured with horrible carnage on both sides. Victory was on the point of declaring for the Piedmontese, whose repeated charges had occasioned disorder and hesitation in the Austrian columns; and the battle might have been won if Krzanowski, profiting by this hesitation, had charged with all his forces,



including the reserve; but his irresolute character made him miss the precious moment. Radetzky perceived the fault, and turned it to his advantage; he made a last desperate effort with all his troops, and again checked his enemy. The shock was terrible and decisive. The same cries of distress and discouragement which had produced the panic at Mortara, were again heard upon the field of Novara, and the rout commenced. It was all in vain that the King, the two Princes, and some other leaders, and even battalions, which remained faithful to their colours, endeavoured to arrest the disorderly flight, to rally the fugitives, and to oppose a last resistance to the enemy. The flight became general, and stopped only at the town of Novara, into which the fugitives entered pell-mell, and committed all kinds of excesses. The losses in killed and wounded were considerable on both sides. As on all other occasions, the King and the two Princes displayed the most brilliant courage. A great number of valiant Piedmontese officers fell on the field of honour; the generals Passalacqua and Perrone were killed while charging the enemy at the head of their columns. Honour to these heroes, whose illustrious names will never be forgotten by grateful Italy! There were found lying on the field of battle, and in the cartouch boxes of the Piedmontese killed, printed bulletins, sent from Turin shortly before the engagement, in which the soldiers were urged not to fight, because the Republic had been proclaimed in the capital, and were assured that they would be shedding their blood, not for the king, but for demagogues.

The King hastily assembled his generals in a council of war. He expressed an opinion that they ought to retire with the remains of the army within the fortress of Alessandria; but the council rejected this project unanimously. He then applied for an armistice to Radetzky, who refused it, replying with insolent brutality, that he could not trust Charles Albert's word. Upon this reply, the latter exclaimed, "All is lost,—even honour!" and abdicated his

crown. Relieved from this load, the ill-fated monarch immediately quitted the army and his States, taking the name of Count De Barge, and retired to a modest retreat near Oporto, seeking that repose which he had never enjoyed on the throne; but like Charles V., he was disappointed in the hope. His ambition frustrated, confidence in his constitutional tendencies shaken, the recollections of his double defeat and of the treachery of almost all his favourites, with perhaps some late remorse for his conduct in 1821, disturbed his solitude, until he found the repose reserved by nature for the unfortunate,—that of the tomb.

By the abdication of Charles Albert, the Duke of Savoy, Victor Emmanuel, ascended the throne. An armistice was concluded on the 24th March between Radetzky and the new King. The defeated troops having evacuated Novara, the Austrians entered the town, and even they were so astonished at the extraordinary havoc committed by their utterly demoralised opponents, as to manifest some pity for the misfortunes of the inhabitants. Thus the miserable town was doomed to experience outrage from those who ought to have protected it, and commiseration from foes noted for their brutality.

## CHAPTER XIV.

REVOLT OF GENOA—SIEGE AND HEROIC DEFENCE OF BRESCIA—ATROCITIES OF GENERAL HAYNAU—THE ROMAN REPUBLIC THREATENED BY A CATHOLIC COALITION—DEFEAT OF THE FRENCH AND NEAPOLITAN ARMIES.

WHEN news of the defeat of Novara, and of the armistice, reached Turin, the people were seized with surprise and consternation. The reactionary party alone were neither astonished nor alarmed, because they had foreseen the issue of the war. The new King made his entry into the capital on the 26th of March, and the Ministry was changed. In the Chamber, the Members of the Opposition offered the strongest proofs of the treasonable practices of several personages whom they were desirous of impeaching, but such confusion prevailed that nothing was done in the matter.

The city of Genoa was fired with indignation and stung with shame at the conditions imposed upon the vanquished by victors who owed their success to the treachery of the enemies of national liberty. Her citizens flew to arms, and protested against the disgrace inflicted upon the nation. This demonstration, however honourable in its motives, was an infraction of legal order, and was necessarily considered by the Government as an act of rebellion. The people assailed the forts, the arsenal, and the palace of the Governor. They attacked the garrison, amounting to 4,000 men, and after a conflict, in which much blood was shed on both sides, the troops were defeated and obliged to evacuate the town. Under these cir-

cumstances, General La Marmora, whose division had remained intact, received orders to invest Genoa immediately, and to employ the most severe measures against it.

On the approach of La Marmora, the Genoese formed a Provisional Government, at the head of which was placed General Avezzana, Commander-in-Chief of the National Guard. The citizens were equipped with the arms found in the arsenal. Messages were sent along the coast to raise the population, and to engage the Lombard division to come to the assistance of the city in this peril; but the former did not answer the appeal made to them, and General Fanti, who commanded the latter, forbade it to stir. In this imminent danger, the nobility, the clergy, and the middle class, seized with alarm, did all in their power by persuasion, seconded by the distribution of sums of money, to appease the irritation of the people and to induce them to lay down their arms; so that, when the attack commenced, there remained only a few hundred men under the orders of General Avezzana. Thus situated, Genoa could oppose no serious resistance. La Marmora might easily have obtained its capitulation, but he preferred the horrors of a siege to the pleasure of restoring the city to his King uninjured. After a bombardment of three days and three nights, and a desperate struggle, with the loss of many killed and wounded on both sides, Genoa capitulated, and then this second capital of the kingdom was delivered to the licence of the exasperated soldiery, and witnessed a repetition of the excesses committed at Novara. In order that the unfortunate country might drain the cup of humiliation to the dregs, this deplorable campaign was thus closed by a frightful scene of civil war; and the soldiers who had refused to fight against foreigners, performed striking acts of courage against their fellow-citizens, whose misconduct, though not to be justified as regards the law, had its origin in a desire to protest, in the face of Europe, against the humiliations imposed upon the national dignity.



Before the renewal of hostilities between Piedmont and Austria, another insurrection had been secretly prepared throughout Lombardy. It had been settled that it should everywhere break out on the first announcement of a defeat of the Austrians, which was expected by everybody excepting Radetzky and the partisans whom he reckoned upon in Piedmont. The news of the Piedmontese reverses arrived in time at Milan, Como, and Bergamo, to prevent the inhabitants from rising; but the town of Brescia, misled by false reports which were spread exactly at the time that the battle of Novara took place, broke into insurrection with the cries of "Piedmont for ever!" "Death to the barbarians!" The people disarmed the Austrian Guard on duty, and made prisoner the commander of the fort, from the walls of which powerful artillery cannonaded the town. Unable to obtain possession of this fort, the people attacked a body of the enemy's reserve encamped within three miles of the town, and completely routed them. Having taken possession of the camp, they fortified themselves in it, and awaited there during two days the reinforcements promised from Bergamo, but which did not arrive. On the 26th March, a body of 1,000 men, with two pieces of cannon, commanded by General Nogent, one of the best Austrian generals, attacked this camp of the Brescians. The latter, although inferior in number, maintained their ground steadily, repulsed the enemy frequently with great loss, and put him to flight. The Council of War recalled this handful of brave fellows to the defence of the walls of the town. On the 27th, General Nogent, at the head of numerous reinforcements received from Peschiera, advanced to the attack of Brescia, which found itself thus placed between the bombs showered down upon it from the forts and the cannon balls of the besiegers. The inhabitants had sworn to perish under the ruins of their town rather than surrender, and with loud cries of "War! War! Italy for ever!" made a sally so well-conducted and so valiantly sustained, that they broke through the enemy's

lines, and drove him back with great loss as far as his entrenchments, three miles distant from the town. On the 28th, Nogent not having reappeared, they had the audacity to attack him in his own camp. The combat lasted all day. The Brescians displayed amazing courage, and even rashness. Two-thirds of the citizen forces were left killed or wounded on the field of battle. The loss of the Austrians was beyond comparison greater. General Nogent fell mortally wounded, but before expiring, sent to Peschiera and Mantua for fresh reinforcements. It is said that, when dying, this General left one-half of his fortune to the town of Brescia, as a testimonial of his admiration of the brilliant courage of its citizens. Bayard, the knight without fear and without reproach, had done something similar in the fifteenth century, when Brescia was taken by assault by Louis the XIIth's army, and delivered up to pillage; perhaps Nogent, himself a valiant knight, was desirous of imitating so distinguished a model.

On the news of Nogent's disasters before Brescia, General Haynau, who had been occupied in vain efforts to take Venice, advanced in all haste with a reinforcement of 6,000 men, well provided with cavalry and artillery. He summoned the town to surrender at discretion, notifying at the same time the issue of the battle of Novara, and threatening total destruction in case of refusal. It was very well known that in respect of fire, plunder, and the gallows, Haynau was a man to keep his word. But though Brescia had lost the greater part of its defenders in past conflicts, the inhabitants refused submission, and that the more resolutely, from suspicion that the news communicated by Haynau was untrue. On the 31st March, the fight began at day-break, and was maintained till after night-fall. It might have been supposed that the citizens had never exercised any other occupation than that of soldiers. It is no undue praise of those champions of Italian freedom to say, that each citizen had become a soldier, and each soldier a hero.

Haynau saw his best officers fall by his side; the assailants became thoroughly disheartened, and the General himself was equally astonished and annoyed. But, after receiving from the banks of the Tessino and the Mincio fresh battalions and supplies of artillery, he determined to make a general assault upon the town. At the moment when the dazzling sun of the 1st of April appeared above the horizon, and the first cannon was fired to announce the attack, some volunteers from Bergamo were admitted into the town, and confirmed the disastrous news from Novara. It was now too late. The citizens renewed their promise to bury themselves under the ruins of their walls, and with unanimous acclamations of "Italy for ever!" prepared themselves for a desperate defence. This final struggle was dreadfully bloody, as was to be expected from the love of liberty and the courage of despair on the one side, and the thirst for vengeance on the other.

Haynau, trampling upon heaps of the corpses of his own soldiers, at last penetrated into the town, which he ravaged with sword and fire; but, in order to succeed in occupying it entirely, he had to storm each quarter, each street, each house, and buttress. Behind every ruin, every wall or column, was posted some citizen, sure to bring to the ground one or several enemies, over whose corpses the assailants had to pass in order to gain ground. Driven into the centre of the town, and hemmed in by a circle of steel from which there was no escape, the citizens continued to resist, having in addition to endure an incessant shower of shells from the fort.

If the atrocities committed at a later period by Haynau in Hungary, had not corroborated the report of those perpetrated at Brescia, contemporaries might have denied the latter credence, and considered the description of them as the dream of a madman. He spared neither age nor sex. Disabled age, women and children, were put to the sword with the same fury as the combatants. The churches



were polluted by pillage and rape, and the altars sullied with the blood of the victims. Haynau himself took delight in killing by the slowest methods, accompanied by the greatest refinements of torture, the father before the eyes of his children, the children before those of their father, the husband in the arms of his wife, and brothers in each other's arms. To complete this disgusting picture, we are obliged to add that, excited by the savage encouragement of their leader, these cannibals threw tar or spirits of turpentine on their prisoners, and burnt them by slow fires, in the presence of their wives and mothers. In other parts of the town, prisoners were bound together with cords, and witnessed the dishonour of their wives, who were afterwards chopped in pieces with their children; in some instances the barbarities of the soldiery were carried to a yet more revolting pitch. Some of the unhappy citizens fell down and expired from horror and disgust; others went mad. We must ask pardon for recording facts so revolting, but truth and the wrongs of Italy demand it.

Such were the exploits and triumphs of Haynau in Italy—Haynau, whom Vienna, St. Petersburg, and Naples subsequently loaded with favours and decked out with orders and stars, but whom the civilised world and history have stigmatised as a tiger. It was reserved for the brewers of London to offer to this brute, who was making a tour through Europe, displaying himself as if he had a just claim to its admiration, a trophy worthy of his exploits. Admitting, as it could not but do, the illegality of the proceeding, all Europe secretly applauded the welcome given to Haynau in Messrs. Barclay and Perkins's brewery. The insults and the mud addressed to the executioner of Brescia and of Hungary, the flogger of women, bespattered also to a certain extent all those tyrants who make a sport of the misfortunes and sufferings of humanity, whilst they encourage, protect, and cherish reprobates who boast, as petty imitators of Attila, of being its scourge.



The issue of the battle of Novara gave fresh encouragement to the misdeeds of all the small Italian despots. Sicily was the first to feel the effects of the relapse. After the fall of Messina the hatchet of King Bomba (the Bourbon of Naples) fell upon Catania, Agrigento, and Syracuse. General Filangeri again undertook to act the part of royal executioner. The Swiss and Neapolitan troops under his orders vied with each other to satisfy the fury of their King and the zeal of their general. The Ministers of France and England interposed, and employed their best efforts to stop these cruelties. The Palermitans, though they had received the solemn promise of a general amnesty and the proclamation of the Constitution of 1812, were once more harnessed in the yoke which they had thrown off. But they had no sooner laid down their arms than the King, according to his constant practice, broke his engagements; the dungeons and the gallows were again put in requisition, and both were amply employed. As to the Constitution, it was actually published, but at the same time with martial law, which of course annulled all its effects. These fresh acts of Royal treachery insured the triumph of the courtiers, the military, public informers, and priests.

Whilst he was thus butchering his beloved Sicilian subjects, King Ferdinand, who fears St. Januarius more than God, and the liberals more than St. Januarius, joined the powerful crusade organised by Austria, France, and Spain for the purpose of restoring Pius IX. to the throne which he virtually abdicated when he fled from his States. Austria invaded the Legations, a portion of the Papal territory which she has always coveted in spite of her apostolical devotion to the Pope. Spain sent a few hungry and ragged troops, whose exploits were confined to emptying the sheep folds, plundering the farms, robbing the inhabitants, and outraging the women and children, all for the avowed purpose of the restoration of the Pope! King Bomba occupied with 12,000 men Albano and Velletri,

where he was shortly afterwards attacked by Garibaldi at the head of a few hundred followers, when he precipitately decamped, and, seized with a panic, never halted till he had reached the frontier of his own kingdom. But for the fleetness of his horse, and some slight resistance offered by a regiment of his cavalry, which allowed him time to escape, this bragging Sovereign would have been taken prisoner in the midst of his army by those very "brigands" whom he had sworn to annihilate. Escaped as by a miracle, Ferdinand renounced for the future all personal share in such proceedings. The occupation of serving mass and the fumes of incense suit him much better than a soldier's life and the smell of gunpowder.

The glorious task of demolishing the Roman Republic was claimed by the French Republic as its exclusive privilege. The majority of the Legislative Assembly (an assembly which not long afterwards most ingloriously gave up the ghost,) swayed by such leaders as De Falloux and Montalembert, who feigned a belief that the people of Rome groaned under the oppression of a horde of democrats, and that their secret but most ardent wishes were for the return of the Pope, resolved in favour of despatching an expedition of 10,000 men to Civita Vecchia, under the orders of General Oudinot, who afterwards fell into disgrace in so ridiculous a manner, and was recalled on the 2nd December, 1852. The Romans were made to believe that the object of this expedition was entirely pacific, that of enforcing order and legality; and that the restoration of Pius IX. would be accompanied by institutions of the most liberal nature, such as France had a right to establish. Though the Commander-in-Chief of the expedition, on landing at Civita Vecchia, learned the real intentions of his Government, he published a proclamation, assuring the Roman nation of his sympathy and that of the French Republic, as well as of his firm intention to install such a form of Government as should be most in harmony with the wishes of the people. He professed, indeed entire

devotion to the true interests of so noble a country as Italy.

These promises deluded the inhabitants of Civita Vecchia, but had not the same success with the citizens of Rome, who immediately erected barricades, and prepared for an armed defence of the city. On the 30th April, Oudinot arrived with his army before its walls, and demanded admittance. On receiving a refusal, he resolved to enter by force. The French troops were directed to advance in two close columns against the Cavaleggeri and Angelica gates, and to occupy the Villa Panfilì, whence Oudinot began to cannonade the city. In this crisis Garibaldi received orders to make a sally, which exactly tallied with his own desire. He attacked the French in flank, charged them with the bayonet, drove them back with loss, and made 300 prisoners. At the same time two other detachments of the Roman garrison, commanded by Colonels Masi and Calandrelli, broke through the whole line of the French army, which, after an engagement which lasted seven hours, was routed, leaving in the power of the Romans more than a thousand men killed, wounded, or prisoners. An eloquent lesson this, and a solemn refutation given to the majority of the French Assembly, who had cavilled at the employment of such a force as 10,000 French soldiers in the expedition, pretending that one-half that number was more than sufficient to put down a few hundred "brigands," and adding, with stupid arrogance,—"Italians do not fight."

Garibaldi was anxious to follow up his victory, in the hope of driving back the French as far as Civita Vecchia, and even forcing them to re-embark. But Mazzini opposed the project, under the idea that this defeat would produce a complete change in the determination of France respecting the Roman Republic. Incredible delusion on the part of a man who ought to have been able to appreciate better both men and facts! The majority of the French Assembly, although broken up into different factions, was perfectly



agreed on one point, viz., that a republican form of government was unsuited to France, and to be considered by the French only as a state of transition. Entertaining this idea, it did not suit that majority and still less the Government, to protect and allow to subsist elsewhere institutions which they were using their utmost endeavours to overthrow at home. Mazzini, inflexible as ever in his views,—which unfortunately he constantly endeavours to impose upon others—preferred to employ negotiations; he loaded the French prisoners with kindness and civility, (in this respect acting generously and well,) and concluded an armistice with Oudinot, confiding to diplomacy the *dénouement* of the drama. We shall see the fruit of his want of energy and excessive confidence in protocols.



## CHAPTER XV.

SIEGE OF ROME CONTINUED—FRENCH ASSAULTS AND  
POLITICAL AGENTS—THE TRIUMVIRS AND THE  
ROMAN ASSEMBLY—FALL OF ROME—CHARACTER OF  
GARIBALDI—RETURN TO DESPOTIC GOVERNMENT IN  
CENTRAL ITALY.

THE negotiations to which Mazzini had in his simplicity trusted, came to nothing. The intervention of Lesseps, the French political agent, was productive of no result whatever; in fact, his policy was disavowed by his Government with the greatest effrontery. Lesseps was recalled and succeeded by De Corcelles, a man of violent character, bringing along with him strong prejudices. This change of envoys was a fresh deception upon the Romans. Meantime the French Government, which had discovered at last that it had to deal with something of more consequence than a "few hundred brigands," reinforced the expedition. Oudinot again made his appearance under the walls of Rome, and prepared for fresh and more serious assaults.

It had been agreed between the belligerent parties that hostilities should not be renewed before June 4th. Notwithstanding this stipulation, a French column moved on the 3rd from Monte Mario, and unfairly took by surprise the Ponte Molle, whilst at the same time the flower of the army, composed of troops inured to war in the campaigns of Africa, and just landed on Roman soil, invested the city on two opposite sides. The engagement was most severe, and lasted from morning to night. The villas Corsini and Panfilì were four times taken and retaken, on each occasion with dreadful carnage. The

environs of Rome were strewn with corpses and covered with blood. Once more the French were compelled to retreat, and young Roman citizens, who had never before smelt gunpowder, had the glory of repelling with loss the veterans of Islin and Constantina, who were astonished at their own defeat.

Convinced of the impossibility of taking Rome by a *coup-de-main*, Oudinot had recourse to measures for subduing it by a regular siege, which continued more than a month, and during which, notwithstanding protests from the different foreign consuls, incessant showers of bombs were fired upon the city by day and night, without the slightest respect for the temples, hospitals, monuments, and all those wonders of ancient and modern art which constitute Rome the metropolis of the fine arts.

The Romans were well aware that they had to deal with a warlike and powerful nation, and that the forces of Austria and Spain cut off all hope of succour from their Italian brethren. But in spite of this conviction they were resolved to maintain their resistance to the last. On each fresh summons of the enemy to surrender, they replied that they might be crushed by force, but they would never disgrace themselves by accepting conditions destructive of the liberty of the nation. We should exceed the limits of our task if we undertook the description of the admirable system of defence conducted by Rosselli, the impetuous sallies of Garibaldi, the exploits of the whole garrison, composed of a few Swiss and of volunteers from all parts of Italy, and more especially the brilliant achievements of the Lombards under the command of their indefatigable leaders, the brave Colonel Medici and Colonel Manara, the same young officer who had so greatly distinguished himself in the revolution of Milan, and who was killed by the last bullet fired against expiring Rome by the terrible Vincennes rifles. Mameli, Daverio, and Dandolo, three young men belonging to distinguished families in Upper Italy, and whose names will ever live in the annals of their country,

fell also gloriously in the defence of Roman liberty. We have often had opportunities to converse on the subject of this siege with French officers who had assisted at it; and all of them admitted with the frankness characteristic of true bravery, that the constancy, courage, and ability of the defenders of Rome,—qualities the more remarkable in soldiers formed on the spur of the moment,—had exceedingly surprised them and excited their most just admiration.

On the 30th June, the Roman Assembly having declared that all hope of continuing the defence must be abandoned, the Triumvirs, (Mazzini, Armellini, and Saffi) abdicated, and were succeeded by Saliceti, Mariani, and Calandrelli. A shower of bombs was directed upon the legislative palace, but the Assembly, imitating the stoicism of the Roman senators in presence of the invading Gauls, remained sitting, and pursued the transaction of business. The Assembly and the Government perceived that Rome could hold out no longer, but they were still unwilling to treat directly for its surrender. Having, therefore, drawn up a solemn protest against the abuse of a foreign force to overpower them, they allowed a commission of the corporation to repair to the French camp to arrange the terms of a capitulation. Oudinot received this commission with the greatest civility, but whilst he expressed admiration of the bravery of the Roman garrison, he refused to admit the conditions proposed, and offered others too humiliating to be accepted. The commission, therefore, retired, declaring that rather than submit to dishonourable terms, they would see the French enter by main force, and as conquerors. Oudinot, thereupon, at the intemperate instigation of De Corcelles, raised his demands, and remained perfectly inflexible.

On the 3rd of July, the French made their entrance into Rome. It would have been difficult for a stranger just arriving, to distinguish the victors from the vanquished by their looks. The former were melancholy on account of a victory so dearly bought; the latter were far from being dejected at a defeat so honourable and glorious.



Thus fell that Republic, which had shone with a lustre like that of comets which, for a short time visible, disappear in boundless space, to return to our horizon after making a circuit more or less extensive. Notwithstanding the well-founded regrets felt by the Italians at its overthrow, we may be allowed with diffidence to express an opinion that Italy is not yet ripe for a republic, which is perhaps the most perfect form of government, but practically, and considering what kind of republic modern times require, is beyond doubt the most difficult of all, as well for those who govern as for the governed. The Roman Republic of 1849 has been dreadfully calumniated by the rancour of triumphant reaction, which, according to custom, has not spared the kick of the ass at the expiring lion. No credit is allowed it for benefits effected, and still less for those intended; on the contrary, it is charged with numerous evils in which it had no share, and which it could not possibly prevent. The Triumvirs were neither rapacious nor sanguinary, as their enemies have thought fit to represent; their administration of the commonwealth was, on the contrary, upright and disinterested; and their clemency in the application of the rigorous rules of warfare approached almost to weakness. The crimes which reactionary slander has imputed to them are fitter for a novel or some silly romance than for the page of history.

The Republicans have impeached France of political fratricide for having overthrown the Roman republic; but to establish the existence of this fratricide they start from a premise quite erroneous, as if France was at that time republican. It is evident that the last French Republic existed as such merely in name,—an assertion corroborated by all the facts. It being once admitted that France could not pretend to support and protect another republic on the ground of identity of origin and principles, it would remain to be examined whether she possessed the right to destroy the Government of which Rome had made choice. To such an inquiry France might answer, that, being Catholic and



allied with the Pope, she had the right, and it was even her bounden duty (it may be said,) to protect him, and with so much the more liberty of action, that she had subscribed to no political engagements with the new republic, which she had never formally recognised. Such are the ostensible reasons to be given as to the question of public right; but there existed other secret reasons, of much more cogency, which determined France to act as she did; and time and events have since that period clearly revealed their nature. What reflected most on France in the whole of this deplorable affair was—1st, the unfair means, so unworthy a great nation, employed by her from the outset, and which served to disguise the real object of this expedition: as well as, 2nd, the fact of the restoration of Pius IX., without any previous stipulation or guarantee that the reforms commenced should be continued and consolidated; and 3rd, that French troops escorted him back to the Quirinal surrounded by *sbirri*, Jesuits, and public informers, to re-establish a government of handcuffs, the halter, and the scaffold. The chilling indifference, scarcely interrupted by a few rare plaudits, either official or officious, by which the people marked the re-entrance of the Pope to Rome, furnishes the most palpable proof of the profound disgust which the restoration occasioned, and of the coercion employed to accomplish it. Pius IX. entered the Quirinal and was re-seated on his throne;—one might have supposed that the people of Rome had been assisting at some great funeral. In fact, this pretended ovation was really the interment of Roman liberty.

Once more subjected to the yoke of priestcraft, the worst and most degrading species of slavery, and exposed to all the brutal vexations of the reactionary party, Rome supported, with imposing dignity, the heavy burden of her calamities, and, by proving herself worthy of a better lot, won the interest and sympathy of all generous minds. Amidst all the disgust inspired by the spectacle of ecclesiastical reaction, with its heart swollen with venom, and

its hands reeking with blood, trampling upon Rome, Europe could not restrain a smile of derision when it beheld the French soldiers, the formidable descendants of the race of 1793, the contemptuous heirs of the scoffs of Voltaire, kneeling down on the pavement of the public squares, in order to receive from the hands of the Pope, as the reward of their victory and of the pontifical restoration, scapularies, indulgences, rosaries, relics, and other precious treasures hallowed by the papal benediction! The officers, more fortunate than the common soldiers, were recompensed for their zeal and valour by admission to kiss the pontifical slipper, an honour of which they appeared prouder than their fathers had been when they received imperial rewards on the glorious battle-fields of Jena and Austerlitz.

On the entry of the French army, the Roman officers, formerly in the Pope's service, and who, after his flight, had fought for the defence of Rome, transmitted to General Oudinot a protest, in which they declared themselves, under the circumstances, freed from their oaths to the Pope, and broke their swords in token of their liberation by the overthrow of the Roman Republic.

### GARIBALDI.

Garibaldi, followed by three thousand men, issued from Rome by one of its gates, at the very moment that the French army entered by another. This military leader, who had received from the reactionary hatred of many, and from the terror he had inspired in others, the appellation of "chief of the band of brigands," had distinguished himself during the siege both by his deeds of valour and of daring. Nothing could resemble more closely the exploits of Achilles under the walls of Troy than the Homeric prowess of this hero. His earlier achievements in South America had already spread through Europe the fame of his impetuous gallantry and of his indefatigable activity. Unequal to the part of a great general, and which, indeed, he had himself

invariably the modesty to decline, he was without a rival as a leader of irregular troops, and even Spain, in her glorious war for independence, could not produce a *guerillero* to be compared with Garibaldi. Almost idolised by his soldiers, they respected and feared as much as they loved him. On his part he felt towards them as to brothers, and bore his full share of the privations and sufferings which war entails, whilst he required that each of them should share in its dangers. He exacted from his subordinates the strictest discipline and the most implicit obedience; whenever he enlisted recruits, it was his practice to give them full warning on this head. During the leisure moments of a garrison, he treated his men almost on the footing of comrades, but no sooner were they in the presence of the enemy than his severity was inflexible, and appeared to verge upon cruelty. More than once has he punished with his own hand, by blowing out his brains, a soldier who had infringed some rule of discipline, or who winced from an order given, whatever it might be; but, however prompt to punish cowardice or disobedience, he was equally so to reward zeal and bravery. This discipline guaranteed that 1,000 men under his command should equal at least 4,000 under that of another. After leaving Rome with his 3,000 followers, he was obliged to force a passage, sword in hand, across the Roman provinces and Tuscany. Chased by the French and Austrian troops like wild beasts, he worsted them in several encounters, until he at last arrived between Rimini and St. Marino, when finding himself in want of everything, above all of provisions, he was obliged to disband his troops, already reduced to less than one-half their original number by hunger, sickness, and all those sufferings to which they had been subjected by long marches, day and night, over a rugged tract of country, through forests, and across the Appenines. After parting from his men, Garibaldi had still much to suffer. He directed his steps towards Liguria, his native land, travelling by night, and hiding himself during the day in caves



or thickets, or in the rushes of the marshes, to escape from his pursuers. In the course of this long and dangerous journey he had the misfortune to lose his wife, to whom he was strongly attached, and who had constantly accompanied him through all his adventures. She sank beneath the moral and physical sufferings of this last trial. Confiding the charge of interring the remains of his ill-fated helpmate to the piety of some country people, he continued his perilous Odyssey, almost heart-broken. Escaping from a hundred ambuscades, as of old did Marius when flying from the proscription of Sylla, he reached at length his native country, from which he returned to America, reserving his courage and his sword for better times to further the cause of Italian liberty, the constant object of all his wishes and all his efforts. Such of his companions in misfortune as did not perish from want, fell, almost all of them, into the hands of the Austrian soldiers or Pontifical *sbirri*, who, according to the caprice of the moment, either shot or hanged them, or sent them to the galleys to be coupled in chains with assassins.

Meanwhile, Bologna, the second city of the Roman States, after a courageous resistance, rendered the more difficult by the absence of its principal youth at the defence of Rome, was compelled to yield to a numerous force of Austrians, who again imposed upon it a yoke of iron in the name of his Holiness, and to complete the Papal restoration. The Austrians bore an old grudge to this important town on account of its heroic defence, in 1848, against the efforts of General Welden. This is so glorious a page in the history of the Italian revolution as to deserve a brief record in these sketches, more particularly as it offers an encouraging lesson to those Italians who despair of the regeneration of their country, because of the numerical superiority of the foreign forces which oppress it.

On the 28th July, 1848, General Welden, at the head of a considerable body of Austrians, after having sacked and burnt Sermide, a large town on the Po, and treacherously



obtained possession of Ferrara, marched upon Bologna, styling himself in his proclamations the "Protector of the Pope," which same Pope Austria had abused and persecuted only a year previously, when she considered him liberal. This declaration was accompanied by a threat to treat every town that did not open its gates to him in the same manner as Sermide. The Bolognese, at the approach of the enemy, in spite of the pacific and timid counsels of the apostolic legate, prepared themselves for defence. Welden halted outside the town, but sent in a certain number of his men, as if on leave to amuse themselves, but with instructions to pick a quarrel with the inhabitants by the display of impertinent airs. He hoped by this stratagem to irritate the citizens to acts of violence, which would furnish him with a pretext to inflict a heavy fine upon a city noted for its wealth. The Austrians excel in the art of extorting money from the various populations they have to do with. The scheme succeeded according to Welden's wish. The soldiers sent into the town conducted themselves in a most insolent manner, and were driven out of it, mobbed and thrashed to their hearts' content. Welden, who desired no better, imposed upon the city a fine of 500,000 fr. (£20,000.) This the citizens refused to pay, and a scuffle ensued, in which an officer and soldier were killed; the Austrians then rushed upon the town in a body, but they found the gates closed. Welden brought forward his twenty-four pounders against the St. Felice gate. On the first cannon shot fired, all the bells of the town began to toll, and filled the air with their lugubrious echoes. The people sallied forth in arms, with the cry of "Italy for ever!" and attacked the enemy with so much impetuosity, that, unable to resist the shock, he abandoned his post precipitately, leaving behind his dead and wounded. The enemy then assailed and took Montagnola, a public walk and terrace on a hill above the city, and which had not been sufficiently guarded by the citizens. From this post he opened a galling fire upon the city. The people,

joined by some riflemen and artillerymen of the town, resolved on another attack upon the enemy thus advantageously posted. The assault was fierce on the one side, and the resistance obstinate on the other, but after a desperate engagement of four hours, the position was carried, and the defeated Austrians abandoned the struggle once more, leaving behind them a considerable number of dead and wounded, and fifty prisoners. Next day, Welden, irritated and ashamed, was strongly inclined to return to the attack, but receiving intelligence that the population of the surrounding country were hastening to the succour of the town, he thought it wisest to decamp with the artillery, 2,000 infantry, and 500 cavalry that were left him.

After the battle of Novara, the town of Casalmonferrato made a brave defence against a numerous Austrian column, commanded by General Wimpfen, which arrived before its gates, and began a cannonade upon the place. Assisted by some veterans in the local barracks, the townspeople repelled this attack successfully, and with the national cry of "Italy for ever!" drove back their assailants to a respectful distance, after having killed and wounded great numbers. In fact, neither courage, intelligence, nor enthusiasm was wanting to the Italians; what was unfortunately lacking in their last revolution was a mutual good understanding, with unity of principles and views. The jealousy and rivalry of the different political parties did far more mischief than foreign bayonets. Let us hope that the lessons of the past may be profited by hereafter. In Tuscany, where the Republic had been unable to take root, Guerrazzi was clandestinely preparing the restoration of Leopold, who, indeed returned to his States preceded by that degrading safeguard,—a body of Austrian troops! The reactionary party received with open arms their Grand Duke, whose first act of authority was the imprisonment of Guerrazzi. That individual, who ought never to have relinquished literary pursuits, in which

he had acquired so high a reputation, had ventured on the tempestuous sea of politics, on which he was wrecked, foundered and completely lost. Attempting by half-measures to conciliate all parties, he finally managed to make himself detested by all, for all thought themselves ill-used by him. He fell into disgrace even—at least, apparently—with the very Prince whose restoration he had prepared.

Modena again sank into the hands of its petty Tiberius: Parma and Placenza into those of their petty Sardanapalus.

Of all the offspring of this Italian insurrection,—which, had it not been for the rivalry of politicians, the cabals of the Jesuits, and the treasonable practices of the reactionary party, might have secured the independence and the liberty of the nation,—there now remained standing (putting Piedmont out of the question,) free Venice alone, the circumstances of whose astonishing resistance and inevitable fall we shall next have to recount.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### SIEGE AND FALL OF VENICE.

AFTER the fall of Rome, Venice still held out against the Austrians, who strictly blockaded it by land. We left Venice under the administration of a Provisional Government of her own choice, with Manin at its head.

We should fail in the obligations imposed upon us by our task if we did not devote a few lines to this celebrated citizen, who sacrificed his family and his fortune to the Italian cause, and who has the highest claim to the veneration of all Italian patriots, and of all noble spirits, of whatever nation, on account of the deep sorrows which, as a husband and a father, have overwhelmed him in honourable exile. Daniel Manin, the son of a barrister in Venice, was born in 1804. Destined to the profession of his father, he was educated at Padua, where he constantly distinguished himself by his talents and application. Being admitted a member of the University, he added to his study of the law and mathematics that of the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, English, French, and German languages. His superiority over his fellow students was always remarkable, and whilst still young he published some literary works which acquired him a brilliant reputation. He was called to the bar at the age of 27, and practised his profession with all the dignity of a pure conscience and perfect integrity; his success in it increased rapidly and constantly. Inspired with the most lively attachment to his country, he let pass no occasion to oppose with energy the arbitrary proceedings of the Austrians,—an undertaking fraught with extreme danger under a government so suspicious and despotic.



Before relating the story of the siege and fall of Venice, it will not be irrelevant to cast a rapid glance at its topographical and military position. The north-western extremity of the Adriatic receives the numerous rivers which flow from the Rhætian and Noric Alps. The alluvial soil brought down by these streams, being driven back at their mouths by the incessant action of the sea, forms extensive banks, running parallel to the coast, which inclose those shallow lakes of brackish water, studded with islands, to which has been given the name of "Lagunes." In the centre of the most remarkable of these lakes, on an archipelago of small islands, connected together by hundreds of bridges, is situated Venice, a city whose situation, origin, and history are perfectly unique. He must be very ignorant or very barbarous who feels no sentiment of admiration or respect for this ancient Queen of the Adriatic, once the undisputed mistress of the world's commerce, but now reduced to the condition of a slave: a poor dethroned queen, sighing over and lamenting her past grandeur, seated amidst those numerous and splendid monuments which still bear witness to it,—the produce of the genius of her children, of riches levied from the whole world, or relics either of the Greece of Pericles or of Byzantine Greece.

Venice, thus separated as well from the continent as from the open sea, is naturally difficult of approach; but art has superadded other means of defence to a situation already strong by nature. The coast and passes are protected by eight forts and several batteries, which render it almost impossible to effect a landing or to make any attack from the sea. The inland side of the lagoon is also studded with small forts, and every attempt from the continent is guarded against and opposed by three important outworks, Treporti to the north, Malghera to the west, and Brondolo to the south. The city itself is entirely unfortified. But its peculiar situation as it existed formerly has been in a certain degree modified by the construction of the magnificent bridge which serves as a viaduct for the railroad, and

is a complete wonder of art, consisting of 222 arches, 3,600 yards in length by 9 in width, and raised four yards above the water. This entirely spans the lagune, and connects Venice with the continent close to Mestre. To secure Venice it was expedient to destroy this bridge entirely. Such was the opinion of General Pepe and the wish of the whole population, but the Government opposed it, for which it was much to blame.

The garrison of 21,000 men, composed of Venetians, Lombards, Neapolitans, Romans, and Piedmontese, was commanded by the veteran Pepe, having under his orders several good superior officers, among whom were the brave General Ulloa and the intelligent Colonel Cavedalis. With this force he was obliged to provide for the service of the interior of the city, and to garrison the different forts and numerous posts scattered along the whole line of defence, which was very extensive.

It was at this period that the enemy made trial of a new contrivance for throwing bombs into Venice. The inventor was an English adventurer, and his system consisted in fastening bombs to balloons, which were to carry them over the besieged city and then drop them. On the 12th July, a frigate, anchored behind the Lido, sent up a score of these bomb-balloons, but not one of them fell into Venice. Nearly all either burst in the air or dropped into the lagunes; some few took the direction of the besiegers themselves. The Venetians finished by turning into ridicule this experiment, which in the outset had greatly alarmed them.

Under all the circumstances, when Venice constituted itself a Republic, it committed, in our opinion, a political error, as that form of government, (which is, of course, the abomination of all kings,) by separating it from Lombardy, otherwise administered, increased the differences already existing in the north of Italy. This occurred too at a most critical moment, when the closest union between the different fractions was the most essential element and absolute condition of that object to which the views and efforts

of all Italians ought to have been exclusively directed,— we mean the expulsion of the foreigner. This error was implicitly admitted on the 3rd of July, when the Venetian Assembly decreed a union with Piedmont : but it was then too late, the Piedmontese army having already begun to sustain that series of reverses which issued in its destruction. Besides, this union wanted cordiality from having been too long deferred. Manin, on resigning his power as President of the Republic, made his submission with dignity to the new Government emanating from Piedmont.

On the 9th August, the entrance of the Austrians into Milan was known at Venice. The people became restless, and disturbances took place. The Piedmontese Commissaries endeavoured to appease them by disguising the truth. On the 11th General Welden sent to Venice official accounts of the fact. The crowd then repaired to the Square of St. Mark, where the disorder and confusion became extreme. The irritated people cried out, "Down with the Piedmontese Commissaries!" "Manin for ever!" Manin employed his efforts to appease the popular excitement, and promised a change of government by the 13th. He provided for the interval by constituting himself Dictator. On the 13th the Assembly nominated a dictatorial triumvirate, of which Manin was President. The people hailed this revolution with enthusiasm. The Dictator and Pepe ought to have taken advantage of the moment, to attack with 10,000 to 12,000 men the Austrian troops blockading Venice, but they were not aware of the numerical weakness of the enemy, and by excess of prudence let the opportunity pass. The Austrians then commenced a serious attack upon Malghera, the most important point of the defence ; but the artillery of this fort returned the enemy's fire so briskly and accurately that it overturned several of their pieces, and killed about forty of their men, who were behind the entrenchments.



In accordance with the armistice of Milan, the Sardinian fleet left the Gulf of Venice, from which the King of Naples had previously recalled his own. The Venetian squadron was too weak to oppose alone the Austrian fleet, so that a blockade of the city was then established by sea also. This circumstance deprived the inhabitants and troops of all hope of supplies, the want of which, indeed, was already severely felt. The Piedmontese and Romans who formed a part of the garrison received orders from their respective governments to quit the town, which deprived it of 6,000 men. Pepe had now only 15,000 remaining, but he employed every possible means to maintain them in good order and discipline, which was no easy task, the greater part being volunteers. With a good organisation and perfect discipline this garrison might have sufficed for a longer resistance, but on account of the marshy nature of the district and the want of wholesome provisions, one-third at least were sick and in the hospitals. The barracks were insufficient, and a part of the soldiers had no other shelter from the inclemency of the winter than boarded sheds. The military administration was deplorable, the soldiers ill-clothed and ill-fed, and the hospitals in a wretched condition, notwithstanding the generous assistance afforded by the citizens.

Our limits will not permit us to relate all the sallies and other achievements, in which the besieged displayed their intrepidity, obtaining constant advantages over the enemy. But we must not pass over in silence their famous sally of the 27th, against Mestre, for it led to a most serious engagement. This town is three miles distant from Malghera, and contained a garrison of 2,500 men, who had thrown up entrenchments and other works to fortify themselves in the place. 2,000 Italians, under the command of Pepe in person, formed into three columns, of which one was destined to land at Fusina, with the intention of getting round the town and attacking it on the opposite side; the other two assaulted it boldly in front, and were received by the



enemy with showers of grape-shot and bullets, the latter being fired from the houses, which had been loop-holed. The assailants were thrice most severely repulsed, but thrice they returned to the assault with such valour and determination that they succeeded in penetrating into the town and drove out the enemy, whose dead choked up the houses and streets. The third column also beat the Austrians, whom it encountered at Fusina, and captured their cannon, but arrived too late to take part in the brilliant affair of Mestre. The Austrians lost at this place 300 killed or wounded, 600 prisoners, eight pieces of cannon, and a considerable quantity of baggage and ammunition. The total loss on the side of the patriots amounted to 250 men. The Italians displayed a courage and resolution which might be envied by veteran troops. The Lombard legion, which was the first to effect its entrance into the town, conducted itself with remarkable gallantry. Mestre, being a post altogether beyond the lines of the defence, was abandoned by the victors who returned to Malghera the same evening. This victory, which was the most important of those obtained by the besieged, was celebrated with enthusiastic rejoicing at Venice.

The Triumvirate was no sooner installed than it endeavoured to improve the financial resources of the city, which were in a miserable state, and its efforts were rewarded by a measure of success. Both Piedmont and Rome remitted sums of money to the besieged. The various classes of the population vied with each other in generous and disinterested acts. Every article of luxury was devoted to the benefit of the commonwealth, and the women, as well of the upper classes as of the people at large, with the greatest alacrity offered on the altar of their country all their ornaments and jewels. General Pepe himself set the example, by renouncing entirely the pay to which his rank entitled him.

On the 15th February, a newly-elected Assembly being installed, the dictatorship of the Triumvirate ceased. The

new Assembly restored to the Triumvirs their executive powers. This measure not satisfying the people, who knew and recognised Manin alone, the crowd repaired tumultuously to the ducal palace, where the Assembly held its sittings, and demanded Manin with loud outcries and threats against such of the members as they supposed to be his opponents. Manin appeared, and dismissed this multitude by a few words addressed to them in a tone of severity; and on the 7th March the Assembly finally constituted a Government, of which Manin was named president, with the most ample powers.

The renewed declaration of war by Piedmont against Austria caused the most lively joy and sanguine hope in Venice, but both joy and hope were soon destroyed by the defeat of Novara. The Assembly, not suffering itself to be discouraged, decreed that resistance should be maintained at all risks, and again invested Manin with the dictatorship. But the conclusion of peace with Piedmont enabled Radetzky to send against Venice a reinforcement amounting to 30,000 men. The enemy was now conscious of his superior strength, and determined to attack Malghera according to the most approved rules of military science.

This siege is too glorious for the Italians not to devote a few lines to it. Malghera contained a garrison of 2,500 men, commanded by the brave Ulloa, with 150 guns. The enemy opened his trenches in the night of the 29th April, and suddenly unmasked batteries mounting sixty pieces of cannon, which poured upon Malghera a tremendous shower of balls, shells, and bombs. The fort answered this fire with equal fury, and it was kept up on both sides till nightfall. The advantage remained on the side of the Italians, whose missiles had occasioned the enemy much more damage than they had themselves sustained. Radetzky, who was present at the attack, thus became convinced of the extreme difficulty of taking Venice. On the morning of the 5th, consequently, he ordered the fire to cease, and sent a flag of truce to summon the city to surrender at

discretion. Manin replied by a refusal. On the 6th hostilities re-commenced, and an incessant cannonade was kept up on both sides until the 11th. The besieged made repeated sallies, and destroyed the enemy's works, which, however, were repaired by night. On the 24th, at five in the morning, the Austrian batteries, increased to the number of eighteen, and mounting in all 151 cannon, began to pour upon the place an overwhelming shower of projectiles of every kind and size. The fort replied with not less vigour. Malghera, thus assailed day and night, was reduced to extremity. Though the courage and perseverance of the besieged remained unimpaired, Manin and Pepe ordered its evacuation, which was effected in the night between the 26th and 27th. The garrison carried off their wounded, and retreated in good order to Venice. During the last week the Austrians had discharged more than 40,000 projectiles, and had killed or wounded 400 men. They themselves had lost 700. Nothing was found in the abandoned fort but heaps of rubbish and ruins; the enemy was constrained to admire the bravery and constancy which had been displayed by the besieged. On taking possession of Malghera, the Austrians also occupied Fort St. Giuliano, built upon an islet at a very short distance from it; but they had no sooner entered than a mine, which had been dug under the magazine, exploded, and the whole of the little garrison was either killed, wounded, or blown into the lake.

The Italians in their retreat blew up the arches of the viaduct at three different places. The occupation of Malghera and of that part of the viaduct, connected with it, permitted the Austrians to advance their batteries against Venice; but it was only on the 10th of June that they unmasked them. The cannonade never ceased until the 1st of July, but it did inconsiderable mischief, on account of the great distance. The situation of Venice becoming daily more critical and insupportable, Manin applied to the Cabinets of Paris and London to take Venice under



their protection, requesting them to save it from the tyranny of Austria. But the English Government replied that the right of Austria to the possession of Venice was established by the treaty of Vienna, which was guaranteed by England, and could not, therefore be set aside. The French Government, by the tenor of its reply, manifested in words more sympathy for this city, equally unfortunate and heroic; but, notwithstanding all the interest professed, the Venetians obtained nothing more from the two Cabinets than the advice to submit as soon as possible to the legitimate power of Austria. M. de Bruck, one of the Austrian plenipotentiaries, who had negotiated the peace with Piedmont, then entered into correspondence with Manin for the surrender of Venice; but a letter from Kossuth, containing the most pressing exhortations to persevere in holding out, and accompanied by strong promises of supplies in men and money, induced the Dictator to break off all negotiation.

The Austrians, finding that their fire produced no effect whatever upon Venice, adopted a new method with their batteries, which consisted in giving a greater elevation to their parapet, and an angle of 45 degrees to the inner *talus*. Raising their guns against this talus, and fastening them firmly to its timbers, after having mounted and fixed them solidly on carriages made on purpose, in the form of sledges, they calculated that the projectiles would now take a circuitous course, and complete an immense parabola, by which they would traverse, according to their different calibre, a distance of 4,000 to 5,000 yards. To produce a still more terrible effect, these new batteries opened their fire in the midst of the night of the 28th July, after a cessation of ten days, employed in the preparation of this improvement, which were of a nature recalling to mind the catapults of the ancients. It would be impossible to describe the alarm and confusion of the Venetians as this sudden and unexpected shower of balls, grenades, rockets, shells, and bombs fell in all directions in the streets,



squares, and houses. Then might be seen in the midst of the darkness of the night, illuminated at moments by the explosion of the projectiles, thousands of families in the utmost distress and half naked, escaping hurriedly from the part of the city which was exposed to these horrors, to seek an asylum elsewhere, and the inhabitants of such quarters as were further removed or more sheltered receiving them like brethren, and sharing with them their bed and board. During the twenty-four days that this dreadful bombardment lasted, more than 24,000 projectiles were fired into Venice. It is easy to imagine the damage which they occasioned to a city so much adorned with monuments of the fine arts.

But it was not the bombardment that most distressed this valiant population. Thirst, famine, and the cholera made still greater havoc among them than the Austrian batteries. The deaths attributed to this dreadful epidemic disease were estimated at 400 a day. Entirely worn out and deprived of all further means of resistance, Venice was at length reduced to the necessity of yielding to its cruel destiny. Manin himself, perceiving the Italian cause to be desperate, had now recourse to the mediation of M. de Bruck, who simply transmitted his message to Radetzky, as the only proper arbiter of the fate of the unfortunate city. Radetzky declared that, as he did not recognise the Government of Venice, he would not consent to treat with it on the subject of capitulation. Manin was, therefore, obliged to send to the enemy's camp a deputation of the municipality to represent the city. General Gorzkowsky, whom Radetzky had invested with full powers, showed himself inflexible, and imposed upon Venice all those rigorous conditions which an enemy irritated by so stubborn a resistance, and by so many losses, conceives himself entitled to exact from a rebellious town that has been vanquished.

On the 27th August, Pepe, Tomaseo, and the 40 citizens excluded from the benefits of the amnesty, left the city as exiles, in the deepest affliction at the ill-success of their

efforts to save this heroic and beloved city. General Gorzkowsky took possession of it on the 28th, as governor, at the head of his troops, and in the name of his Majesty the Emperor of Austria, its sole legitimate Sovereign, and Radetzky repaired in haste from Milan to enjoy this fresh triumph.

The victor extolled the Imperial clemency in not delivering to the hangman whole crowds of "worthless rebels," who (as he pretended) deserved no better usage. On the arrival of Radetzky a *Te Deum* was commanded,—that conventional hymn, by which conquerors, reeking with blood, dare to degrade Divine Providence, by attributing to it a participation in the conflicts of human passion. This solemn *Te Deum* was chanted in the church of St. Mark by the same clergy who a few days previously had there implored the blessing of the Almighty upon the cause of Italian independence and liberty.

Thus, without forfeiting the dignity of a dethroned Queen, Venice sank once again into slavery. But the noble city, though abandoned entirely to itself during so long a siege, had gloriously shown what self-denial, what sacrifices, and what heroism a people are capable of, when resolved to regain that inheritance of liberty of which political treason and brutal force have deprived them.

## CHAPTER XVII.

COUNSELS TO THE ITALIANS, IN VIEW OF A WAR BETWEEN ENGLAND AND FRANCE ALLIED AND RUSSIA  
—FATHER VENTURA — FATHER GAVAZZI — FATHER UGO BASSI.

SINCE the period when we began these sketches\* the political situation of Europe has changed to such a degree that Italy, though no sharer in the preparations for that great struggle which is about to commence, and condemned to be a mere spectator of them, has necessarily partaken in the effect of the commotion produced. This new phase into which all the Powers of Europe, whether great or small, have entered, has of course changed her hopes and her calculations as to future prospects, although her wants and aspirations remain ever the same. The principal condition requisite for the emancipation of Italy,—the *sine qua non*, in fact,—is the overthrow of Austrian domination; for effecting which she has always reckoned upon the support of England and France. When the political horizon became overcast in consequence of the encroaching pretensions of the Czar and the brutality of Prince Menschikoff, the probability of a European war presented itself to the Italians as the only plank which offered them a chance of escape after their last shipwreck; and self-interest, excusable enough considering the insupportable condition in which they have been placed by the politico-clerical reaction, prompted them to put up to Heaven the most ardent prayers for the occurrence of what, under other circumstances, they might have regarded as a universal calamity. According to those calculations of pro-

\* The "Sketches on Italy" were begun in October, 1853, and finished in April, 1854.

babilities by means of which the human intellect seeks to divine the course of future events, the Italians might be allowed to hope that Austria, from conformity of principles, and indeed as a matter of necessity, (the more ingenuous thought, from gratitude also,) would be drawn into the orbit of Russia, and forced to take part with her; the immediate consequence of which would have been the avowed intervention of England and France in favour of an insurrection of Italy. This supposition was but a delusive dream. Austria took an opposite course. As for ourselves, we were not in the least surprised at this, for the words of Prince Schwarzenberg, when President of the Cabinet of Vienna, were engraven in our recollection, words the utterance of which was so speedily followed by his death. "We shall shortly astonish the world," said he, "by our *enormous ingratitude*." Prince Schwarzenberg had been the leader of that opposition which exerted all its efforts to prevent Russian interference in Hungary. He clearly foresaw that, in accepting the Czar's help, Austria was incurring his guardianship; and it is characteristic of wards to detest their guardians, and to endeavour to get rid of them as soon as possible. The spirit of Prince Schwarzenberg seemed, but a few days back, to have passed to his successor, and his prophecy to be on the eve of accomplishment.

Although Austria has not yet bound herself by a formal treaty of alliance with the Western Powers, she has certainly not declared herself in favour of Russia. France, in order to gain her over more effectually to the cause of the Allies, lately proclaimed before Europe its determination to put down and stifle insurrection on whatever point it may occur; and though the leader of the House of Commons disclaims for the British Government participation in this intention, the ominous avowal from Paris annihilates for the present all the hopes and calculations of unfortunate Italy. She has now no resource but to await the course of events with resignation, like that of martyrs



in the midst of the flames, or in the grasp of wild beasts about to tear them to pieces. Any ill-timed movement would immediately be crushed, and the insatiable avidity of the oppressors would turn it to their profit. The Athenians erected an altar "to the unknown God." Independently of the true Deity who governs the universe, the oppressed have often a secondary divinity. This "unknown God" of theirs is most generally known in Europe by the title of *L'Imprévu*. He is regarded as shrouded in the mists of futurity, and presiding over those accidents and events which no human sagacity can foresee or control. *L'Imprévu*—another name, after all, for Divine Providence—may by a single blow upset all human calculations and all the contrivances of diplomacy, and in the twinkling of an eye change completely the face of Europe.

Let the Italians remain, then, calm spectators of the great drama about to be enacted, and let them rest their hopes on *L'Imprévu*, which may appear in their favour when least expected. Let the different populations of the Italian peninsula continue to cultivate among themselves that fraternal intercourse which has already succeeded in very considerably diminishing, and which will at length entirely obliterate, those party feuds, municipal hatreds, and old provincial rivalries which have always produced the baneful fruit of discord, and offered the key of our gates to foreign invaders. Let those who have received from the Supreme Being the gift of superior intelligence, employ their most active endeavours, in spite of the politico-clerical Inquisition, (which has a hundred eyes to watch, a hundred ears to listen, and a hundred axes with which to strike) in enlightening the masses on the subjects of their wants, and of the political and religious reforms so indispensable to the happiness of a nation, and in inculcating the duties which every good citizen owes to God and his country. Let them inspire the people with a salutary distrust of the intrigues, cabals, and suggestions of Jesuitism, which, as the faithful agent and interested auxiliary of political and

religious despotism, aims only at misleading the masses, corrupting the heart of youth, and stifling, wherever they shoot up, the germs of every generous idea of independence, liberty, and national dignity. Whether in secret assemblies or in confidential intercourse, let no time be lost or mis-employed in exciting angry feelings by fatal discussions on different systems to be followed, or different forms of government to be established. Let that blind idolatry, which has been shown for particular individuals, be entirely laid aside, and let this great maxim be adopted:—"That for the regeneration of a nation particular names signify nothing; it is the idea itself which is everything." Let the Italians in their present forced situation of expectancy, occupy themselves with this sole care, to strengthen among themselves and to tighten those patriotic bonds which ought to unite all Italians in one family of brethren. Thus will they best prepare for turning to advantage every favourable chance which the future may have in store for them. The warrior who watches in arms, prepared for the combat, will always fight better than he who allows himself to be surprised asleep and unarmed.

Supposing even that Austria should declare herself against Russia, and that in consequence the war undertaken against the Czar (a just and holy war, if ever any was) turn to the advantage of the Western Powers, the final result of every war is peace. The allied powers have declared that they take up arms solely for the humane object of establishing once for all a solid and durable peace throughout Europe. It is, therefore, to be hoped that the conquerors, after having disposed of the chief present obstacle to peace, viz., the ambition and encroaching disposition of the Czar, will also be disposed to employ their best efforts in removing all other obstacles capable of affecting in future, whether directly or indirectly, that tranquillity in Europe which is the *summum bonum* of nations, and the acquisition of which will have cost these Western Powers so large an expenditure of money and of life.

It is notorious that Italy (under which denomination we do not include Piedmont) cannot possibly continue to exist in that unnatural and truly deplorable condition in which she now is. We have already depicted her wretchedness and slavery, which may be summed up in a word as a *state of permanent martyrdom*. Mr. Gladstone, whose sentiments and principles are known to be so moderate, has proved by his letters, circumspect as they are, all the horrors committed by the Neapolitan Government, and which before his publication many persons imagined to be visionary, or at the least that the accusation was purposely and wilfully exaggerated by disaffected parties. As to the States of the Church, we will repeat for the last time what all men of generous sentiments and of shrewdness, and all publicists of any honesty have ever declared, that of all kinds of absolute government that of the priests is by many degrees the worst. That ambitious, isolated, and selfish caste crushes the populations with the two-fold tyranny of the throne and the altar; there is nothing more hideous under the sun than cruelty backed and sustained by hypocrisy. It would be useless to recapitulate the miserable condition of the other petty Italian States, subjected to all the caprices of princes the types of Helio-gabalus in miniature. As to Lombardy and Venice, we have more than sufficiently demonstrated that an irreconcilable hatred, cemented by streams of blood, must for ever separate the oppressed from their oppressors. Austria may have it in her power, by the ascendancy of brute force, to burn all the towns and hamlets, and to massacre their inhabitants, but she can never hope to captivate the affections and sympathies of those populations whom she has always affected to consider as helots, and whom, after the last troubles, she treated with so much cruelty, as mere vanquished slaves. She may continue to reign in this manner over that unfortunate and interesting country, but it will be just as death reigns over the grave. The Lombardo-Venetian kingdom may remain subdued and



enchained, but it will be like an ill-tamed elephant, watching every opportunity to strike down its hated keeper. We are well aware that Austria, consulting only her pride and avarice, says, "Provided the Lombardo-Venetians dread and pay me, I care not for their affection." Such a maxim may suffice for Austria, but cannot possibly satisfy England and France. Once convinced of the utter impossibility of a reconciliation between the victims and their oppressor, France, and above all, England (for England has always manifested sentiments of generous sympathy for this ill-used country,) might, on the conclusion of peace, and on occasion of a new settlement of the different questions of territory in Europe, persuade Austria voluntarily to renounce this inexhaustible hot-bed of discord and insurrection, on receiving in exchange some equivalent elsewhere. By liberating Italy from the yoke and influence of Austria, the great object will be attained of removing a perpetual source of trouble and a constant occasion of disturbance to that peace with which the Western Powers would permanently endow Europe.

It may be objected that no change in the present configuration of the map of Europe is practicable; to which we reply, that such an assertion would go to revive in their full force and extent the obsolete treaties of 1815, so little respected on other occasions, and which in the estimation of all the nations of Europe are considered as in fact annulled, on account of the liberal principles and the character of the Governments which now guide the affairs of England and France. To prevent the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom from proving hereafter, as in times past, a nursery of insurrection, unless the plan we have suggested be acted upon, it will be needful to stifle in that kingdom every patriotic sentiment and every national idea. But this is a moral impossibility,—unless, indeed, Austria is disposed to imitate the philanthropy of the Czar, who, in order to extirpate all national feeling in Poland, caused the population of whole towns and villages to be



transported into the midst of the snows of Siberia, or to the steppes and deserts of Tartary. Such a mode of proceeding Austria neither could nor dare put in practice ; assuredly, England and France would never permit the attempt.

One of the most powerful, and indeed an essential means, to ensure the permanent peace of Europe would be to deliver the whole of Italy both from the domination of Austria and from its immediate influence, which during so many ages have been, and must always be, a two-fold source of distrust, recrimination, troubles, and wars, embroiling the different powers and throwing all Europe into confusion. May we not, then, hope that when the opportunity arrives (as it almost certainly will,) England and France will join to secure the only satisfactory settlement of the Italian question which is possible ?

The sudden and unlooked for changes which often take place in the political relations of state with state may be illustrated by a single example :—On the evening of the 6th August, 1813, Prince Metternich, in the midst of a diplomatic party at Prague, gave his word of honour to the two French envoys at the congress, MM. de Narbonne and de Caulaincourt, that the Emperor, his august master and sovereign, would never, on any consideration whatever, abandon his dear ally and son-in-law, the Emperor Napoleon ; and the two ministers forthwith despatched couriers to *their* master with the satisfactory intelligence. On the morning of the 7th August, a declaration of war on the part of Austria against France was posted up on the walls of Prague !

Let Italy turn a deaf ear to the suggestions of those imprudent leaders who may seek to commit her prematurely ; let her remain quiet, but ever ready to take advantage of the chances and favours of *L'Imprévu*.

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We must not close this series of sketches without offering our readers the portraits of three men of eminence, all

ecclesiastics, and who have figured more or less remarkably on the stage of our revolution. Two of them have survived that melancholy drama, and continue to attract the attention of the public. The first of these is

#### FATHER VENTURA,

whom we mentioned in a previous chapter. Father Ventura is a man of considerable learning, well versed in the writings of the Fathers of the Church, and, as is affirmed, a profound theologian. He first appeared on the political stage at the accession of Pius IX., of whom he was for a long time the intimate friend, adviser, and confessor. These three-fold functions enabled him to appreciate thoroughly the weak understanding and vacillating character of that Pontiff. Of course, under the first impressions of his disgrace he was not disposed to spare Pius IX., whom he did not fail to represent as a person altogether of mediocrity, spoiled by unexpected ovations, and intoxicated by that species of deification which the people, in the transports of blind enthusiasm, had awarded him, and which, from extreme feebleness of mind, he had finished by considering as the due recompense of his merits. In Father Ventura's political writings, the theocratical principle is always uppermost, as it were, in spite of himself. Having emigrated to France after the return of the Pope to Rome, he there exhibited a complete and sudden change of principles, being desirous, as he said, of regaining the good opinion of the French clergy, whom he thought inclined to tax him with heterodoxy. So completely did he wheel round that he now passes for a champion of ultramontane ideas. He publicly retracted certain of his works, and, among others, his Funeral Oration for the victims to the cause of liberty who fell at Vienna,—an eloquent composition, which had done him the greatest honour. There appear in this funeral oration such warmth, so natural a flow of language, and sentiments so expressive, that it is impossible

to admit the supposition that it was dictated by a motive of policy rather than by real conviction. The author's retraction of it had not even the excuse which Galileo might plead for his, namely, that it was extorted by the horrors of a dungeon, and by dread of the tortures of the Inquisition. On the contrary, it was spontaneous and ostentatious. It follows that it was not in his writings, but in retracting them, that Father Ventura obeyed the dictates of policy. To such an extreme did he carry the consequences of his conversion, that he shunned all intercourse with fellow-countrymen, emigrants like himself, as if they had been infected with the plague. Dreams he still of that red hat which he missed obtaining during the balmy days of Pontifical favour? Let him at once renounce all thoughts of it. Rome is rancorous in her hate, and does not so easily pardon. We may point in proof to the avenging knife which in the seventeenth century stabbed at Venice Fra Paolo Sarpi, doomed by the Vatican for having, in the rude frankness of his writings, attacked the interests and the despotism of the Court of Rome.

The second of our three character portraits is that of

#### FATHER GAVAZZI,

well known in England by his constant philippics against the abuses of the Court of Rome. Endowed with a commanding person and a powerful voice, a dramatic style peculiar to Italian preachers, and a species of eloquence of singular effect upon the masses, Father Gavazzi stood forward a sort of St. Bernard in the Italian crusade against the oppressors of Italy. He joins extreme sensibility of heart to an ardent imagination. He has not confined his efforts to the pulpit alone. He preached both in churches and in the open air, for the purpose of awakening in the people, in the name of the Almighty, that love of liberty which emanates from Him; the rest of his time being occupied in tending the sick in the hospitals, and in suc-



couring the wounded on the field of battle. He escaped by a miracle from the fangs of his ecclesiastical pursuers after the surrender of Rome, where he had practised during the entire siege his two-fold and sacred office ; he then fled to England,—a country so noted for its hospitality, where political exiles of all nations find an inviolable asylum. A certain Italian party, whose staff-officers have their headquarters in London, and who are not remarkable for political tolerance, dislike Father Gavazzi because he has not thrown himself entirely into their hands, and accuse him of turning his eloquence to commercial account, retailing it at so much per hour. As to the first cause of reproach, we who, while adhering to our own principles, profess at the same time the most complete tolerance both in politics and religion, are very far from imputing to the Father as a crime his heterodox opinions on the best means of redeeming Italy. With regard to the alleged traffic in speeches, we can perceive no difference between the sale of ideas through the instrumentality of the press, and the disposal of them by declamation. We are fully aware that Father Gavazzi makes a good deal of money by his orations, but we also *know* that he distributes his receipts, without any distinction of principles or of party, among Italian emigrants whom he discovers in real distress, and who, were it not for his benevolent aid, would be completely destitute. This is a virtue which may well serve to screen many faults in the courageous orator, and which unfortunately finds few imitators among his adversaries and detractors.

The third and most venerable figure that presents itself before us, encircled with the rays of martyrdom, is that of

#### FATHER UGO BASSI.

On the first cries of "Liberty and Independence" which resounded from the Alps to the Faro, Ugo Bassi, then in the flower of his age, quitted his convent, and became the Apostle of this generous national movement. Inspired



with divine love, and endowed with eloquence mild, warm, and persuasive, he impressed upon his numerous auditors both the duties which they owed to the Supreme Being, and those which they owed to their country. Liberty and religion were regarded by him as identical; in fact, those two sublime principles are inseparable. The adversaries of Italian emancipation and those of religious liberty also became in consequence his bitterest foes. His noble discourses were redolent of the most exquisite savour of virtue and Christian charity. Emulating his colleague Gavazzi in acts of beneficence, he appeared in the midst of the calamities and disorders which war occasions, as an angel sent to console all distresses. There was this difference between him and most other Italian priests, that he made virtue his practice, and had a right not only to say "Do as I say," but also "Do as I do." Having fled from Rome, when it relapsed to the Papacy and slavery, he was seized on his flight by a body of Croats who dragged him to Bologna, when he was tried by an Austrian court-martial and condemned to death. It is with the most profound horror that we recall the details of his martyrdom; but historic truth, and a desire to illustrate the character of his murderers, render it necessary. On the day appointed, this illustrious victim was dragged to the place of execution, his head concealed beneath the black veil appropriated to parricides, and he was then degraded from the sacerdotal dignity with every refinement of savage cruelty. The executioner branded with a red hot iron the thumbs, and fore and middle fingers of each hand, in order to efface the consecration formerly conferred by the holy oil according to the Roman Catholic rite; the curses applied by that church to apostates and renegades were next read in his hearing with a loud voice; and he was then handed over to the secular power. His fortitude under torture, his calmness in the presence of death, his resignation to the Divine will, and his words of forgiveness, pronounced as he expired, struck even his executioners with awe, and

in spite of the hardness of their hearts drew tears from their eyes. Suddenly, a loud report of musketry announced to earth that the heavens had opened to receive a new martyr. Father Ugo Bassi, that angel in human form, fell struck by twelve Austrian bullets.

These horrors occurred in the middle of the nineteenth century, in the very States, and under the reign, of him who styles himself vicar of the God of love and mercy!

## AFTER CHAPTER.

### PRESENT CONDITION OF ITALY.

BETWEEN the period at which the preceding sketches were undertaken and the present time, there is but an interval of two years; but in our age a single twelvemonth contains many more events than were formerly comprised within a Greek Olympiad or a Roman Lustrum. In these days we see accomplished, in the space of a few months, weighty facts such as our fathers saw born, grow, and ripen only in the course of several years. All this is but the effect of the present condition of human society; it is the influence of the past upon the present, for it is given to our century to reap the harvest which former centuries, and especially the 18th, have sown.

In the midst of the rapid succession of events now taking place in Europe, has that unhappy yet noble Italy, which forms the subject of our unpretending sketches, improved in its political and social condition during the two years just elapsed? We think not, so far as the present is concerned; but we hope it has with relation to the future. Let us begin by casting a glance over the southern portion of the peninsula, and thence, traversing the small states which parcel out this unhappy country, we will ascend towards those Alps which God had given as a gigantic bulwark destined to defend its independence, and which the degenerate sons of Rome were not able to guard against the invasions of the barbarians. But the ancient Romans had themselves violated the sanctity of their summits in order to dash down upon and to subdue the then known nations of Europe. It was the punishment of reta-

liation which the barbarians inflicted upon the Romans in the decline of the Empire, by crossing the Alps to invade in their turn the land of their invaders. True, the Romans in their conquests destroyed that they might rebuild, bearing with them and scattering along their path their own civilisation ; while the barbarians destroyed merely for the pleasure of destroying, and of converting the conquered country into a desert. But in this reaction of conquest, no effort of imagination is required to recognise a Divine retribution. God has granted to the nations of the earth, as an outflow of his justice, their own independence,—that is to say, the incontestable and imprescriptible right of governing themselves in their own manner and according to their own laws, provided the latter are not framed so as to disturb the peace and safety of other nations. On no ground but that of their incompatibility with these objects can the foreigner have the least right to intermeddle with them, however he may, more or less plausibly, cloak his intervention, which is always illegal when it is not sought. But we digress, and must return to our subject.

#### KINGDOM OF THE TWO SICILIES.

Hardly could there be a more repulsive scene than that which first rises before the eye : it is that of a king pre-eminently bad, and of a people cruelly oppressed—of a king like him whom Samuel, by the command of God, foretold and pictured to the Israelites. We speak of the king of Naples and his unhappy subjects. Substituting the name of *tiger* or *hyena* for that of fox, to no one could we more properly apply than to this crowned savage, the Italian proverb—"The fox loses his coat, but not his vicious nature."

When a monarch, on account of his murderous and incendiary deeds, has, by the unanimous approval of his people, been decorated with the title of King Bomba,—a title for ever stereotyped in this case by the sanction of all Europe,—he may be sure of an immortality along with



Nero and Domitian. The moderate and statesman-like strictures of Mr. Gladstone, which should have acted as wholesome warnings to the King of Naples, as did in ancient times the admonitions of the prophets to the corrupt kings of Israel, instead of restraining his brutality, only increased in him the mania for ill-doing; and the thousands of victims of his perfidy, of whom the English tourist had indirectly become the advocate, and who from this outburst of indignant philanthropy hoped for some alleviation of their sufferings, felt on the contrary the chains of tyranny and the rod of the royal troopers all the more heavily upon their tortured frames. On the outbreak of the present war this petty Caligula, who treats his subjects beyond the Italian peninsula as a conquered people, and those within it as rebels, hoped that his Northern exemplar (who, like all originals, was much better than the copy) would come forth victorious from the great struggle; and God knows how many prayers, how many pious ejaculations, this sovereign full of superstition, but destitute of true religion, has addressed to St. Januarius, for the triumph of the Cossack knout over English and French bayonets, inferring with a logic worthy of Bluebeard that the triumph of the imperial knout of the Czar would give new strength to his own royal *stick*. Happily these prayers have by the goodness of God been borne away on the blast of the desert, and the calculations of his wolfish madness confounded; and, what does not always happen in this lower world, victory crowns the right. King Bomba, rendered furious by the reverses of his prototype and patron, avenged himself for each defeat of his beloved Russians by cudgelling such of his own liege subjects as, in mockery of the royal grief, showed either by look, word, or smile, the slightest joy at the triumph of civilisation over barbarism. To console himself for the misfortunes of his powerful friend, he brought over and took into his pay two Russian generals, to whom he confided the duty of completing the fortifications of Capua, and who, in case of

need, will be perfectly qualified to charge the people, at the head of those battalions of Swiss troopers, who letting out their heroism at the rate of 10d. a day, have, although the free children of a free country, become the upholders of tyranny. Alas! for William Tell!

In his adoration of the despotism of the Autocrat, and trusting in his sympathy, Bomba actually went so far as to insult France and England in the midst of their victories, offering, in sacrifice to his idol, two brutal deeds, which for an instant imperilled his throne and his existence as a King. These great Powers took, however, but little notice of an insult proceeding from a madman, imitating, even too closely, the generosity of the lion, which, wearied by the barking of a snappish cur, gently teaches it its distance, by a slight tap of that paw whose blow would break every bone in its skin. *Quos Deus vult perdere, prius dementat.*

For the last two years the life and conduct of this King of Naples have been invariably the same: constantly besieged and tormented by fear, which, when remorse is wanting, is the punishment of wicked princes, he in vain changes his dwelling place, and, like a modern Pygmalion, drags with him his dread of coming evil, from one palace to another: this avenging fury pursues him everywhere, nor leaves him a single moment's rest. He sees only a concealed foe in each of his subjects, all of whom he hates, with the exception of his flatterers, whom he despises. The band of foreign satellites, whom he enriches by impoverishing the State, does not protect him from the bloody spectacle, which night and day rises before his eyes,—that of a multitude of victims slaughtered by the hand of his executioners, and offered as a sacrifice to his hate and to his political vengeance. So much for his life. As to his policy, the State prisons are still full: those horrible dungeons, those noisome cells, in the depths of which thousands of honourable men undergo a lingering death, an everyday agony,

surrounded by all kinds of tortures. To these he would fain add shame, if the hatred of a tyrant had power to blast the honour of his victims, whose souls are a thousand times more noble, more lofty, and although in the gloom of a dungeon, a thousand times more free, than that of their oppressor upon his throne.

Although General Filangeri had always been a supporter of despotic government, he seemed to King Bomba too humane to rule Sicily as his *paternal* heart intended and wished, and accordingly he gave to that unhappy country, in the person of Prince Castel Cicala, a successor much better qualified to interpret and to execute the Royal will. Scarcely escaped from the wrath of England, this insensate Monarch dared again to provoke it, by calling to his private councils the creature Mazza, so dear to his master on account of his having revived and liberally administered the bastinado to his subjects,—that chief of the *sbirri* who had the effrontery to insult an envoy of her Britannic Majesty, and whom Bomba has, in spite of himself, been obliged to dismiss, in order to avoid the vengeance of England, the infliction of which all his people would have loudly applauded. For an instant the King took a spite against the Jesuits, and seemed to bear a grudge against the disciples of St. Ignatius, whom he had up to that time protected, favoured, and enriched, as being the most zealous instruments of his despotism: but in this he only yielded for a moment to some personal caprice; for tyrants are like spoiled children, who fly into a passion, kick and squall at the slightest contradiction, and throw the orange into the mud, after having sucked as much of its juice as sufficed to quench their thirst. The cloud conjured up by the spiritual threats of the Holy Father, who is ever ready to brandish the thunderbolts of the Vatican in defence of these faithful supporters of his absolute supremacy,—this cloud soon disappeared from the horizon of Caserta, and his Majesty cried *Peccavi*, humbly begging the forgiveness of the Pope and of the sainted Loyola,



whose victorious disciples were once more received into his good graces, and felt more secure than ever of the Royal favour.

Since the commencement of the present war, and especially since the victories of the Allies, and the accession of Piedmont to the alliance of the Western Powers, suspicions, espionage, the political inquisition, and all kinds of political persecutions have redoubled in this unhappy kingdom. We have seen worthy and honourable citizens bound, imprisoned, condemned to the bastinado, and some even fainting and dying under the blows of the Royal cudgel, merely for having uttered cries of joy, or for having betrayed by a smile of pleasure their secret satisfaction, while reading in the newspapers of the victories of the Alma, Inkerman, and the Tchernaya.

In the present condition of European civilisation, the continuance of such a reign is an anomaly, a flagrant crime against offended humanity, a loud contradiction to the great Powers, who, by virtue of their strength and their enlightened and liberal ideas, have declared themselves the champions of oppressed nationalities and suffering humanity. But let us quit this unhappy State, and enter a neighbouring territory, which is none the more happy for being in the hands of priests. The picture is even the same picture: Oppressors and the oppressed. This is the mournful formula which in a few words sums up the condition of all Italy, Piedmont only excepted.

#### STATES OF THE CHURCH.

This wretched country has deteriorated during the last two years, both in its civil administration and in the condition of its finances. Its continually increasing public debt has become enormous, when contrasted with the revenues of the State, whose Government, instead of encouraging agriculture and commerce, allows them to fall into the most miserable condition. The few liberal



institutions which, in 1853, survived the destruction of all the others founded by Pius IX. in 1847 and 1848, before his desertion of that cause of Italy which he had himself resuscitated and urged forward, have been gradually withdrawn from the people, by the influence of the Jesuits and by priestly selfishness, ever ready to profit by that moral weakness and those fatal hesitations which characterise the present Pope. All places having any influence upon public affairs, all important offices, which in a momentary lucid interval,—alas ! too short,—Pius IX. had wrested from the hands of the clergy, who previously enjoyed and disposed of them at their pleasure—all fell back into the clutches of the priesthood ; and Rome, condemned by sacerdotal lust of power and wealth to retrace her steps in the path of progress upon which she had so happily entered in 1847, is reduced to her former condition and antiquated customs, and again involved in that hybrid condition, in that inextricable chaos, which have restored in her case, in the full light of the nineteenth century, the darkness of the middle ages. Suspicion, espionage, political and religious persecution are the order of the day. The civil administration overthrown, chicanery triumphant, justice sold to the highest bidder, the finances more shattered than ever, morals depraved ;—these are the sad results produced by a return to the ancient system ; this is the handywork of the priestly reaction.

To the disorders and miseries of the capital add the miseries and disorders of the country, and you will have before your eyes a spectacle revolting to humanity. In vain does the Pope occasionally cast, from *his own private resources*, some hundreds of crowns upon the wretchedness of the streets and the afflictions of his people. It is not a passing alms which a Prince owes to his subjects, but institutions favourable to national industry, and laws capable of banishing for ever that indolence which is the parent of misery, dejection, and demoralisation.

Urged on by the Jesuits, the active and powerful head of whom in England is Cardinal Wiseman, the Pope by an encroaching *propaganda* continues, indefatigably and to the danger of the peace of that country, to abuse a colourable right, which may perhaps have been imprudently conferred upon him by the recent measures for the relief of the Roman Catholics, but of which he should have made a better, and above all, a less dangerous use. The exercise of this pretended right has been at all events unseasonable.

Politically speaking, his Holiness has shown much more sympathy during the last two years for Greek than for English schismatics. The common bond of despotism so reconciles and binds together the secretly or publicly contracting parties, that it not merely silences the most envenomed religious hatreds, but converts them into good offices and mutual friendship; which, however, do not last beyond the period in which their interests seem to be identical.

Any one who has followed, even superficially, the course of events during the last two years, cannot fail to have perceived the sympathy which the Pope and his counsellors, notwithstanding all their Jesuitical reserve, have felt for Russia and Austria, whilst they have disturbed by their machinations the domestic peace of Portugal, used all their efforts to disturb that of Belgium, and perpetually intrigued, and indeed are still intriguing, in Spain and Piedmont. Nor have the Papal ill-humour and ill-will been exhibited in those directions only; they have betrayed themselves in an ever-increasing coolness towards the Government of that powerful and energetic man who has been called by the votes of seven millions of people to rule over France, and who,—whether rightly or wrongly is not now the question—replaced the Papacy upon the throne in 1849: an act which deserved some little gratitude from the Court of Rome, if such a sentiment existed among politicians, and above all, in priestly politicians.

Of the acts which, during the interval we are now attempting to fill up, did the most damage to the government of Pius IX., was, without doubt, the new dogma of the Immaculate Conception, which, in spite of the opinion of many ancient fathers and doctors of the church, he imposed on pain of excommunication upon all Roman Catholics. This dogma, which the Christian world had very well dispensed with for so many centuries, aroused, among many of the least blinded partizans of Rome, numbering among them both priests and bishops, the greatest discontent, the strongest objections, and learned and solemn protests. The most moderate of its opponents, foreseeing all the evil which a false step would bring upon the spiritual authority of the Pope, already very questionable in the opinion of many people, were content to exclaim: "*Non erat hic locus.*" Indeed food and work would have been gifts much better adapted to the wants of the people, than the superfluity of a dogma which during nineteen centuries had not been necessary to enable Roman Catholics to obtain their place in heaven. It was a *coup d'état* of the papacy, suggested by the Jesuits, to make the world believe, by a decision so unexpected and peremptory, that papal absolutism and supremacy were yet in all their vigour, and that the power of the sovereign Pontiff was in our days still as infallible and resistless as in the times of Gregory VII., Alexander III., and Sixtus V. But all *coups d'état* are not destined to succeed. In the representation of this too doubtful play, although the actors and the machinery closely resembled those which Rome has ever used for her stage tricks, and which were worthy of the middle ages, she has on this occasion grossly deceived herself both as to the time and the audience; and notwithstanding the interested enthusiasm and deafening tumult of the numerous spectators who were paid for their plaudits, the piece has fallen still-born. This blunder—or, to speak more gently, this mistake—whilst clearly showing the grasping, headstrong, and incorrigible disposition of the disciples of Loyola, does little credit to



their acuteness or address—two qualities proverbial in their case, and which no one will dare to deny to their Order. The majority even of the French bishops, who, strong in the privileges acquired by the Gallican Church, might have sustained a part worthy of the successors of the great Bossuet in this drama, have degraded themselves by insipid and servile adulation to the position of mere supernumeraries and figurants, adding to this sorry occupation, the still more debasing one of becoming the mouth-pieces of hireling applauders. Hence too all the noisy festivals, the sacred bacchanalian rejoicings, which in many Roman Catholic countries have followed the definitive proclamation of the new dogma. The populace are everywhere and always the same: "*Panem et circenses*." Unhappily for them, in this case the second only of these two benefits has been conferred upon them. The *fêtes* in celebration of the spiritual gift granted by papal generosity have indeed occupied the eyes and ears, but have failed to appease the hunger of a starving people.

Surprise is occasionally expressed that in the States of the Church brigandage is still of constant occurrence. There is, however, nothing astonishing in this. It is rather the fault of the great Powers which, notwithstanding their promises, and we may add also, their wish, to ameliorate the condition of Europe, allow a government to exist which is so impoverished and exhausted by all kinds of priestly dilapidations, and thus reduced to such a deficiency of resources, that it has no longer either the power or the energy to defend its own subjects and foreigners against the attacks of highway robbers. The men who embrace this infamous calling are, in fact, encouraged by the public demoralisation, a necessary consequence of priestly government, and by the impunity arising from its weakness. The Pontifical Government, so haughty and implacable on the least demonstration of liberal opinions, has been often seen submitting to treat on terms of perfect equality with such of the bandit-chiefs as it has not been able to put



down. It has gone so far even as to guarantee their unmolested retreat, at the same time granting them by an unworthy, degrading, and contaminating engagement, pensions for life which are often refused to old servants of the State.

A Government reduced to such extremities, stricken with an incurable decline, and allowing itself to die for want of vital energy, is unworthy any longer to rank in the political order of advanced Europe; it deserves to be blotted out from the European family, and to undergo the penalty of perpetual ostracism.

#### TUSCANY.

We are now on the frontiers of that Tuscan city, whose existence has been rendered so bitter by foreign arrogance, and which has during the last two years paid too dearly for the fatal gift of beauty, by having to endure the hated presence of proud and greedy invaders.

Wretched Tuscany! We have, perhaps, never before so sadly and justly uttered as regards thee, that wish suggested by indignation and despair which Filicaja once applied to the whole of Italy, and which Lord Byron, without acknowledging its source, placed in the mouth of Childe Harold:—

“O God! that thou wert in thy nakedness

“Less lovely or more powerful!”

As we have already remarked, the Austrians, from the day of their entry into Tuscany in 1848, have always treated it as a conquered country. Since that period the Grand Duke has become, more than ever, the blind and servile instrument of the wishes of Austria, of which the general commanding her troops in the Grand Duchy is the depositary and organ. Subjection does not sit ill upon this Prince, whose sluggish and unenergetic character easily reconciles itself to the requirements of his suzerain, provided his Duchy be left to him, which the Austro-Lorraine branch settled in Tuscany only considers as a family

appanage, a kind of sinecure, or a farm held on a rack-rent, the niggardly and stingy management of which may fill its own treasury to overflowing.

Religious, as well as political, persecution has held on its course both in Florence and in the provinces. Although exciting less interest and commiseration in foreign countries than the Madias and the Cunninghams, other Christians, sufferers for their faith, have no less experienced during the last two years the severity of the Tuscan tribunals, controlled by the influence, the cajoleries, and the threats of that reactionary party which is itself patronised by the government. Imprisonment, solitary confinement, and exile have, within this period, been frequently inflicted upon Christian men, after tedious and crafty legal proceedings, for the sole crime of having been detected as the owners, possessors, or hawkers of a copy of Diodati's translation of the Bible. The recent repeal of the laws of Leopold having revived the ancient code, it follows that every Tuscan subject, who, impelled by the strength of his convictions, quits the Roman Catholic religion in order to embrace any other, although he may not leave the pale of Christianity, is for this offence alone subject to the forfeiture of all his property and even of life itself. It must, however, be acknowledged that this law, which could not more closely resemble those of Draco, is never applied in all its vigour to heretics and apostates; but the very want of courage on the part of the executive fully to enforce it suffices to show the hateful nature of the enactment—worthy of the most flourishing days of the Holy Brotherhood. We may reasonably conclude that if the burning pile of Savonarola has not been again lighted up in the squares of Florence, it is not for want of the *will* among our modern Torquemadas, but because they dare not so far insult the 19th century and outrage its public opinion, as did their predecessors of unhappy memory that of their own times. We should be astounded at the existence of so cruel a code in a land over which God has

scattered such a profusion of natural beauties, whose language is harmonious music, and whose inhabitants are renowned for the softness of their manners, if we did not know that religious fanaticism, and the hatred to which it gives birth, can transform doves into vultures, and lambs into wolves.

Like other Italian governments, that of Tuscany naturally sees with regret the constitutional system established, consolidated, and flourishing in Piedmont. It participates in consequence in their antipathy towards the Sardinian government. The rulers in these petty States tremble and grow pale at the bare thought of the revival among themselves of the constitutional principle, which, even more than Republicanism (the realisation of which is less easy,) is the great bugbear of despotism,—so to speak, the threatening phantom which ever haunts them. All the cavils which the court of Tuscany lately raised against that of Turin, on account merely of an *attaché* to the Sardinian Embassy at Florence, clearly proved the ill-will of the Grand Duke, and his strong inclination to pick a quarrel with that constitutional State, an inclination he would never have dared to exhibit, had he not been urged on by a powerful hand of whose protection he was assured, and which vainly strove to hide itself from the eyes of Europe.

#### MODENA AND PARMA.

It would be a waste of time to speak of the Duchy of Modena. This insignificant state is simply an Austrian sub-prefecture, whose duke is the sub-prefect, doomed to await and execute decrees issuing from Vienna. The fact affords a correct idea of the liberty and happiness enjoyed by his subjects.

With regard to the Duchy of Parma, upon which we next enter, we have nothing to add to our former notice of it, except that whilst nearly as unhappy as Modena, it is also more or less subject to that Austrian influence which weighs so heavily upon all the rest of Italy.



When we spoke in one of these Sketches of the bad conduct of the late Duke, both as a prince and as a man, we were far from imagining the kind of death by which he would be struck down. From well-grounded principles we detest assassination, whatever may be the pretext or the reason which arms the hand of the assassin, and we hold that it brings dishonour upon the best cause in the world. But if ever such a death can be regarded as a punishment decreed by heaven, we are compelled to admit that on this occasion it did not fall undeservedly. The youthful actions of this unfortunate Prince, and those of his short reign, too loudly testify against him to require that our assertion should be proved by details. The veil of mystery still shrouds the perpetrator of the crime and the causes which led to it.

It has been said of this affair that a celebrated party leader loves, as did formerly the Old Man of the Mountain, to strike from time to time, and by the hand of his Seyds, some illustrious and powerful victim, for the purpose of showing that his mysterious power can reach his enemies even upon the very throne. We do not give too much credit to this story: but let us admit it as a supposition, and, for the sake of argument, put in place of the Old Man of the Mountain, — —. In this case he would have proved to the world that he can indeed strike, but that he is not skilful in the choice of his victims; for what change in the present condition of Italy could be produced by the disappearance from its surface of such a contemptible being, such an absolute nullity?

Others have suspected that a religious corporation formerly vanquished, but now again raised to power, wished by this Wehmique execution to punish the petty sovereign for certain extortions, and even for certain criminal outrages committed by him against their order,—not from any political feeling or regard for the human family, but merely from greed of gain. But although there are instances of such acts of vengeance in those parts, it must



be confessed that in this case there is absolutely no evidence. It may be assumed, then, that this violent death could only be the result of private revenge, for which this petty Heliogabalus had, by his misconduct, given too much cause.

It is right to state that the present regent, to whom her unexpected widowhood brought, in spite of herself, a little rest and some liberty of action, has since the death of her husband shown a charitable disposition and a desire to ameliorate the condition of her subjects. But it is not easy to repair the evils caused to the State by the last duke; and besides it is not virtues and acts of this kind (virtues and acts more fit for the Lady Bountiful of a parish than for a princess entrusted with the administration of a State) of which Italy stands in the most urgent need. The benevolent deeds of this princess can at most heal some of the breaches caused by her husband in the commonweal from *Parma*, but can produce no good effect on the commonweal from *Italy*,—especially as the other princes who rule in this miserable peninsula give themselves very little concern about what is done beyond the narrow boundaries of their own portion of this great *farm*. Still less are they likely to imitate the small reforms, of an economical nature, of this lady; whom God, in the midst of the political and financial profligacy of her crowned colleagues, will we hope recompense for her good intentions, although they have borne but little fruit in her own small State, and are quite barren as far as others are concerned.

#### LOMBARDO-VENETIA.

We now cross the Po, that "*Fluviorum Rex Eridanus*" of Virgil, who begins his course proud of new liberal institutions, and brings it to a close under the humiliation of a foreign yoke on the one side, and a clerical autocracy on the other. As we enter Lombardo-Venetia, the exclamation of Dante when passing from one quarter of his *Inferno* to another rises to our lips:—

"Nuovi tormenti e nuovi tormentati."

(Fresh torments and new victims of torture.) To depict the actual state of the Austro-Italian provinces, we might repeat the contents of previous articles; for their condition is the same, *plus* that increase of suffering which is natural in a body subject to a chronic malady that carries it slowly to the grave. In ancient history we find no parallel to the state of this unhappy country so apt as that of Sicily under the Romans and in the grasp of Verres.

During the last two years enormous taxation, forced loans under the ironical name of "voluntary," the decay (as compared with other times) into which their commerce has fallen,—this sad accumulation of evils has completely impoverished provinces once so rich in natural productions and in the products of industry. If to all these scourges we add two others,—the *oidium*, or vine-disease, and the cholera—which, during the interval we are endeavouring to fill up, have desolated this country, it lies before us reduced to absolute distress and ruin. None but families of immense wealth can still live in tolerable comfort; the innumerable possessors of moderate fortunes, such as formerly constituted a population generally easy and well to do, are brought down almost to beggary. Luxury and even comfort, which were formerly the heritage of hundreds of thousands of families, are now the exclusive privilege of a few native millionaires, and of the foreign proconsuls sent from Vienna into these provinces in order "*y traire la vache grasse donnant beaucoup de lait*"—to use a rude but forcible expression of the Count de Lautrec to Francis I., in reference to the fertility and territorial wealth of the Milanese when invaded by the French and governed by himself.

"Bevon l'acque del Po gallici armenti,"

(French flocks are watered by the waves of Po) said Filicaja, when cursing the French invasion. For *Gallici* in this line read *Ispani* or *Tedeschi*, and you epitomise the history of Italy for seven centuries.

Austria has lately performed an act of cheap liberality by re-establishing in the Lombardo-Venetian provinces those Central Congregations which she abolished in the reaction of 1848. Troubled on the one hand by the benevolent intentions towards oppressed nations which the Western Powers have allowed to appear as the end, the consequence, and the fruit of the existing war,—and alarmed on the other hand by the ever increasing disaffection of her Italian subjects,—she flattered herself with the idea of casting dust into the eyes of Europe by means of this worthless and ridiculous concession. But the press of all countries, not excluding that in the hands of the conservative party, scouted this administrative jugglery, and unveiled the clumsy device by analysing the pretended concession, and laying bare its true nullity.

Rightly to estimate an institution which Austria parades with as much self-applause as ever did John Lackland the concession of his signature to Magna Charta, or as William III. might have done his own acceptance of the constitution imposed by the Houses of Parliament on his mounting the throne of England, we must refer to the letters patent of Francis I., dated the 7th and 24th April, 1815. Trivial as were the privileges granted by that Emperor, it is well known that at Vienna there has never been any attempt to maintain them; and when, in 1846, Manin at Venice, and Nazari at Milan,—both members of the Central Congregations—petitioned his Imperial Majesty to require from his agents that they should be respected and observed in their respective governments, those courageous citizens (who had asked most deferentially for the fulfilment of the Imperial promise) were treated as seditious tribunes, and found in imprisonment the only answer vouchsafed to their remonstrances. These two petty Assemblies—we ask pardon for degrading the common meaning of this term!—are composed, that of Milan, of 31 deputies, that of Venice of 25, all named by the Emperor. The Central Congregations are, in fact, only inferior departments of the general



administration, having nothing to do with framing the laws, settling the taxes, or managing public affairs. As subordinate agents simply, their duty is to adjust among the different provinces the taxes levied and fixed beforehand by the government, and the military contingent yearly imposed at Vienna by way of conscription. The distribution of military quarters is also among the duties confided to them, and if we add some other insignificant work which their masters deign to impose, we shall have the sum total of the great and important labours with which these conscript Fathers are intrusted. It must not be forgot that these embryo or rather abortive representatives have only a consultative voice; the result of their deliberations may be annulled by the sole and peremptory will of the Austrian Governor, who presides over them. Their term of office is six years, but every member is capable of re-election for two other sections in succession, and consequently is capable of sitting for twelve or eighteen years, according to the good pleasure of the Emperor. The most certain title to re-election is the scrupulous observance of the rule which in old times Pythagoras imposed on his disciples, who were sentenced to absolute silence for the first five years of their pupilage, or rather to employ their gift of speech no further than in saying "Yes" or "No" according to the will of their master. Such, then, is the sham national representation by which the court of Vienna hoped to dazzle and deceive, not only the Lombardo-Venetian provinces (perfectly familiar with its worth ever since 1815,) but those powers of Europe who are noble and generous enough to show some sympathy, interest, and pity for down-trodden and oppressed peoples.

Let us now see how far the administration of affairs in the Austro-Italian provinces has been ameliorated of late years. A new law has just put an end to military substitution, so that every young man whose social position and intellectual faculties would render him the pride or the stay of his family, and possibly one of his country's best



examples, is deprived of the power of procuring a substitute for money as in past times. At the most important period of his education he is compelled to stop short in his career, to don the Austrian uniform, and to march as a private soldier hundreds of miles from his family, into the midst of strange populations, speaking a strange language, there to acquire the management of a weapon directed against the interests and glory of his own country,—himself meanwhile under daily exposure to the risk of a degrading punishment for the most trivial fault.

An autograph order of the Emperor Francis Joseph, (dated December 9th, 1854,) and a subsequent ordinance from the Imperial ministry for public instruction (January 26th, 1855,) make the German language obligatory in all the schools of Lombardo-Venetia up to the year 1859, *when every branch of instruction is to be conveyed in that language.* Thus from 1860, Italian will be forbidden throughout the schools of these two beautiful and extensive provinces! Napoleon I., who wished to “Frenchify” that portion of Italy which he had so arbitrarily attached to the French empire, entertained for a moment the idea of a similar sacrilege: but he who dared every thing durst not carry out this project. Miserable country! Stabbed in that which every people holds most sacred after the national honour, the language of its ancestors! that language so harmonious and classic, which, after the fall of the Byzantine Empire, aided so largely with the Greek and Latin, to polish the languages and manners of other European nations. \* \* \* \* What barbarism! Let our oppressors at least leave us Italians of the South our dear native tongue. But they could not tear it from us, though they should leave us nothing else. The Emperor Alexander II. has just abrogated the cruel law by which his father had forbidden the use of the Finnish and Polish languages in the schools of those countries. This is simultaneous with these monstrous enactments by a Power which has the effrontery to chide the Czar for unlawful ambition!

We have before observed that since the reforms of Joseph II., Austria had at least one incontestable merit, that of religious toleration,—we may rather say, of politically equalising all Christian creeds by conferring on them the same rights, and protection in the free public exercise of their respective worship. The *Concordat*—which she has just concluded with Rome has not only absolutely destroyed this merit, which her very enemies admitted, but it places Austria, (heretofore so haughty and punctilious,) under the protection of the Holy See, as in that age of iron when Papal ambition made a profit of the weakness of German emperors. Rigidly carried out, this Concordat makes the Pope a loftier and more powerful lord in the Austrian dominions than the Emperor himself. A Pontiff of the stamp of Gregory VII. is alone wanting to renew before Europe the spectacle of an Emperor in sack-cloth, kneeling before the Holy Father and humbly craving mercy, as once did Henry IV. under the walls of Canossa. In a word, it is the eleventh century revived in the midst of the nineteenth. The direction and oversight of public instruction, and the cognizance of criminal causes which directly or indirectly interest any member of the clergy, are now exclusively committed to episcopal management. Through this concession and by a crowd of others made to the Holy See, every Bishop has, in fact, become more powerful in his own diocese than the civil or military governor of the province. This new system of things will convert the Austrian monarchy into an immense seminary,—a monster Maynooth. By the degradation of the Imperial dignity before St. Peter, the Emperor of Austria may, perhaps, purchase for himself Paradise in the other world, but it is quite certain that he will procure for his subjects the torments of Hell in this; for it is an established fact, that there is nothing in the world more vexatious, more intolerant, or more insolent, than a priesthood which joins ministrations at the altar to the management of

public affairs in a State. It is an unnatural union of two opposite and incompatible powers, which can issue in nothing but corruption, misfortune, persecution, and wretchedness, to the populations condemned to undergo such a regime.

Since the publication of this Concordat, it has often been asked why the Emperor of Austria has thus thrown himself with a rope round his neck at the Pope's feet, renouncing by a single stroke of the pen all the privileges extorted by his predecessors, abandoning to clerical reactionists many millions of his subjects, and exciting the deepest disaffection and the most just and marked resentment among all classes in the Empire, but chiefly among those most eminent for social position and intelligence. Those who profess acquaintance with the secret intrigues of Schœnbrunn accuse the Arch-Duchess Sophia, mother of the young Emperor, of having instigated this Concordat. What seems to justify the accusation is the ultra-Romanism and reactionary fanaticism of that Princess, well-known as the rabid protectress of Jesuitism and all its cabals. Others, who still in vain ask themselves the meaning of this enigma, (for so spontaneous a prostration of the Imperial power is surely an enigma,) seek it in the Limbo of political conjecture. They say that the Emperor of Russia being the Pope of the Greeks, and the King of Prussia supreme head of Protestantism in Germany, it is the interest of the Emperor of Austria also to become—from a spirit of opposition and to balance parties,—the supreme head of Roman Catholicism in that same Germany; and as it is out of his power to make himself Pope, and as little his inclination to become an Anti-Pope, he limits himself to playing the part of Sub-Pope. According to this theory, he would fain secure for ever, at the expense of his people's liberties and his own honour, the help, favour, and special protection of the Holy See, to make a grand show off in the eyes of his opponents, and to some extent identify himself with the Papacy. But if that is his object, let his Imperial



Majesty take good care of Rome; she never forgets the old proverb—" *A fourbe fourbe et demi.*"

## PIEDMONT.

The Ticino, it is well known, divides the rest of Italy from the kingdom of Sardinia, and while crossing it we may still employ the words of our divine poet who, when leaving Hell, exclaimed:—

"E quindi uscimmo a riveder le stelle."

(Thence issuing, we again beheld the stars.) Indeed, Piedmont as it has been transformed by the Constitution of 1848, is a paradise when compared with other Italian States. The foes of every liberal idea, and consequently tyrants and their base instruments, derided the Piedmontese *Statuto* as a feeble imitation of the English parliamentary system; and only regarding it as an abortion, declared it still-born on the very day on which, in the midst of popular enthusiasm, it first made its appearance. These apostles of ignorance and religious fanaticism asserted, that the peoples of Italy, so long condemned to slavery, could not adapt themselves to constitutional institutions, and were quite unfit to maintain them if once granted. They were, or pretended to be, ignorant of the fact, that in Italy, as in other countries, the three generations which have succeeded each other since 1789, and of which the two last still join hand-in-hand, advancing in concert, the one towards the tomb, the other towards manhood, have had the example of France, which has inculcated liberal theories upon them, and from time to time intervals of a fleeting liberty, which have taught them the practice of those theories. Yes! in spite of a double oppression they have been enabled secretly to instruct themselves in the art of self-government, as a clever and intelligent pupil can by himself learn much, while deceiving the pedantic watchfulness of a snappish, jealous, and ignorant tutor. In every way, Piedmont has given, and continues to give, a solemn and triumphant denial to the foolish



predictions and evil auguries of these false prophets, who like Balaam will see, at the time appointed by Providence, all their curses turned, in spite of themselves, into blessings.

We do not however, contend, that the Piedmontese *Statuto* has been free from severe trials, threatening its existence. Such there have been, originating chiefly from the party which is alarmed, frets, and trembles at the very name of liberty. Besides the secret plots of its external enemies, it had to sustain internal attacks and to baffle internal intrigues. Abroad, despotism with all its hidden resources,—at home, a parliamentary opposition, small in numbers, but systematic and obstinate; "the Red party" and the other much more active and implacable, "the black party," or that of the priests, carried on against it an open or secret, a lawful or unlawful, but always a dangerous warfare. The *Statuto* has emerged from these terrible trials, pure and refined, like gold from the furnace. Whilst we congratulate the immense majority of the nation upon this result, it must be confessed that Piedmont owes in a great measure the preservation of her new institutions, and of her national flag, to the upright character, and the wise, firm, and consistent conduct of Victor Emmanuel, with regard to whom the English press has ratified the noblest title in which a prince, and especially a Constitutional prince, should glory, that of "*Re galantuomo*" (a king and an honest man) which his grateful people have conferred upon him. This appellation, although too homely for some ears, is not on that account the less sublime. Professing the greatest respect for the genealogical tree of the house of Savoy, we yet think it a title name quite equal to that of Hubert of the *White Hands*, or of Count *Vert*, in which two of the ancestors of the present king rejoiced.

After having distinguished himself by brilliant deeds in the glorious but disastrous campaigns against the superior forces of Austria, Victor Emmanuel took up from the bloody field of Novara, the crown which Charles Albert had just abdicated in a moment of utter despair, and

which, looking at the critical circumstances of his father's abdication, was a veritable crown of thorns. He assumed it manfully, intending to wear it with dignity, honour, and glory; and this intention he has fulfilled. Many other princes would have refused it when accompanied by so enormous a responsibility. But Victor Emmanuel had faith in his future, and in the love and gratitude of his people; and he was not deceived; nor did he, on the other hand, ever wish to deceive his people, as all the other Italian princes had just done, whose example might have infected him, if the suggestions of a blinding ambition and of selfishness could have subdued the voice of honour and of conscience in his soul.

If his courage in the field of battle was heroic, it was yet greater in a struggle of a very different nature, still more terrible and cruel,—in all those domestic sorrows by which he was repeatedly smitten. With a heart lacerated and bleeding, from the successive loss of those to whom he had devoted all his tenderness and who have left a frightful void in the Royal family,—grief, however profound, never for a single instant turned him aside from the pursuit of social amelioration and useful reforms. At the very moment when his heart as a son, a father, a husband, and a brother had been so cruelly tried, the struggle between his Government and the Holy See reached its highest pitch. But in vain did Rome *secretly* inculcate upon the people through her priests that such trials were only the punishments, or at least the warnings, of heaven to the King for his obstinate resistance to the supreme decrees of the head of the Church; neither the confidence of the people nor the constancy of the King was shaken by these perfidious suggestions.

Resistance to the encroachments of the Court of Rome is not a novel merit in the house of Savoy. Several predecessors of Victor Emmanuel have contended with courage and success against the illegal pretensions of the Popes. If, then, his ancestors, who were accountable only

to themselves for their actions, bravely battled against Papal arrogance, much more was this the duty of Victor Emmanuel (a duty which he has well performed,) in his character of a constitutional king, accountable for his actions to the people. All the brawlings of the "black band" and of the fanatics, real or pretended, who worked with and for it did not intimidate him, and whilst he gloriously maintained his ground against the battalions of Austria, he resisted with success worthy of his courage the invasions of Rome. In the course of this long contest with the Holy See, he knew how to join immovable resolution to ceremonious dignity and an unalterable moderation, from which the violent and cavalier proceedings of the Vatican never turned him aside, and which in the eyes of enlightened men strengthened and increased the merits of his cause. The important and difficult question of the alienation of the property of the clergy, regular and irregular, for the use of the State, which on its part undertook to furnish the means of an honourable subsistence to the Church and to its ministers, was resolved upon by the Parliament, as a part of the new system of reform, passed into a law and peaceably carried out, notwithstanding the mutterings of papal thunder, which—rumbling, feeble, and powerless though it be in our days—had emboldened the priests, the monks, and especially several bishops to a hostile and perfectly illegal opposition. This opposition overflowed in violent and bitter protests, of which the most indecent was undoubtedly that of Monsignor Frasoni, the Cardinal Wiseman of Piedmont, and who well deserved banishment for his intolerant, factious, and seditious conduct, which was in most flagrant contradiction of the Christian spirit. The Sardinian Government paid little attention to, and made no reprisals upon, the sacerdotal wrath, noticing it only when from high places it dared to excite the people to rebellion. The nation, however, only smiled with contempt and pity at the malignant and revolting



language of these demoniacs in cassocks, who rejected in the most scandalous manner the commandment of obedience to the laws, imposed by Christ.

During the first French Empire a similar alienation of ecclesiastical property took place in Piedmont, perhaps accompanied by some secret murmurs, but without any overt opposition. Napoleon I. knew how to put both Pope and clergy in their proper place.

Another act which reflects immortal honour upon the reign of Victor Emmanuel is the assimilation, as regards the exercise of public worship and the enjoyment of civil rights, of all Christian creeds to the Roman Catholic religion, which formerly reigned supreme in the State. Nor must we forget the perfect reinstatement in their former rights and privileges of the poor and worthy Vaudois, whose local religious reformation preceded by three centuries the great continental reformation. This population of nearly 25,000 souls, settled for many centuries in three solitary valleys of Piedmont, between Montevise and Mount Génèvre, has been always isolated, despised, and persecuted like a collection of Helots or a Pariah caste. The little colony—poor, laborious, patient, and living the life of the primitive Christians,—was several times reduced to a condition as wretched as that of the first disciples of the Apostles, whom the persecutions of the Emperors forced to pray and to live in the heart of the catacombs. Faithful to the reforms of their fathers, they furnished victims and numerous martyrs to the intolerance of the Court of Rome, which, in the matter of persecution, is a worthy successor to that of Domitian and Diocletian. A wise law, called for alike by humanity, justice, and the age, has at length placed the Vaudois in the same position as their fellow-countrymen, and has thus added 25,000 good citizens to the other four millions and a half of this fortunate kingdom, who all, excepting the reactionaries, bless as with one voice a Constitution which guarantees their rights, and a Prince who religiously observes it.



But in the midst of civil and religious reforms, Victor Emmanuel did not forget the reformation of the army. At the time of his accession to the throne, it was demoralised and almost dissolved by the reverses and the treachery accompanying the battle of Novara, so fatal to the Italian cause. He undertook its reorganisation with admirable zeal and talent, and it is this able reform to which Piedmont has been indebted for its power to enter with dignity into the Western Alliance against Russia, and to send into the Crimea that brilliant army, which has surprised its Allies by its appearance and discipline, and has won the applause of Europe.

It is barely doing them common justice to acknowledge that the King's ministers, especially the Count de Cavour, have exerted all their efforts to second, under very difficult circumstances, by their own wisdom, the paternal intentions of the Prince.

The flattering reception which France and England (peoples and sovereigns alike) have just given to their Italian Ally is the result of that sympathy and admiration with which his solid as well as brilliant qualities have inspired them, and of that justice which two great nations and their powerful rulers could never refuse to real merit. It is to be hoped that the ovations so well deserved on the one hand, and so loyally offered on the other, will stand out from the ordinary class of those official *fêtes* which politeness and etiquette prescribe between princes, and that they will not be unfruitful demonstrations, or without influence on the future of that free and constitutional Italy, of which Piedmont is at present the asylum and Victor Emmanuel the defender.

Contrast now the present state of the kingdom of Sardinia with that at the fatal epoch (1815,) when Thaon de Revel, commissioner of another king Victor Emmanuel, replied to a magistrate who recommended to him an honourable merchant as being a good citizen:—"In Piedmont, Sir, there are no citizens: there is only an absolute

king who commands, nobles who govern, and plebeians who obey."

## CONCLUSION.

After the preceding statements, which have at least the virtue of truthfulness, professing only to make known heart-rending facts on the one hand, and such as afford ground for hope on the other, may we not trust that this dethroned Queen, this noble mother of two civilisations, will at length raise her head once more, and snap for ever the cruel yoke which has oppressed her through so many centuries? Oppressed, we say; for all the efforts of her tyrants have never yet succeeded in brutalising her. In the whole course of their brutalising system, they have encountered among the Italian populations whom they would fain have reduced to the condition of Helots, an intellectual force, an attachment to national traditions, a consciousness of what they have been and of what they may yet become, a patient resignation, interrupted from time to time by the wakening up of that energy which can give birth to men like Spartacus, and in fine that fire of genius which never dies. This is an assemblage of qualities surprising after so long a slavery, which has prevented the total ruin of Italy, and enables her, so to speak, to live on within herself, in spite of her tormentors.

But whence can she now derive her salvation? From her own resources? She has, indeed, a sufficiency of them, both physical and moral; but how is she to muster these forces, to develope and to bring them into play, hemmed in and guarded as she is in the minutest of her steps by 300,000 bayonets, half foreign, and half yielding slavish obedience to her native tyrants? The fatal "*Noi bastiamo a noi stessi*,"—(Our own hands suffice for us,)—first uttered by Cardinal Ferretti, and afterwards translated by Charles Albert into the yet more fatal—"*L'Italia fara da se*,"—(Italy can do all for herself,)—is perhaps natural as a burst of enthusiasm,

but can certainly never result from a sober estimate of her own means, or rather, of her power to make use of them. If this exclamation, generous in itself, did not work out the freedom of Italy in 1848, when the general overthrow of thrones in Europe and the peculiar embarrassments of Austria came to her aid, still less could it have that effect now, when triumphant reaction has given Austria a new and prominent part to play, and has for the moment strengthened the petty thrones of Italian Princes, in their turn employing the sledge hammer of reaction to rivet the chains of their miserable subjects. Unhappily the noble but romantic "*Fare da se*,"—(Act for yourself,)—must be renounced, and foreign help and mediation be accepted. We say unhappily, for no one knows better than we, the immense advantage which a nation derives from itself settling its own affairs; but in our circumstances we must make a virtue of necessity.

If, then, it be clear that for the actual work of our deliverance, we must seek external aid, whither shall we look? From whom can we expect it, if not from the two great Western Powers, who have undertaken the noble task of defending, even at incalculable sacrifices, Civilisation against Barbarism, and have already insured its triumph by a series of splendid and well-merited victories? "But what right," we may be asked, "has Italy to the mediation and active help of these Powers in the work of her own deliverance?" Two kinds of right: one general and admitted, the other partial and acquired. The first claim which Italy presents, in the face of other nations, is founded upon the sacred object with which France and England have engaged in the present war. While declaring in their proclamations, that they meant "in no way to favour the revolutionary spirit"—[for "revolutionary" read "regenerative"]—which under the shadow of this war might have burst forth in different parts of Europe, where it sleeps, or seems to sleep, but where it is far from dead, the Allied



Governments have acted with candour, but still more with astuteness. That spontaneous declaration was intended to flatter the German Powers chiefly, in the hope of inducing them to join their policy and interests to those of the Allies, which at bottom were those of all civilised Europe, and of every State which aspires after civilisation. The last two years have sufficed to show how honourably and gratefully the German Princes, with Prussia and Austria at their head, have responded to this generous profession of faith on the part of two great Powers whom nothing could hinder from adopting a tone altogether different, and even from acting as they pleased, without making any professions!

But beside this partial declaration might be noted another more general and less explicit, though none the less palpable and solemn on that account, and which at once rallied the sympathies and aspirations of every noble heart to the cause of the Western Powers. The heads of those Governments surely fixed as their common object in the war, and the final recompense of all the sacrifices it imposes on them, not only the triumph of civilisation over barbarism, but that which is its logical and necessary consequence,—the amelioration of the present state of Europe, above all, of those nations which groan under a native or foreign yoke. The continued existence of such oppression would be a perfect anomaly, a flagrant contradiction of the triumph of civilisation, and, still worse, an inexhaustible source of revolutions, thus rendering illusory that durable peace for which Europe longs. So much for the general and admitted right which Italy claims in common with all her sisters, robbed, like her, of their national inheritance, and subjected to the same bitter fate.

But further—Italy claims this right on a ground special, exclusive, and legally acquired,—won for her by the conduct of Piedmont. That power, by becoming the defender and champion of Italian liberty and glory, has become virtually authorised to act for all Italy, which



commits her interests and destiny to its charge. Victor Emmanuel was the very first to join the Western Alliance, and at a moment when that step was not without danger. The chances of war had not then become so decidedly favourable to the arms of France and England as they have since proved. The King of Piedmont shrunk from no sacrifice that he might respond worthily to the appeal of the Allied belligerents, and of all rulers he alone responded. This was surely a chivalrous act, giving in the eyes of the Emperor Napoleon and Queen Victoria a double value to his zeal, manliness, and faith in their magnanimity. The fine Piedmontese army was subjected to a fearful scourge in the diseases which attacked it on disembarking in the Crimea, and the victims which it was compelled to offer to the great European cause before it could even cross swords with the enemy, were numerous indeed. To these diseases it opposed indomitable courage, and the soldiers who escaped their deadly influence, were no less heroic at the bridge of Traktir, and on the banks of the Tchernaya. Brave Highlanders and the formidable veterans of Africa admired the valour of the Piedmontese, placed them at once on a level with themselves, and fraternised with them proudly as brethren. Victor Emmanuel, faithful to his engagements, submitted to new sacrifices of men and money to fill up the gaps which epidemics and Russian grape shot had made in his battalions. And ought not conduct so spontaneous, frank, and generous, which found no imitators in the band of timid, mistrustful, and philo-Russian princes, to meet with its recompense at the close of the war? That would be an injustice of which his great and powerful Allies are wholly incapable. No! when the conflict is over, and all accounts are adjusted, those powers will doubtless prove that they know how to separate the sheep from the goats, and to judge every one according to his works.

If, for the sins of Europe, the Czar were to be victorious, would he not punish the King of Piedmont for adopting a policy which he has already publicly denounced as un-

grateful? If favoured with victory, would he not dethrone the house of Savoy, or at least despoil it of some of its provinces, and possibly in favour of the house of Hapsburg and Lorraine, with which the Court of St. Petersburg would be well satisfied? Victorious France and England then may be expected to attempt from a sense of justice the exact opposite of that which victorious Russia would do in the spirit of revenge.

The provinces which are suggested to the mind as naturally adapted to constitute this reward for the heavy sacrifices of Piedmont are those of Lombardo-Venetia, with, perhaps, the Duchies of Parma and Modena. The reasons for annexing them to the existing kingdom of Sardinia are not less clear. In addition to that just stated, they are to be found in the necessities of Italy and of Europe alike. On neither point need we dwell at length. The sad story of that misgovernment past and present, to which the Lombardo-Venetian provinces have been subject, justifies the demand that Austria shall abandon her Italian possessions and retire beyond the Isonzo and the Alps, her natural frontier in that direction. Even her own permanent interests best consist with this proposal. It may be said that in a commercial point of view she would lose by the liberation of Venice; but what is Venice now? What has she become in comparison with Trieste, the city favoured of the mercantile and industrial aristocracy of Vienna? Besides, by the arrangements certain to result from this war, the mouths of the Danube will be rendered perfectly free to Austrian commerce, which is likely to obtain yet greater facilities in the event of the proposed canal being cut between Czernavoda and Kustendje. Austria would thus gain for her products an outlet to the Black Sea not less valuable than that of Trieste into the Adriatic. So much for material advantages: as to moral benefits, by giving-up Lombardo-Venetia, she would only abandon provinces over which she can never more reign except by terror, and where (for reasons already stated) her

name is detested and will be so long as her domination exists.

By this withdrawal, a further advantage would be secured, of incalculable value to the balance of power in Europe. Italy would be freed from that influence, direct or indirect, which Austria has long exercised over the entire peninsula, which has been, and which will be a perpetual cause of discontent, discord, and intrigue—a smouldering fire certain to keep alive civil war, and to excite revolutions continually. Austria once within her natural frontier, and meddling no longer as of pretended right with Italian affairs, her baneful influence would cease, and no more torment in a thousand ways the country which even now she looks upon as a grand fief, more or less at the mercy of her policy and her caprice.

Such is the re-organisation of north Italy which seems to be called for by regard for the well-being of the peninsula itself and the permanent peace of Europe—by the rights of the oppressed and the interests of civilisation. If we are asked *how* this re-adjustment is to be effected, we can only point once more to its necessity. A European Congress will doubtless sit, at the close of the war, to correct the map of the continent according to the state of things then existing, and with a view to a settlement containing no seeds of future discord. Italy refers her case to that high court of nations, in which the Powers now allied will have peculiar weight, and she beseeches the champions of national independence and public right then to secure for her justice.

But to return. The Parliamentary Opposition in Piedmont refused to enter into the views of the Government with respect to its alliance with the Western Powers, and the contingent it should furnish. In our opinion, while fully respecting the freedom of its opinions, the Opposition was not at that time inspired by love for the glory and independence of Italy; and it either did not see, or would not see, all the good which that decisive mea-



sure was likely to produce, not only to Piedmont, but to the country at large. Independent of the happiness enjoyed by the expeditionary army of taking in the Crimea, and against troops exercised in war, a glorious revenge for the defeat of Novara, and thus winning back its ancient glory,—not tarnished, indeed, but somewhat dimmed in the eyes of that too numerous class, who judge all events rather by their effects than by their causes,—that happiness apart, it is beyond doubt that this army, covered with glory, and strong in the help of France and England, once returned to the hearths of its ancestors, will be more than ever the support and buckler of the *Statuto*. Despots will never again dare to attack that bugbear of despotism, under the new conditions in which Piedmont is placed by her alliance with the Western Powers. The Piedmontese army is the depository and protector of the tri-coloured flag, which it has triumphantly unfurled in the Crimea; and towards it the eyes and hearts of all good Italians will be in future (let us hope, no distant future) directed as to a true “sacred legion,”—the nucleus and rallying point for all those brave men whom their common country hides in her bosom, and who only await the *reveillé* to rise up as a single man. It will be only necessary for a Piedmontese soldier, in whatever part of Italy he may find himself, to say, “I was in the Crimea,” to obtain honour from the population as a hero and a champion of Italian glory; for the rest of the Italians, chained down to home, and unable to do more, have at least accompanied their brethren with their ardent prayers into the midst of the dangers of war. How different will these men appear as they return with laurels and honourable wounds, from those bands of broken-down soldiers and *sbirri* who, always ready to sustain the despotism of other Italian Princes besides their own employers, are incapable of protecting their fellow-citizens, and even of securing travellers against the attacks of organised highway robbers!

It will be for the Great Powers to consider what shall be done with Tuscany and the Pope. Those Governments cannot continue to exist as at present, if it is indeed the intention, as well as profession, of the Allied Powers to tolerate no longer the oppression of any people of Europe, and to ensure to the world a lasting peace. Heaven has assuredly not granted them so many victories,—victories so decided, yet so dearly bought,—that they should fail of accomplishing all that noble enterprise which they have taken upon themselves, before man and before God.

As regards King Bomba,—putting aside the personal interest which we have in his overthrow,—we cannot but think that the Power which would deprive so great a monster of his ability to dishonour the regal dignity and human nature, would render an important service to humanity. Meleager, Theseus, and Hercules, in old times delivered men from similar scourges, and were raised by grateful nations to the rank of demigods and benefactors of mankind. Whoever may be called to succeed King Bomba will have no difficult part to play, for after a Nero it is easy to be a Trajan. Notwithstanding his incessant fears, this monarch, who has not yet duly and sincerely repaired the insults put upon France and England, will assuredly soon relapse into similar acts of madness: his hatred of every liberal idea and his philo-Russian nature will doubtless urge him to it, and the long suffering of those whom he offends will at length be exhausted. "*Sic est in votis*"—at least for us, who in addition to our private wrongs, mourn those of our native country.

Happy would it be for Italy, could she form but one State, ruled by Victor Emmanuel whom, as well as his successors, she would obey, as long as they remained faithful to the Constitution. But since we are compelled to renounce the beautiful day-dream of Italian unity, under a single head, we should be satisfied with a kingdom formed

for the house of Savoy, of the whole northern portion of the peninsula. The rest might be divided into a central and into a southern State, the latter composed of the provinces now forming the kingdom of the two Sicilies; and both might be confided to princes worthy to reign over intelligent, active, and industrial populations. The three states, governed by the same laws and the same constitution, might form a federation, which is the only acceptable system in the absence of absolute unity.

The grand difficulty in the way of this plan would be the existence of the Pope, for whom, owing to the monstrous union in his person of the spiritual and temporal power, every liberal constitution is impossible. The Pope who should accept such a constitution would cease by that act to be Pope; for the meaning of that title, which at first was only Father, has, in the course of time, changed into that of despot and absolute dictator not to be appealed from, both over Roman Catholic consciences, and over the goods, liberty, and lives of his unhappy subjects.

Once more simply bishop of Rome, preserving with a rich inheritance also the spiritual supremacy over all who were willing to submit to it, the Pope might well abjure a temporal power incompatible with the spiritual, which his predecessors usurped by little and little over the weakness of rulers, and the unsuspecting nature of the people. The Catholic faith would suffer no loss by this, while mankind would gain much: among other things it would gain the suppression of that Court of Rome, the avarice, cupidity, intolerance, ambition, and dark intrigues of which are the scandal of Christendom, the focus of those eternal discords which have troubled and yet trouble Europe—the daily scourge of the Roman people. Were the temporal power of the pontiff abolished, there would also be far more reason to hope for the return to Italy of the religion of Christ in its perfection. It would revisit that fair land, purified from all those stains with



which superstition, constantly sustained and nourished by the worldly ambition of the Popes, has soiled it from the time of those false Decretals which have served as a foundation for almost all the papal encroachments and usurpations. Thus restored to its primitive purity it would become what the Saviour revealed it,—the perfect law of love and bond of charity.

A blessed future may, then, possibly soon open upon Italy. The strict alliance of France with Piedmont, the generous and ever-increasing sympathy of the English people for this noble but unfortunate nation, are potent auguries of Italian regeneration. But the different populations of Italy,—on the eve, we trust, of being blended into one nation,—are bound to do their part for the realisation of these bright hopes. Let wisdom and prudence moderate their impatience. Let them husband all their energy until the moment arrive for its useful employment, and not squander it on vain and barren demonstrations, or insurrectionary attempts; ever dangerous when solitary and ill-timed. Finally, let them firmly resist the suggestions of parties who might mislead them, and who, whatever their colour and tendency, wage (though with opposite ends in view,) a deadly warfare against Constitutional government, the only government which, now at least, is compatible with the well-being of Italy.









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